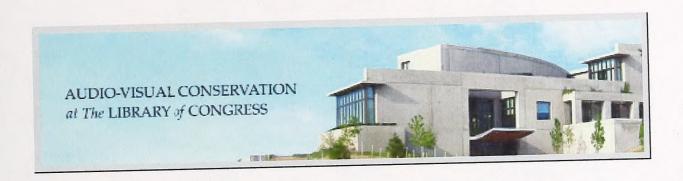


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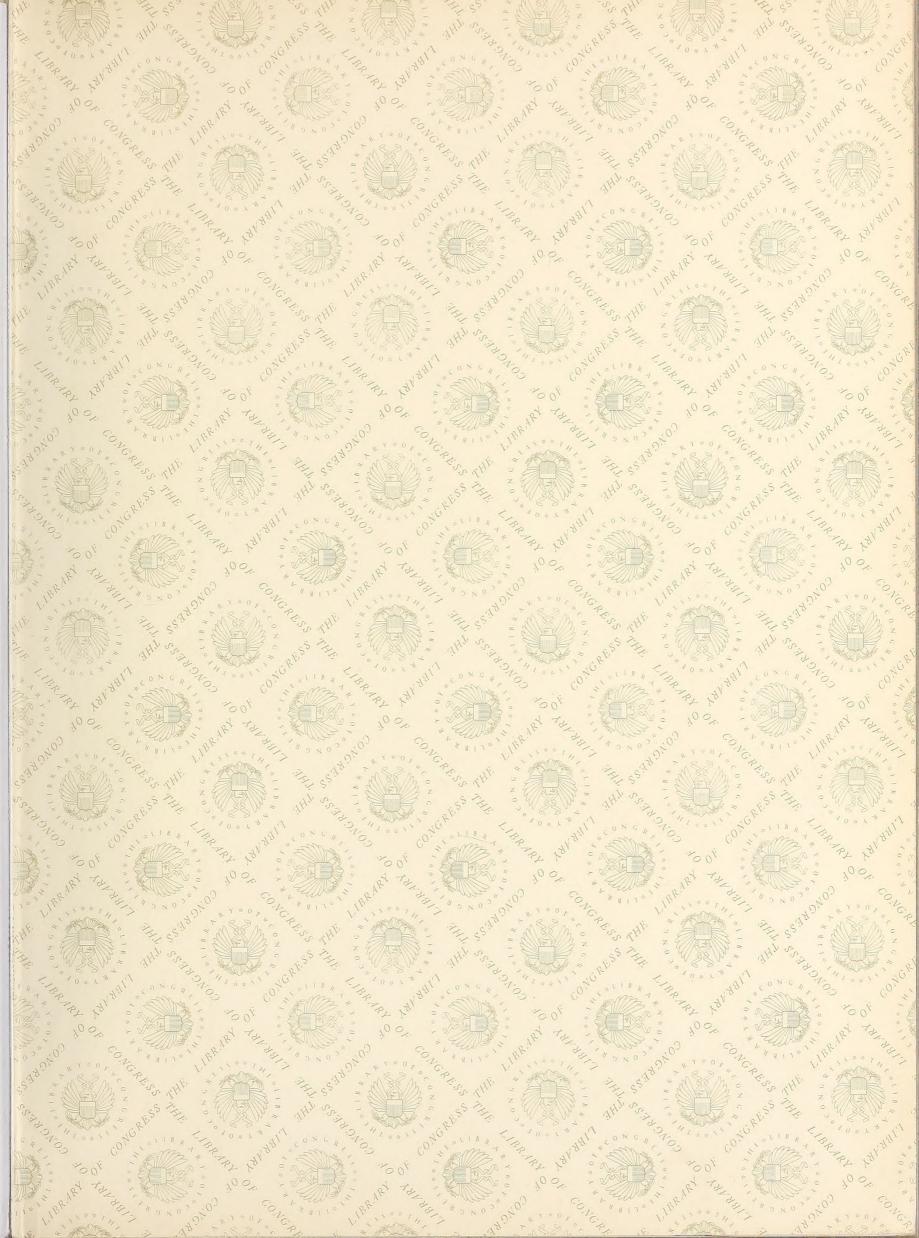


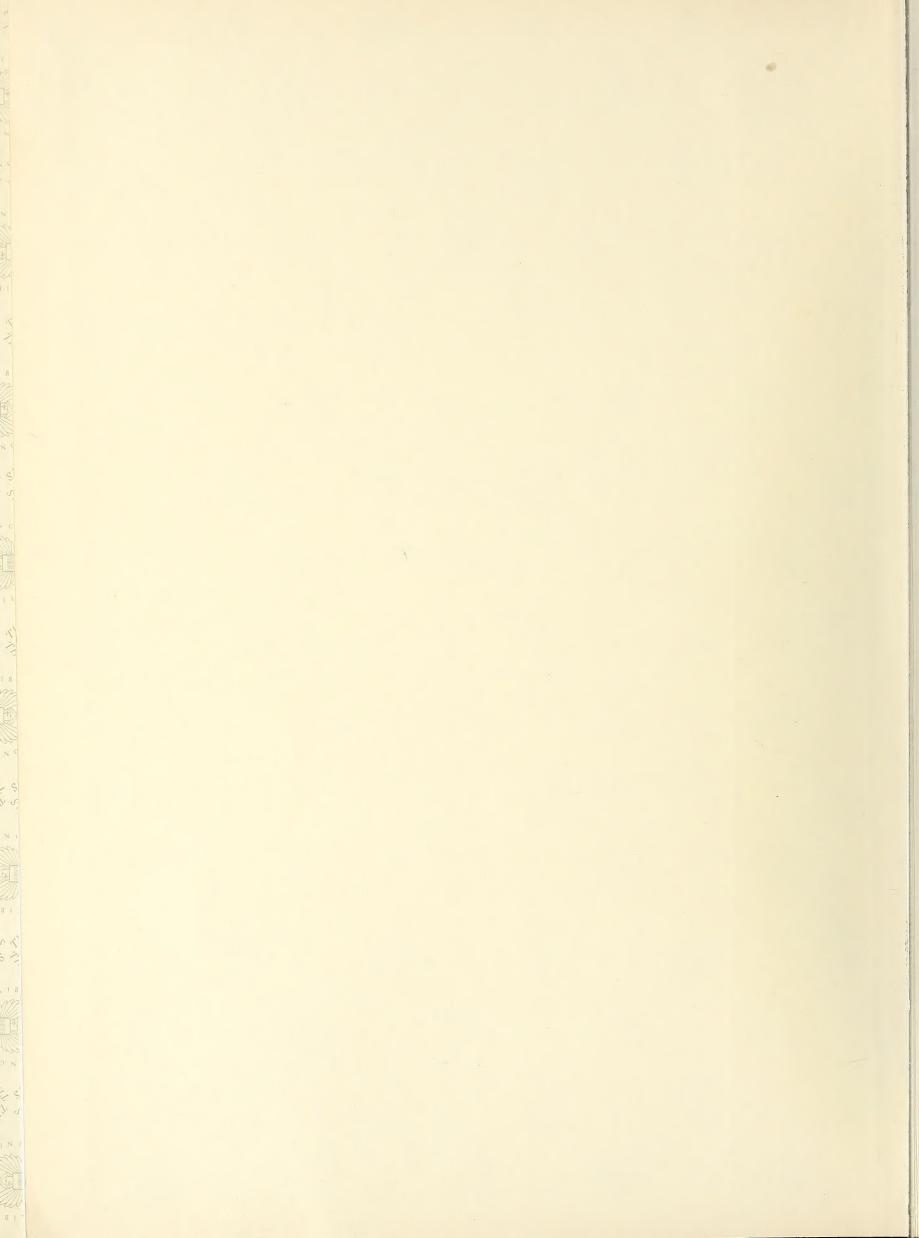
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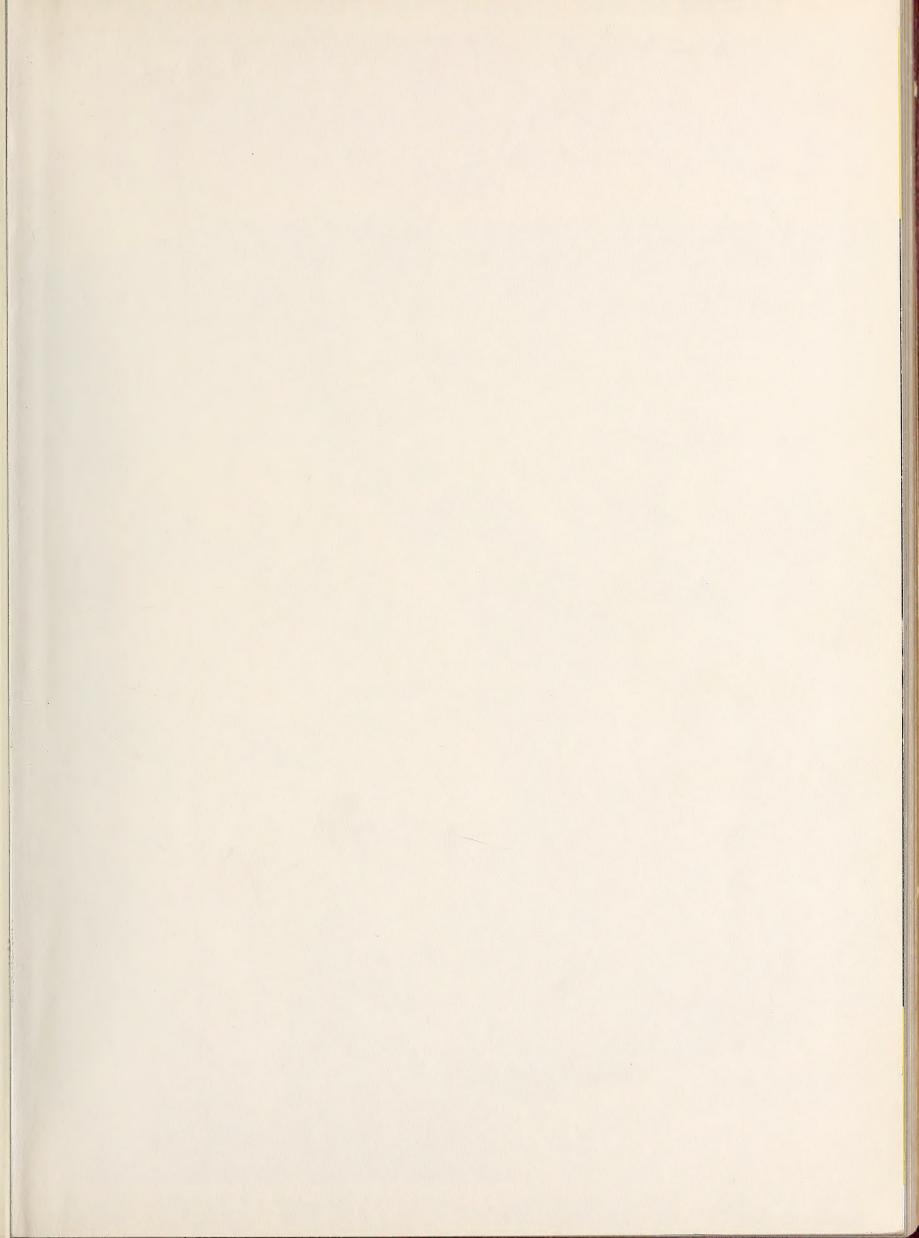
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## PICTURE - STEALERS SPOTTED

# SILVES Sullivan November

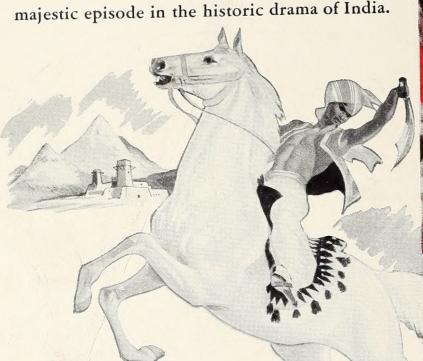


CAN YOU WRITE? - MONEY PRIZES

Brave Men...

# AND THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THEM!

GO WITH THEM... through the Khyber Pass! Watch the bitter struggle between East and West. Thrill to the love story of a brave woman who followed her man among seething tribes. A majestic episode in the historic drama of India.



Alexander Korda

# DRUMS

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR with

SABU-RAYMOND MASSEY-DESMOND TESTER ROGER LIVESEY-VALERIE HOBSON

And a cost of 3,000 - DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN KORDA FROM A STORY BY A. E. W. MASON RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE-ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

Thrill to the most majestic scenery on earth... the Himalayas of India...in Technicolor.

See Sabu, native Indian lad, cast as native Indian prince, riding triumphantly his plunging white charger!



to win an Empire.

to the feast where dining

was only a prelude to betrayal...and fear rose in the hearts of the bravest!



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach the importance of her the importance of smile. (Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)





# - Lovely Smiles win Romance\_

### Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

How swiftly masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish — don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

-lazy gums awaken-tend to become firmer, healthier-more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the commonsense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.





METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT! EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

# Geanette MacDONALD Melson EDDY SWEETHEARTS



VICTOR HERBERT Love-Songs! Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture", "Sweethearts". . . (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!



From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man...plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!



Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickening! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking

in technicolor.





BRAINS AT THE HELM!

Produced by Hunt Stromberg...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!



A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!

-66-

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

FRANK MORGAN RAY BOLGER FLORENCE RICE MISCHA AUER HERMAN BING

Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG • Screen Play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell



#### REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1938

VOLUME NINE NUMBER ONE

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

ELIZABETH WILSON Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

#### CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	PAGE
PICTURE-STEALERS SPOTTED	16
PROJECTION OF VIRGINIA BRUCEELIZABETH WILSON	18
RADIO AT THE GAME	20
SCOUTING FOR TALENTJulian Ralph Walkley	22
"YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I AM"	24
THE HOLLYWOOD DERBY	26
THE HABIT OF SUCCESS	28
TREASURED MEMORIES	30
"TRICKS OF THE TRADE",LEON SURMELIAN	32
ANN HOW!	. 34
CAN YOU WRITE? LETTER CONTEST	51
HE DELIVERS THE GOODSROBERT JOSEPH	$5^{2}$
TROUBLE FROM BROADWAYSTEPHEN WILLIAMS	53
FIGHTING MEN-AND NO FOOLIN'	56
MONTHLY FEATURES	
THE OPENING CHORUS	5
TIPS ON PICTURES	6
THANKSGIVING DINNER	8
PERSONALITY FOR SALE!	12
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	. 15
PICTURES ON THE FIRE	58
REVIEWS OF PICTURES	62
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLECHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLINGELIOT KEEN	82
, .	
ART SECTION	



The cover of this issue is rich in personality and beauty. A pastel portrait of Virginia Bruce, painted by Marland Stone, is shown against a scene still from her new picture, "There Goes My Heart." In the new film, Fredric March has the part opposite Virginia, and he is shown in the scene still. Virginia Bruce is one of the outstanding girls of Hollywood. She's "different" and differs from the other stars in her own particular fashion. In this issue you will find a "Projection" of Virginia—a story filled with clever observation, entertainingly written by Elizabeth Wilson.

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Are., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but Silver Screen assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Hilinois. Copyright 1938 by Screenland Magazine. Inc. Printed in the U. S. A. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

# The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

As I wrote you, "The Game" (called by some "Indications," called by others "Quotations," and called by me simply hell) where you have to act out things while people insult the living daylights out of you made a regular recluse out of me. After I had ruined my best lamé wriggling over the floor on my stomach trying to do "the early bird catches the worm," while Claudette and Carole made cracks about my acting ability, I decided to hole in with a huff until Hollywood stopped playing that revolting game. (I'm not paid to act and by golly I won't act). Having been assured by my friends that the most rabid exhibitionists were bored with the game at last, and it was safe to go places, I ventured out one Sunday recently to the MacRaymonds, lured there by promises of waffles, maple syrup, and new porch furniture. I got "Cartoons." "Cartoons," in case you care, is the same thing as "The Game," except that now instead of trying to act out something while dimwits guess, you have to draw it instead.

"Cartoons," in case you care, is the same thing as "The Game," except that now instead of trying to act out something while dimwits guess, you have to draw it instead. There were two tables, each trying to beat the other's time record, and I, who can't even draw a straight line, landed right at the table with Jeanette and Gene, and Nelson Eddy and Hedda Hopper.

Jeanette dashed up to the leader who handed her, and John Mack Brown from the other table, a slip of paper. One glance

Jeanette dashed up to the leader who handed her, and John Mack Brown from the other table, a slip of paper. One glance at it and she was back at the table drawing like something mad. She drew a circle with curlicues on it, and then inside the big circle a little circle with a note of music coming out of it. "Jeanette MacDonald," yelled Nelson, and rushed for his slip of paper. He drew a small dancing figure, then a postcard, and then a clock. "Having a Wonderful Time," shouted Gene, and we were two up on the other table. Gene then dashed for his slip of paper and tore off what resembled a map of the United States. Up there, where the Great Lakes and Illinois should be he made a dot, and before he could even spread on a little fire and smoke Jeanette guessed "In Old Chicago."

Well, I must say, by then I was beginning to enter into the spirit of things and when Jeanette drew a fan I (who know about things like that) screamed "Sally Rand." And when Nelson guessed "Jezebel" from a hoop skirt I drew which looked like a bag of potatoes and a Colonial house that no Southerner would recognize, I was as pleased as punch. Our side struck a snag though when Hedda had to do "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy." That thing on Edgar's knee looked more like a wart than Charlie. It threw us for a complete loss

EDITOR'S NOTE

(She's got something there and you may as well share in the fun. So—in the next issue, you will find an article on "Games" enabling you to pep up your holiday parties the Hollywood way.)



Give them relief this simple, pleasant way!



Watch your youngster's face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle. No forcing, to get him to take a laxative. Children actually love the delicious all-chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!



Your child's sleep is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn't upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative...ideal for youngsters!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts . . . thoroughly and effectively! No shock. No strain. No , thoroughly weakening after-effects. Just an easy bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is just as effective for grown-ups as it is for the youngsters. You can get a box at any drug store for only 10¢ or 25¢. Try it!

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Cal-louses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters.



Cuts to any Size or Shape







ALWAYS IN
TROUBLE—
Only fair. It's
good that Jane
Withers has her
"regular fans" for
this story is a weak sister. It
concerns an oil rigger who
suddenly gets rich, and the
effort his family makes to
get him to retire. The most
exciting point of the picture is reached when a
yachting party is shipwrecked on a smuggler's
island. (Jean Rogers, Arthur
Treacher, Robert Kellard).

Danielle Darrieux provides us with a generous view of her pretty toes in this scene with Alerme, in "Avocate d'Amour."

AVOCATE D'AMOUR—Amusing. A French language film, (with English titles) starring Danielle Darrieux, familiar to us for her charming performances both in Mayerling and The Rage of Paris. In this she plays a well-bred French girl desirous of becoming a lawyer. Her subtle Papa encourages her and sees that she meets a romantic client for whom she gives up her career. (Alerme-Henri Garat).

BOY MEETS GIRL—Fine. One of those staccato satires on the movie business, having no mercy at all on the executive end of the industry. Taken from a SRO Broadway play, it is equally devastating on the screen, with laughs coming so briskly you can't begin to keep up with them. Guaranteed to take you out of that passive mood. (Marie Wilson, Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy.)

BREAKING THE ICE—Fair. Bobby Breen is linked up in this film with little Irene Dare, the cute little figure ice-skater who is going to give Sonja Henie a run for her money. The story is trite but Bobby has some swell songs to sing, Irene dances beautifully, and for good measure the adults are represented by Dolores Costello and Charles Ruggles.

BROADWAY MUSKETEERS—So-so. This is hokum pure and simple, that's if hokum can be simple. It tells the story of three girls—Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan and Marie Wilson, who try to find success and happiness in New York, but are hopelessly frustrated.

FOUR DAUGHTERS—Fine. One of those charming films which, like equally charming novels, you hate to see finish. But, don't despair. You can sit right through it again. It all has to do with a musician and his four delightful daughters, their love affairs, their sorrows, their careers. The cast is exceptional. . . . Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola' Lane, Gale Page, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn and John Garfield.

FRESHMAN YEAR.—Fair. Fun and frolic on the campus. These college freshmen may do some studying too; but not when the camera's peeking. Ernest Truex turns in a swell performance as a professor in quest of his youth, and various singers and dancers of swing fame contribute lustily. (Constance Moore, Dixie Dunbar, Frank Melton, etc.)

FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT—Fair. The trials and tribulations of a movie-struck young man who has genuine acting talent but whose career has been ruthlessly thwarted by a ruthless

producer. The scene is Hollywood, and the plot is dramatically cluttered up with a feud between two important leading men, unhappy romances, and a murder with our hero suspected of the crime. (Frank Albertson, Paul Guilfoyle, Adrienne Ames, Eleanor Lynn.)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—

Most Amusing. This is a broad satire on American education and politics, with so much robust comedy that your sides will ache from laughing. Excellent cast includes John Barrymore, George Murphy, Marjorie Weaver, Joan Davis and Jack Haley.

HIGGINS FAMILY, THE—Good. Here's another "first" in a pleasant new series of full-length films featuring the same set of players in each one. The Gleason family, Papa, Mama and Son (meaning James, Lucille and Russell) have top spots in the cast. The plot of this one hinges on the radio ambitions of Lucille, and is very entertaining.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION-Fine. LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Fine. This is a grand production, with a grand cast, including Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Ann Sheriden, Eve Arden, etc. The theme is delightful, that of a successful middle-aged romantic actor who won't admit his advancing years. When Andrea breezes in with a letter introducing her as his daughter, the amusing plot just gets started. You take it up from there

PYGMALION—Fine. Made in England, this stars Leslie Howard, who has been off the screen too long to suit us. The picture is smartly produced, with very amusing dialogue, and if you don't mind the British accent when it gets off to a big o' cockney, then you're due for a good time when you see this modern comedy. (Wendy Hiller, Marie Lohr, Wilfred Lawson.)

RACKET BUSTERS—Interesting. District Attorney Dewey's splendid attempt to clean up New York has been the inspiration of so many melodramas that it's hard to keep up with them. This one has to do with the gangsters moseying into the trucking business in order to fill their pockets. Humphrey Bogart is an excellent menace, and on the side of law and order we find Walter Abel and Geo, Brent. (Gloria Dickson).

TENTH AVENUE KID—Good. As the title indicates you're in for a bit of reform in this one—especially as Tommy Ryan, our Tenth Avenue kid, is as good a crook's stooge as they come, under eighteen. There's a gun-popping climax and, yes, you've guessed it, sweetness and light for the kid at the end. (Bruce Cabot, Beverly Roberts.)

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—Good. This is a fast-paced melodrama concerning a newshawk (Michael Whalen) who always manages to be around when an exciting news story breaks. Jean Rogers is charming as the familiar little girl from the small town, and Joan Woodbury is good as the nightclub songstress. (Chick Chandler, Sidney Blackmer, etc.)



# The Man Who Made The Picture Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

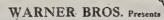
★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President In Charge of Production, • Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.)



FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

## "FOUR DAUGHTERS"



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great. PRISCILLA LANE ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN DICK FORAN

Frank McHugh
Directed by





May Robson
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein
and Lenore Coffee
Music by Max Steiner A First Nat'l Picture



A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.



Becomes Youthfully Soft Cleansed with Hospital-proved

### **Albolene Solid**

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed with pure, wholesome Albolene Solidthe hospital-proved cleansing cream. (Used for 20 years in many leading hospitals to protect babies' skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate skin, won't grow hair or harden in pores. Gentle cleansing action clears pores of dirt and make-up, protects natural texture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.

Trial Size, 10¢; Vanity Jar, 50¢; One-pound Tin, \$1. Made by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed by doctors for 105 years.

CLEANSING CREAM

### AVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART?

You may just hit it!

Many amateurs have received big royalties. Why not try? No experience required. You write the words or melicis—we do the rest. Experts in every branch of songriting will write, arrange and compose music to your rics or lyrics to your music in professional form. Marting distribution.

keting distribution.
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STUDIO SONG SERVICE
SU2 Guaranty Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

### **EMBARRASSED BY** HORRID PIMPLES?

#### Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly rimples to break out. pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body before they can get into the blood stream... and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

# THANKSGIVING DINNER

By Ruth Corbin

The Turkey's Important, But The Trimmings Are What Make It A Memorable Occasion.



ERHAPS it is just because at heart I am an old-fashioned woman, but when Thanksgiving and Christmas draw near I simply cannot get my mind off food. I visualize a luscious turkey, bursting with my favorite dressing; crisp, curled celery; olives—stuffed, ripe and plain—and the other accessories which make the collective family mouth water to think about. One glance at the menu I have prepared for you—with several alternate dishes—and you will understand that no right-minded person could possibly do other than think person could possibly do other than think of food.

#### MENU

Harvest Soup Turkey with \*Giblet Gravy \*Oyster or \*Chestnut Stuffing \*Ruby Squares or \*Cranberries \*Whipped Śweet Potatoes on Pineapple or

\*Squash Pudding with Bacon
\*Fresh Stuffed Tomatoes with Tiny Peas
Celery Olives Celery
Hot Rolls

Plum Pudding or \*Pumpkin Pie Demi-tasse

Starting with soup-here is a new one I have devised as a not too heavy beginning to an otherwise heavy meal. Carefully blended canned soups defy the most critical detection and make soup-making easy.

#### HARVEST SOUP

Combine 1 can Crosse and Blackwell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1 can of Campbell's Chicken Soup (add water as directed on can) and heat thoroughly. Add teaspoon salt and a few grains of pepper. Whip 1/3 cup cream and fold in 1 teaspoon horse-radish. Float a spoonful on each cup of soup. Sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6.

#### GIBLET GRAVY

Pour off liquid in pan in which turkey has been cooked. Skim off about 6 tablespoons fat. Return fat to pan, brown with 6 tablespoons flour, stirring constantly. Add 3 cups stock in which giblets, liver, heart, neck and wing tips have been cooked. Cook, stirring constantly, until gravy is creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add giblets, liver and heart cut in small pieces.

#### OYSTER STUFFING

- 2 quarts stale (not hard) bread crumbs
- teaspoons salt
- cup melted turkey fat
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon Bell's Poultry Seasoning
- 4 tablespoons chopped parsley
  1 onion, minced
  1 quart oysters
- 3/4 cup oyster liquid

Fry minced onion in turkey fat until a delicate brown. Add bread crumbs, salt, pepper, seasoning, oysters and liquid. Mix well and stuff into breast of turkey. A portion of dressing may be reserved, fried in a pan and served from an extra dish. For chestnut stuffing, follow above directions, omitting oysters and liquid and adding 3 cups chestnut purée made by boiling 1 quart large chestnuts until tender. Remove shells and brown skins and force nuts through a purée sieve or potato masher.

through a purée sieve or potato masher. Do not stuff bird too much.

[Continued on page 10]

SILVER SCREEN





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# WAKEU

Without Calomel -And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

#### RUBY SQUARES

Core unpeeled red apples and cut in slices about 1/3 of an inch thick. Cook in a syrup made of plain sugar and water for about 5 minutes; drain on waxed paper and cool. Place a cube of Ocean Spray cranberry jelly on each slice and top with a walnut half.

#### CRANBERRIES

Put 1 pint cranberries in granite or porcelain pan large enough for each berry to be on or touch bottom of pan. Dissolve 1 pint Domino Sugar in about 1 cup water and pour over berries. Place berries in moderate oven and cook till plump and tender. Cool in pan before taking up.

### WHIPPED SWEET POTATOES ON PINEAPPLE

Sweet potatoes may be baked with your bird to save time and gas. Cream them with plenty of butter or force through a ricer. Pile on to a slice of Dole's canned pineapple and top with a marshmallow. Run under a hot blaze just long enough to melt marsh-mallow slightly and start it running over



Squash pudding with crisp bacon is delicious.

#### SQUASH PUDDING WITH BACON

21/2 cups strained and mashed winter squash

1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
 6 slices bacon

2 beaten eggs

1 teaspoon salt

3/4 teaspoon cinnamon

21/2 cups rich milk

Combine squash, sugar and molasses. Blend well and add salt, cinnamon, beaten eggs, milk. Place in a buttered Pyrex dish. Arrange slices of bacon on top and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes or until firm. Serves 6 to 10.

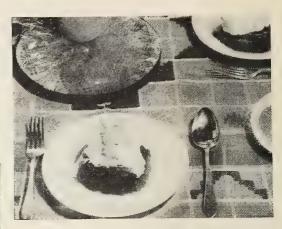
#### STUFFED TOMATOES

Choose 6 tomatoes of uniform size. Wash and cut a slice from the stem end, scoop out pulp and invert to drain. Add to this pulp enough chopped celery, green pepper, chopped onion and seasoning for individual taste. Put in a skillet and simmer about 5 minutes. Remove from fire, add toasted bread crumbs (about 3 slices) and 2 slices breakfast bacon fried crisp and broken in small pieces. Fill tomato shells, buttering outside of tomatoes lightly, place on a buttered Pyrex dish with sufficient water to barely cover bottom of dish. Place in oven (325° F.) about 10 minutes, just long enough to brown lightly and heat thoroughly. Serve surrounded with Libby's tiny

Other vegetables which may be substituted for tomatoes, which go well with turkey, are broccoli, turnips (mashed), cauliflower, corn patties and carrots. The turnips are particularly good and their color harmonizes with seasonal decorations.

The traditional desserts for Thanksgiving

are Plum Pudding, which may be served plain or blazing, or Pumpkin Pie. Today it is folly to spend endless hours making Plum Pudding when such excellent ones can be purchased for such a little-Crosse can be purchased for such a little—Crosse and Blackwell, Richardson and Robbins, Heinz—all delicious and in sizes to meet every need. Pumpkin Pie may be purchased from the bakery or made by the following recipe. It is truly excellent. Individual Pumpkin Tarts may be desired instead of pie. But with either, be different and garnish with drizzled honey or, better still, whipped cream into which has been folded shaved ginger. There is nothing that can beat it for a rare taste sensation.



Pumpkin pie garnished with ginger strips and whipped cream.

#### PUMPKIN PIE

Measure 1½ cups cooked and strained Gebro pumpkin. Add ½ cup Domino sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 egg yolks slightly beaten, then add 1¼ cups scalded milk. Mix thoroughly. Fold in 2 egg whites beaten until stiff. Bake in one crust. Aside from the above garnishes for crust. Aside from the above garnishes for this pie, nests of whipped cream filled with honey around the edge is nice.

If the above suggestions seem too heavy to you for dessert after such a filling dinner here is one which is delightful. I have improved on the old-fashioned ambrosia and brought forth a dish fit for the gods and one which you'll want to serve for other

occasions than Thanksgiving.

#### AMBROSIA SUPREME

Coconut Diced Pineapple Whipped Cream Maraschino Cherries Sugar

Grate a fresh coconut. (Baker's Southern Style Coconut may be substituted.) Place a layer of this on the bottom of a serving dish. Cover with a layer of whipped cream, sprinkle with sugar. Then cover with a layer of diced pineapple and chopped maraschino cherries combined, dropped at intervals over the cream. Continue with these alternating layers until the dish is filled filled.

Conclude your dinner with Chase and Sanborn's dated coffee served in fragile cups. Serve it at the table, if you are unable to move after this gastronomic flight, or before a blazing log fire in your living room. But be sure to have it strong, fresh, steamingly . "good to the last drop" fragrant . . and you will have a fitting climax to a day for which you can truly be thankful.

When you are eating your turkey it might be interesting to recall that it is not only a 100% American bird but an innovation hardly 400 years old. The first turkey was taken from Mexico to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and later the idea was returned to this country.



# IN THE <u>NEW</u> LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!

At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power... consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached... the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent (C<sub>14</sub>H<sub>27</sub>O<sub>5</sub>S Na), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

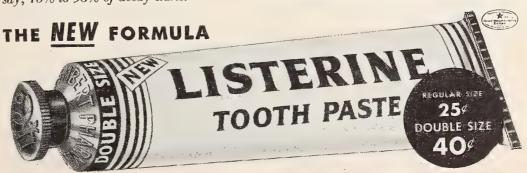
Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter ... the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it

1. Sweeps away food deposits. 2. Obliterates dull, stained film. 3. Combats dangerous acid ferments. 4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.





 Hair once like straw can become healthy, resilient and pretty. And you can obtain this renewed hair health and loveliness easily at home at no increased cost. You'll notice good results with the first treatment of Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. You rub this pleasant oil into your scalp. Then comb it through every hair on your head. A quick water rinse...and all the oil in the shampoo, dust, dirt and dandruff debris are swept out. Your hair fibres and scalp are clean. The natural scalp and hair oils are stall for healthy hair are not impaired. Try this you need for healthy hair are not impaired. Try this new way to care for your hair. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps to Dept. 34, Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.



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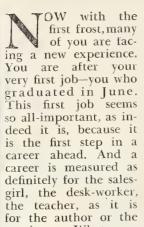
DEXDIET, Inc., Dept. D-34, 360 N. Michigan, Chicago

### PERSONALITY

FOR SALE!

By Mary Lee

Beauty Tips Addressed Especially To The Job-Hunter, But Good For Every One Of Us.



movie star. Whatever your chosen field, you are confident; you know you can do it— and well. But perhaps you are encountering a few discouragements. It is not so easy to persuade others that you can do it.

Here are some practical words that may help you. Think what you really have for sale. It isn't experience, achievement and background, as it is with the girls who've been at jobs for several years. Actually, you have only appearance and personality for sale. That means that you must accept for sale. That means that you must accent these two as sharply as you can. Make them stand out and work for you. The trick, then, is to look as smart as you can. This looking smart for business is a knack.

Good grooming and perfection of detail

count more than clothes. The personnel manager invariably sees you before your clothes, unless they are entirely of the wrong order. Now and then, it would pay everyone of us, employed and unemployed, to take a thorough account of ourselvesto honestly check just how we do look. Making the most of every point that counts for an attractive, smart, efficient appearance is an unfailing recipe for success to a large measure, whether business girl,

a large measure, whether business girl, school girl, sweetheart, wife or mother.

Unquestionably, one of the problems baffling us right now is hair. Fashion pictures, beauty pages, your milliner, everything and everyone tells you to put your hair up. But you look at your neck, perhaps too long and thin; your ears, that are not like sea shells; your aquiline nose, maybe, and you are in a dither. And well you may be, because in such cases your hair can't go clear to the top of your head with good effect.

Unfortunately, the word up, so far as hair is concerned, has been misinterpreted by many. The right meaning is an upward movement somewhere, not necessarily all over. Perhaps hair swept up and off your forehead, alone, shows a finer, clearer brow

Three views of Miliza Korjus' sculptured hairdress designed for formal evenings, and guaranteed to make you forget the workaday world. It is brushed up from temples and neck, with double rows of curls moving from a left forehead dip up and over the crown. The back hair is drawn into flat curls at crown, curving to end behind right ear.



than you thought you had. Or perhaps a sweep up from the temples gives interest-ing breadth to your face and shows lovely ears; or, if your ears don't meet beauty

standards, soft curls may cover them.

For business girls, hair up and off forehead and temples is a smart idea, harmonious with business clothes. Illustrated, are three poses that tell the up hair story in varying moods. Ann Morriss shows a generally good idea for the business girls. The others, of course, are not for work-The others, of course, are not for worka-day wear.

To you of the hey-hey, campus spirit, a fine spirit that I believe in, by the way, don't just comb out that permanent and let it go, if you're trying for your first foot-hold in the business world. Comb it out and curl or roll it up—anything for a groomed effect.

No matter what you do with your hair, it must be lovely, itself—clean, sparkling, alive. This kind of hair beauty lies in Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. You'll find practically every other man who is hair-conscious addicted to Fitch's, and for a very good reason. This shampoo seems to do a super-job because it washes away scalp accumulation in the way of oil, dust and dead cuticle, which, if not removed, causes congestion. This congestion interferes with a normal flow of oil. The girls might well take a lesson from the boys, and try this splendid shampoo, whether oily dry or normal. It's a real regulator. With this shampoo now comes a Fitch Rubber Scalp Massage Brush, a simple device of live rubber with flexible fingers that reach the scalp through the thickest of hair. A great help to easier shampooing and a beauty massage combined.

Fall make-up, especially rouge and lip-

Fall make-up, especially rouge and lipstick, are baffling many. Your skin, of course, is more or less as usual, but your costumes won't be, if the enticing array of the purple tones appeals to you. This purple is mixed in blues, reds, even browns, a rich, soft tone you can hardly detect. One of the good standbys in lipstick to harmonize with these tones is Tangee. Tangee gives your lips that soft, blush-rose tone. It's very feminine, appealing and flattering with difficult costume colors. This is the lipstick, as you know, that is orange in stick form but changes to a lovely rose on your lips. It is a good choice for the job-hunter, who may be doubtful as to just how much or just what make-up to use.

A nail lacquer that is actually very smart, yet solves the problem of whether a deep or light polish is the thing in that new job, is Glazo's Tropic tone. It is a smartly muted rose, a tone that bespeaks good nail grooming yet does not scream out with color. A good tip for secretaries whose bosses may not like too, too brilliant nails while taking dictation.

No matter what you do in business, hands invariably are foremost. They must be immaculate and attractive. Attractive hands enable you to sell successfully because you can display things to much better advantage. They give an impression generally of neatness and efficiency, and I've heard school children comment on a teacher's hands. As for the more personal, emotional moments of our lives—you don't need to be told about that! Jergen's Hand Lotion is a dependable way to soft, smooth hand skin. It is easy to use, quickly absorbed, and one of those good hand habits that should be developed by all women. It combats

The Edwardian hair-do looks particularly appealing on very young girls like Ann Rutherford. It is drawn up from temples and neck to expose her ears, with forehead line broken by one forward



the signs of household chores; at the bridge table your companions cannot guess the work that those white, smooth hands actually do. It's a general skin protective and conditioner, too, excellent for guarding against biting, drying wind and cold.

With the first job, foot trouble often starts. If you must stand or walk for that weekly stipend, this is a real drawback.

with the first job, foot trouble often starts. If you must stand or walk for that weekly stipend, this is a real drawback. Dr. Scholl's foot aids will take care of almost any general emergency for you, if you will but walk into a drug store and inquire. There are too many effective remedies to attempt to enumerate, but worries like corns, callouses, [Continued on page 72]

# ANN IS PRETTY-ANN'S EFFICIENT WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?



# Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

It's a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to win! Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be underarm odor—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come!

. Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor

-with Mum. They *like* Mum-it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

**MUM SAVES TIME!** A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist today and on your job, on your dates, you can be sure of your charm.

#### IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE-MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM



# Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

SILVER SCREEN

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

YRNA LOY, the hussy, recently confessed that once she wore tights in a vain effort to catch a man. She was eleven years old at the time and deeply interested in a boy named Johnny Brown.
"I had to figure out a way to attract his attention," confessed Myrna without shame, "and a show did it for me. I produced Sleeping Beauty' in our cellar and I played the part of the prince so I could wear tights. The tights were made from mother's stockings. But my show died a tragic death. When the curtain went up, Johnny took one look at me, then doubled up with laughter. The show was called off—and so was my romance.'

THE hottest romance in town at the moment seems to be that of Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They have dinner together some place nearly every night and spend late hours at the Bublichi listening to the gypsy music completely obligious of completely obligious of completely obligious of completely. gypsy music—completely oblivious of anyone else in the world. At the gala premiere of Tallulah Bankhead in "I Am Different" the arrival of Janet and Adrian aroused quite a stir. They held hands during the entire play. It must be love.

NEORGE BRENT, one of the most EORGE BRENT, one of the most eligible young men in town this gay fall season, divides his attentions, and invitations, among Merle Oberon, Loretta Young and Olivia de Havilland. A mighty pretty threesome, Mr. Brent.

SPRAINING an ankle when she jumped off a submarine in her newest Torchy Blane picture Glenda Farrell was given emergency treatment by the studio first aid department. Then she was sent home for the day and told to stop at the family doctor's and have stop at the family doctor's and have some X-rays taken. The X-rays were made in due time and the doctor told Glenda to go home and rest and he would drop by to see her later. Imagine her surprise when an hour after see arrived home a new anddenly are arrived home a nurse suddenly appeared and said she was there "on doctor's orders." She bundled Glenda off to bed, packed her hips in ice and applied heat lamp rays to her back. Glenda's protests brought only that it was "doctor's orders." H'mmm, thought Glenda, this is the funniest ankle treatment I've ever heard of. Is she crazy, or am I? The pay-off came two hours later when the doctor arrived quite frantically looking for the nurse. She

> Ray Milland and Louise Campbell are in "Men With Wings." Cupid, the Boy With Wings, plays a

Barbara because "Hank" had to go East on a business engagement. He'll join her in Hollywood soon, she says.

And Dorothy Lamour insists there is no

truth to the rumors that she and orchestra leader Herbie Kaye are about to call it a day. "Why he is cutting his tour short and arriving to spend a month with me any day now," says Sarong Lamour. Randy Scott, reported to be interested in Dorothy, and vice versa, is in Pineville, Missouri, on the "Jesse James" location.

I f they're going to make a Garbo out of Hedy Lemarr the studio has a lot of work ahead of them. For Hedy is one of the friendliest people you've ever met, with not the least desire to be alone. She loves having people around her-even fan writers

was supposed to 1 case two "Well out 1 and photographers, which is certainly not in the Garbo tradition. At a dance hall re-cently I saw at least three stars refuse to cently I saw at least three stars refuse to have their pictures taken with the band leader—but not Hedy. And while waiting for the baton wielder Hedy had a perfectly grand time gabbing with the camera boys. I don't seem to see Hedy putting her hands in front of her face a la Garbo or running like mad when she sees a flash light a la Hepburn. And at a party I heard a hostess sigh, "Oh, I do hope Hedy doesn't pick up too many people to bring along with her." Shades of Garbo, my eye.

DON'T ever ask Una Merkel what the Eskimo from the North Pole and the Eskimo from the South Pole said to each other when they met—you'll think it the silliest joke ever but you'll die laughing. The Eskimo from the North Pole said, "Glub—glub—glub." And the Eskimo from the South Pole said, "Glub—glub—glub, you all." you all."

JOAN BENNETT'S coiffure in "The Texans" got quite a bit of razzing from the critics because she went through the rigors of a blizzard, dust storm, prairie fire and Indian fight with-





Lionel Barrymore and Jean Arthur in "You Can't Take It With you." Lionel must smile at the title for he took the picture, scene after scene, and nailed it up on his barn door where it joins excellent company. Before A Player Gets Top Billing, Which Is The Star's Perquisite, He Must Pilfer A Picture Or Two—Try And Stop Him!

F YOU are haled into court on a grand larceny charge, the indictment is not a sprig of laurel wreath. However, in Hollywood, if a performer is charged with grand larceny, accused and convicted of Scene-Stealing, he is on the high road to stardom. Because a scene-stealer must have plenty on the ball to divert attention from the star and focus it on himself. Likely as not the supporting player who accomplishes the theft has only a small part. He or she therefore must click quickly and emphatically in limited footage.

Mickey Rooney, toast of the moment, became a star as a result of a series of larcenies. The freckle-faced, pug-nosed Rooney came by his larcenous habits naturally, because vaudeville, which was the survival of the fittest, honored those who could monopolize the spotlight and the plaudits. Young Rooney, of vaudeville parentage, seemed to come by his scene-stealing tricks naturally. He'd scratch his head while a scene was being played, he'd rub his nose, he'd scuffle his foot in the dirt—and those apparently haphazard things are the badge of the scene-swipers. As a result of these repeated unpremeditated thefts, M-G-M gave

him the equivalent of star rating. In "The Crowd Roars," you saw one of the greatest scene-pilferers in the industry—Frank Morgan. He does it by lifting his eyebrows, by letting a look of pained bewilderment sweep across his face, by turning his head this way or that, by fumbling at his chin. Stars who work with him never are completely comfortable because when he is in a scene, anything can and does happen. Many a star, looking at the rushes of a picture, has found himself playing "straight" for Morgan, instead of Morgan playing straight for him.

In "You Can't Take It With You," Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart and Edward Arnold are costarred, but it remained for Lionel

Allen Jenkins has made many a small part grow until the whole picture bore his stamp.

# STEALERS SPOTTED

## By Ed Sullivan

Barrymore to steal the picture, no small accomplishment when you consider the wealth of talent opposed to him. Barrymore will come pretty close to winning the Academy Award on the strength of that exhibition, probably the best thing he's done since his jury address in "A Free Soul." The veterans are never far off the mark. Alice Brady showed the youngsters something about scene-stealing and picture-stealing in "In Old Chicago." She had only one big scene in the picture and it came early, the scene in which she kneels at her husband's prairie grave. Yet by the time she got finished with that very moving scene, she had imprinted herself so vividly on the mind of the audience that imprinted herself so vividly on the mind of the audience that they never forgot her thereafter.

Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour were the stars of "Hurricane," but think back to the

In "Lost Horizon," H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Edward Everett Horton, Ronald Colman. It ended up as H. B. Warner's Shangri La.

magnificent performances of Thomas Mitchell and Raymond Massey, one as the doctor and the other as the governor of the island. In "Life of Emile Zola," only a performer of

Paul Muni's quality could have dominated the picture in the face of Joseph Schildkraut's challenge in the role of Dreyfus. In "The Awful Truth," Irene Dunne and Cary Grant had to be very good indeed to save their star rating from the scene-stealing Ralph Bellamy, "Lost Horizon" was a triumph for Ronald Colman—but no less a triumph for veteran H. B. Warner and Sam Laffa. Whenever they were in camera focus, these two supporting Jaffe. Whenever they were in camera focus, these two supporting

players kept your attention on them.

players kept your attention on them.

Animals, of course, have the edge when it comes to grand larceny. You sympathized with George Raft, Henry Fonda and Dorothy Lamour in "Spawn of the North," because the scene-lifter was a seal, a most extraordinary seal. He romped away with every foot of film in which he appeared, and there was nothing the human stars could do about it. They didn't talk his language. Most classic example of this, while not in the animal kingdom, is Charlie McCarthy. In pictures and on the radio, the redoubtable Charlie McCarthy swipes everything but the backteeth of other players. And as in the case of the seal, there's nothing that can be done about it.

After seeing "100 Men and a

Girl," no one ever forgot the taxi driver who

had \$8 invested

in Deanna Dur-

bin. That was

Frank Jenks.

nothing that can be done about it.

Amusingly enough, scene-stealers even bob up in Walt Disney's cartoons. For instance, in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," it was Dopey who committed enough grand larceny to win him a long and extensive term in San Quentin. If the Disney characters could talk, they'd give you an earful about Dopey that would singe

your eardrums. Don't think for a moment that Mickey Mouse doesn't despise Donald Duck, who is a scene-burglar of no mean proportions. Mickey told me privately that Donald Duck is a quack.

In the silent days a Pearl White or a Theda Bara or a Wallace Reid or a Rudolph Valentino were sufficient to [Continued on page 76]







izabeth Risdon, as the mother, lped Joan Crawford and added "Mannequin" to her string.

Ralph Bellamy scored delightfully in "The Awful Truth," although Irene Dunne and Cary Grant retained their membership in the champion class.



Fargo, Minnesota, Stand Up And Take A Bow. Virginia Bruce, Your Daughter, Clicked. You'd Better Take The Credit.

OMEN, being what they are, and I don't have to stop to tell you what they are, are never as enthusiastic over Virginia Bruce as men are. They simply can't forgive her for being able to get out of bed in the morning looking as fresh and gloriously beautiful as Venus rising from the foam of the sea. No smears of last night's cold cream, no damp wisps of straight hair, no squinty eyes and shiny nose. When Virginia, all radiantly pink and white, gets up in the morning she looks exactly as if she were waiting for her cue to go on in the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" number of the Ziegfeld Follies. We women with our big generous hearts can condone murder and cheating at bridge—but we can't condone that.

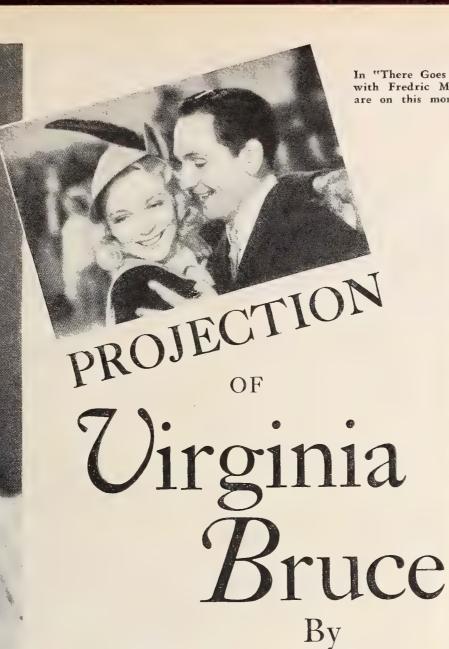
Virginia is one of the few natural beauties in Hollywood. That lovely glowing skin-one glance at which can drive a Glamour Girl into a fine jealous frenzy -she has had ever since she was a child jumping off haylofts in Fargo, Minnesota. Until a few years ago, when she had it cut for the first time, her luxuriant blonde hair used to fall about her shoulders at the slightest provocation, making her seem too divinely beautiful to be of this world. Her unusually big clear blue eyes with their long lashes and her well-shaped nose (she doesn't like her nose) and even, straight teeth are all her own without benefit of a make-up artist's magic touch. In fact if all stars were as naturally beautiful as Virginia the poor studio make-up man would lose his job, and the Factors and the Westmores would have to go on relief. They simply shove Virginia right out there in front of the camera just as God made her. And the results are sen-

Before she married J. Walter Ruben, a Metro producer, about a year ago, Virginia was, without doubt, the most popular girl in Hollywood. Men being what they are, and I don't have to stop to tell you what they are either, they practically

knocked each other out in a mad scramble to be the one to take Virginia dancing at the Trocadero. And of course that made us women a little sore too. It seemed enough that Virginia should have all that beauty—without having Jimmy Stewart, David Niven and Cesar Romero besides! Whenever Virginia and her escort entered a night club everybody in the place from Santa Barbara society to Kansas City visiting firemen stopped talking instantly, their eyes fairly popping out of their heads. Men, they tell me, adore this overwhelming admiration of their girl.

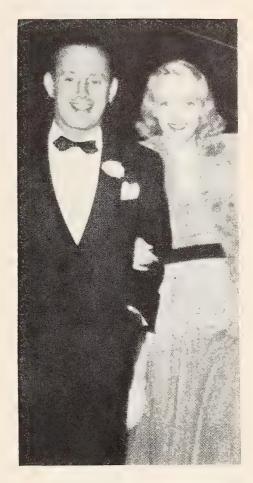
their girl. Well, the Jimmys, Davids, and Cesars might





In "There Goes My Heart," with Fredric March. (They are on this month's cover.)

> Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben. Marriage sometimes goes right.



Virginia does only one thing to preserve this rare beauty, and she really doesn't do it because it is the right thing to do, but simply because she likes it. She sleeps, and how. She loves to sleep. She insists upon having her eight hours, and if she can slip a few more hours in without the studio giving her hell she'll slip 'em in. Because she just couldn't get up in the morning she fell into the habit of arriving on her sets about half an hour late, a little habit that Bob Montgomery, who

co-stars with her in many of her pic-

tures, didn't approve of, being a punctual soul himself. There were a couple of sour looks but

Virginia didn't worry about that. Then, one day, Mr. Mayer called her in to the "front office" and gave her a lecture on how many thousands of dollars the studio lost every minute she was sleeping, and since then Virginia, who is practical when it comes to money, has been the very soul of promptness. Though she likes to go dancing and partying (not so much now that she is so happily married) Virginia is not, and never has been, a stay-up-late. Long before curfew rings she

is hurrying home to get her eight hours. She is the only movie star I have ever met who admits, and without trace of shame, that she goes in for ye olde tyme hearty breakfast. When Venus has had her shower she settles down to a large bowl of oatmeal (or some other hot cereal) with plenty of cream and sugar, and she tops this off with as much toast, and buttered, my dear, as she happens to want. And this, morning in and morning out the year around, even during those brief interludes when she goes on a diet. "I've always eaten oatmeal for breakfast with cream and sugar," says Virginia, "and I guess I always shall." And then she adds, "And I am bringing up Susan to like it too." When her husband gently suggests that she might help her dieting along by leaving off so much butter for breakfast,

Virginia says, "But butter helps my eyes. I read that some place." "You," says J. Walter Ruben, with admiration, "have the greatest store of misinformation of anyone I've ever known." But -surprise, surprise-when Virginia sets her mind to losing weight

Elizabeth Wilson

she loses weight, and with plenty of butter.

Virginia has that delightful homey quality of being able to make every situation seem like a back porch talk. No matter where you meet her, in the Whitney's box at the track, on the Selznick's yacht, on the dance floor at the Clover Club, in the sand pile with five-year-old Susan, or on the set of her picture she is always the same Virginia. Charming, chatty, and cozily social, She has the same Virginia. Charming, chatty, and cozily social. She has none of the mannerisms of a star, none of the phoney little affectations, none of the snobbishness. Once she has met you she knows you, and by name, for the rest of eternity. On the set she is usually surrounded by gaffers, extras and the cast, in whom she seems to take a personal interest. Knitting away like mad (she does pretty needle-point, too) she exchanges recipes with the gaffers, diets with the extras, and cures colds with the cast.

Any day on the "There Goes My Heart" set, her last picture which was made at the Hal Roach studio, you could find her with Alan Mowbray on one side and Freddie March in a studio chair on the other. But there was none of that bantering that goes on between the sexes—indeed no, Virginia would be giving her ideas on bringing up children, and comparing her ideas ("I shall certainly send Susan to a public school") with those of parents Mowbray and March.

Alan Mowbray has a cute little girl named Patricia who, once a month, takes her idolized Daddy out to lunch at the Beverly Brown Derby or the Vendome and does all the ordering and pays the check. "Gives her independence," says Mowbray proudly, "and

you know that kid knows exactly how much to leave for a tip."
"Well," says Freddie March, "you should have seen Penny at the beach yesterday." But Virginia usually tops them all with her recital of Susan's cute sayings. The day I visited the set Mrs. Ruben had everyone in hysterics over the story of how she walked in on Susan and a little neighborhood boy in the kitchen the other afternoon when the cook was out. The children were helping themselves to a jar of jam. "Hello, mother," said Susan, "we're having a jam session.

Though she usually has an even, [Continued on page 72]

### The Broadcasting Of A Big Game Is A Job For Experts And Usually You Hear Details Of A Play While The Ball Is Still In Motion.

#### By Ruth Arell

VEN without a calendar you can tell. For, when the first faint strains of the siren song of the soaring pigskin comes to the ears of eager fans, and raises their blood-pressure as well as their hopes for their favorite teams, you know it's autumn by the advent of the football season. Between twenty and fifty million persons "attend" the weekly meetings of the various teams, although the stadiums where the games are held seldom seat more than fifty

Of course you'd rather be in the grand-stand yourself, unless it's rainy or very cold. But if you can't be there, simply twist your dial and out of your loudspeaker comes a play-by-play description of what's going on, while you take your ease at home. For by the magic of radio you and millions of other pigskin enthusiasts are able to "see" what happens and "observe" the prowess of the players. Your "eyes" are a corps of announcers, every one a former football player himself, who are now experienced and seasoned veterans of radio sports reporting and guarantee to deliver color, accuracy and technical understanding of the game in all its phases.

There you sit in a comfortable chair and the chances are a thousand to one that you never think of the man describing the game unless it's to grumble when he gets mixed up on the player who just ran sixty yards. You forget that even when you attend the game in person you can't always tell who is carrying the ball or who is making the tackle, no matter how well you know the team. I know I didn't give it much thought before I set out to do this article. But having learned something of what goes on behind the scenes, I don't promise I won't be annoyed the next time the announcer takes too long to identify the player who intercepted a pass,

he was tardy and maybe I won't stay mad for long. After you read this see if you don't agree that Ted Husing, Bill Stern, Paul Douglas, Tom Manning, Don Wilson, Ken Carpenter, Lynn Brandt, Don Thompson, Ford Bond, Hal Totten, Ernie Smith, Norman L. Sper and Fort Pearson—the men who will broadcast this year's games from all sections of the country—certainly have an uncanny ability to "shoot from the hip" at the microphone and get across the eyefilling word picture they project at each game.

To begin with, each announcer starts preparing for the broadcast just as soon as he knows which games he is going to air. He reads every newspaper and magazine article he can get hold of and corresponds extensively with coaches and athletic offi-

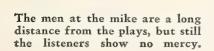
cials, all for the sole purpose of learning everything he possibly can about the players. These men who man the mikes at major games realize that football broadcasting differs from

The radio broadcasting booth with the parabolic mike on top with which to catch the roar of the crowd. other sports reporting in that an announcer must know in a split second not only the names and positions of 22 players but also the names and positions of innumerable substitutes, and in one memorable game Notre Dame ran in 87 subs. Before each game the announcers will actually spend several days with each team to familiarize themselves with the players.

Bill Stern, who heads the National Broadcasting Company's football mikemen, likes to spend three to five days at the training camps of outstanding college elevens. He literally eats, sleeps and works with them, haunting the playing fields during



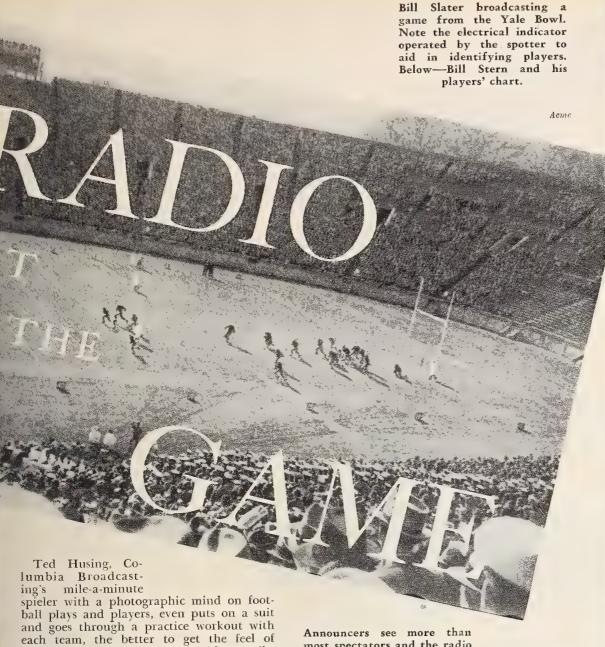
practice in order to absorb every idiosyncracy of the players. After watching them in action from the sidelines, he retreats to a far-off vantage point so that he will get to recognize them from a distance, as he will actually see them at the game. He notes that one end is short, stocky, and has a way of standing with his weight on his right leg when relaxed, and that a tackle has an inclination to gallop when he runs and uses a slightly bulgier padding over his left knee. Mentally Stern tabulates all the peculiarities of posture and dress of each player.



Ted Husing makes a study of each team days before the game.



but at least I'll understand why



Announcers see more than most spectators and the radio listener will know more about the game than a stadium visitor. But the game is only as good as the announcer.

fresh in mind. When practice is over, the announcer circulates on the campus, fraternizing with the players to saturate himself with the background, accomplishments, and choice bits of human interest stories on each. As soon as he can, he transfers this information to index cards which he will use for ready reference when he wants to give the listeners a colorful idea of each player.

things. Lynn Brandt, an NBC midwest mike

man, takes movies of the practice plays and runs them off just before he goes to the

broadcasting booth so he'll have the players

He also spends considerable time with the coaches to get an outline of the plays each will use in varying circumstances and conditions of the game. This is most important because when the coach lets the announcer in on his strategy-whether it's to be an offensive or a defensive style; whether a backfield man is used primarily for blocking, running with the ball, passing or kicking, and whether he is expected to do part or all of these things, as well as the lowdown on other fancy plays—the announcer can look for and anticipate trick plays and unusual formations before the opposition fully realizes the deception. The announcer treats all of this information as confidential until they are actually used in the game. but this advance knowledge gives authority to his voice and insures a high degree of accuracy in his description. So you see why announcers cannot place too much emphasis on this preliminary work with teams.

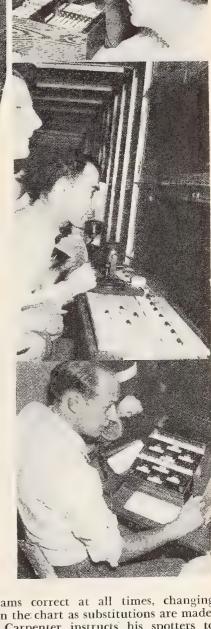
Now we're ready to step into the broad-casting booth and that's where the tech-nique of the various announcers branches off. Of course, while the announcer has

been busy with the teams, the engineers and technicians have set up various microphones for use in the booth, huge cone-

shaped parabolic mikes outside to pick up crowd noises, and other lines for direct communication with the control room back at the studio.

Most of the announcers use two "spotters," one for each team and seated on each side, to help get facts straight when play is fast and furious. According to Ford Bond, "In stormy weather when visibility is bad, a good spotter is half the battle because his accuracy makes it unnecessary for the announcer to take a second guess." A spotter is a man selected by the coach for his ability to recognize the players on his team from any angle; by their features, eccentricities, posture, and number. He can do this for he is usually a former football player out of that game because of an injury, or he may even be a student athletic manager. In front of each spotter the announcer places a chart of his team on which are clipped cards placed in the team's proper lineup. On each card is the name, number, position, weight, height, year, age and home town of the player. These spotters are the town of the player. These spotters are the announcer's auxiliary eyes and it is up to him to decide how much responsibility he wishes to give them. Their chief job is usually to keep the lineup of their respec-

Ted Husing talking to millions for two hours and a half. He has a very accurate indicator which is operated by his assistant.



tive teams correct at all times, changing cards on the chart as substitutions are made.

Ken Carpenter instructs his spotters to watch tacklers, pass receivers and defensive play. When Fort Pearson is announcing, all he wants the spotter to do when the ball is passed from one man to another, is to point from the name of the bearer to the name of the receiver, and he knows all that is necessary to describe the play. In addition to such aid, Bill Stern has worked out a set of finger signals by which his spotters indicate the cause of all penalties: exactly how many yards the penalty is and whether it is for offside, unnecessary roughness, holding, crawling, interference, or what.

Usually the preliminary work with the teams is so thorough that the announcers have little difficulty in identifying the players themselves, in which case the spotters are really valuable only on complicated plays where the ball is lateraled several times, and in a pile-up where it is difficult to determine the tacklers. On the other hand, both Don Thompson and Ernie Smith never use spotters, relying upon themselves entirely to achieve identification of the players. They claim that, not being trained reporters, the spot- [Continued on page 74]



There Are Scientists Who Brave The Deepest Jungles To Find An Orchid, And The Searchers For Possible Picture Stars Penetrate Even Darkest America.

> added, and interested only in getting an education for himself. When it came time for the annual Oratorical Contest, Jack decided to enter it. He did. And no sooner had he finished his recitation of "John Brown's Body" when a contact man for the Talent Department of Paramount approached him and asked if he would like to go into the movies; he had heard the oratory and felt that Jack had picture possibilities.

Jack amazed the Scout by frankly stating that he was not interested; he knew nothing about acting, had never even given it a thought; he was at Western Reserve to get a diploma, and

was at Western Reserve to get a diploma, and he was going to get it or know the reason why; furthermore, he wasn't so sure that his family would approve of his going to Hollywood.

All this Jack said in one breath. The dazed scout could only reply: "If you are ever in New York, drop in and see the Head Talent Scout." With the left the campus, shaking his head in woord armount. in wonderment.

> Her perfect photographic features were Arleen Whalen's "open sesame."

Vincent Price resembled a certain famous character.

When John Howard was invited into the charmed circle he

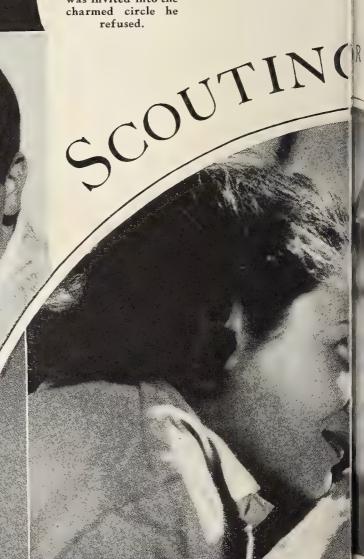
Six months later, after graduation, Jack Cox was in New York. He decided to go to the Head Talent Scout and see if there was anything to that movie business. He made a good impression there, and was sent to the Paramount Dra-



OMETHING must be done about it-but definitely!

What with wars and recessions all over the place it does seem as though the vast American populace has enough trouble. But no, still it comes. And you may be the next victim. The situation has reached a point where Mr. Everyman must try his utmost to hide his identity. Should he fail to take precautions, some Talent Scout is liable to pop up from nowhere, sign him while he's not looking, and before he knows it, whisk him off to Hollywood to make love to Madeleine Carroll and Ginger Pagers on the screen—for a few palfry thousand a week! 'Tain't Rogers on the screen—for a few paltry thousand a week! 'Tain't right. No tax-payer should have to run such a risk.

But that is the way they work, nowadays. These Talent Scouts just won't leave you alone. Ask Jack Cox; he knows. He was a quiet, modest young man attending Western Reserve University, out in Cleveland, Ohio. Minding his own business, too, might be



matic School where the coaches changed him from a green college boy to a fine actor. Jack Cox, renamed John Howard, passed his screen-test and went to Hollywood where he was starred in those exciting "Bulldog Drummond" films.

Do you want this to happen to you?

The opposite sex needn't feel immune. Don't forget the case of "Talent Scouts vs. Lana Turner." She knew nothing about acting; nor did she intend to even try to crash pictures. But her

parents moved to Hollywood and, like any other normal girl, Lana was sent to school.

She only had an hour for lunch between classes. Where else could she eat but in the drugstore across the street from Hollywood High School? You can't blame her because that reporter, who knew a Talent Scout, came in for cigarettes just as she was finishmg her soup. And how could she prevent it when the very next day a Warners' Scout dragged her off to the

> Olympe Bradna was found dancing in a chorus in New

York.

RTALENT

studio for a screen-test? She couldn't and she didn't.

Destiny's irresistible force cannot be denied. Mervyn LeRoy

gave her a small part in "They Won't Forget." The die was cast Out of that "short but sweet" performance came world-wide fame, a contract, and a few thousand bucks. It just goes to show the chances you take these days.

To safe-guard you and you from becoming a victim of such a fate, the writer has interviewed five New York Talent Scouts, representing five of the larger film

companies. Indeed, it is a tough outlook. For these Talent Scouts really get around; they see all, hear all, and know all. Apparently the only way to remain undiscovered is to hibernate-even then it wouldn't be surprising if some producer, looking for a pet wood-chuck, found that you were just the "type" for his latest film. Each Head Talent Scout has

his own method of combing the country for talent. Twentieth-Century-Fox has no school in the East and prefers to watch people with some experience. Every week they receive a photostat copy about five pages long that con-tains data on all known plays, college, professional, local group

theatres, and so on. From this the Head Scout makes an itinerary for his four assistants who do nothing but travel from town to town, viewing every play listed. A complete report on each play is sent to the Head Scout who remains at home, covering New York personal-ly. By mid-August of this year they had covered over two hundred summer productions. If your college or local group is planning a show, it is quite within the realm of [Cont. on page 67]

It all began for Frances Farmer when she won a prize contest.

By Julian Ralph Walkley

> The minute Fred MacMurray walked in, the atmosphere seemed to change. He is now in "Men with Wings," with Louise Campbell.



HREE tall, sun-browned Englishmen in light khaki uniforms and sun helin light khaki uniforms and sun hel-mets crouched on a roof under a blazing tropic sun. Steadily they fired at a relentless group of white-clad natives stealthily approaching across the house tops. One huge Hindu ran from cover—a rifle cracked. With a high, thin scream he toppled from the parapet, hurtled to the street to lie in a huddled heap. A second

fell . . . a third . . .

From their roof, though retreat was cut off and ammunition failing, the English and their pitiful handful of Sepoy troops continued steady, disciplined gunfire. But the mass of natives continued—slowly, sure-

ly-to advance, firing raggedly as they came. They knew, which the Englishmen did not, that native reinforcements were at hand. And at that moment they arrived, a mounted horde of brown Hillmen, shouting defiance, sweeping up the crooked native street, deadly rifle fire concentrated on that tiny British force.

The village shook to the thunder of hoofs, the incessant roar of guns. But over the din rose the steady voice of the English sergeant: "Ready! Aim! Fire! Ready! Aim! Fire!" and the regular beat of volley upon volley in response.

But the natives came on, filling housetop and street, driving the English to the farthest corner of their tiny roof. Desperately, with a reckless, abandoned gesture, one Englishman leaped to the parapet, in his hand a crude bomb. An instant he poised, ready to hurl it...

"Cu-u-ut!" shouted an exultant voice over the tumult. "That's it!"

Instantly gunfire ceased. Horses were halted, shouting died away so abruptly the silence was deafening. "Corpses" sat up, gratefully drank coca colas. Stunt men, who had been falling off roofs for hours, casu-

ally picked themselves up, rolled cigarettes. Property boys passed out another thousand rounds of blank cartridges for the next "take." And our three Englishmen—none "take." And our three Englishmen—none other than Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—strolled over to the edge of their recently besieged rooftop,

own life, to Vic.

grinning down at us.

"Hot," said they, referring to the weather.

Another scene of "Gunga Din" was "in

But behind that thrilling battle scene, so realistic that even hardened spectators forgot the battery of cameras, lies two years of planning, of research, of writing, two million dollars, the concentrated efforts of two thousand men-and more funny stories

than you could put in a dozen books.

To begin at the beginning. Two years ago, RKO-Radio decided to film an adventure story of British India in the 'nineties, basing the production on Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Gunga Din," which tells of the heroism of a native water carrier under fire.

Out of this grew a tale of three daredevil young sergeants (Cary, Vic and Doug), who spend their time getting into sprightly little difficulties (one such "difficulty" is the scene described above), to the despair of old Gunga Din—and their Colonel. Repeatedly the Colonel decides to throw them out of the army; but invariably some military emergency arises demanding their particular brand of irresponsible pluck. Doug complicates things by falling in love with the daughter of an English tea planter (Joan Fontaine), plans to leave the army to marry her. Faced with such a catastrophe, Vic and Cary determine to break off the Producer - Director George Stevens rides back to the "location camp" at the base of Mt. Whitney, in the High Sierras.

match, with funny and disastrous results.

Eventually the trio becomes involved in a situation too much for even their luck and daring. Plucky old Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe) comes once more to their rescue, loses his life but saves the three. As to whether Doug stays in the army or marries the girl

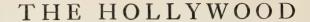
-why should we tell you everything?

Though part of "Gunga Din" was filmed on the lot, most of the production was shot on location, 220 miles northeast of Hollywood. The location department had scoured the country and finally found in the Alabama mountains a collection of low, worndown-to-a-nub desert hills with the High Sierras in the background—an exact reproduction of the Khyber Pass country in the Himalayas. The only thing that didn't match was the soil, which is black in India, sand color in this particular part of California. Undisturbed, the production department shipped 26,000 gallons of crude oil up to location, and "dyed" the soil black.

One super-reality furnished free by the

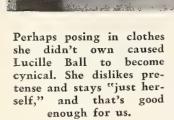
location department was the weather. It was HOT! India at its worst was never like this. The thermometer climbed as high as 120. 110 was counted refreshingly cool!
Try that on your constitution for twelve solid weeks. As Douglas remarked plaintively, "After all, they can't film the tem-





# DERBY

By Whitney William



DON'T know how you out there in the vast movie audiences feel about it, but I always get a kick out of watching new players in their rise from obscurity to a position of prominence on the screen; what measures they employ to achieve their goal, how their new position matches that from which they originally sprung, the changes—if any—in personality, outlook, opinion, and how they regard the future and their chances in the Hollywood scheme of things.

To me, it's a fascinating

study of a passing parade, forever kaleidoscopic, undulled even by years of steady observation. More particularly, when four such charming and talented demoiselles as Lana Turner, Marjorie Weaver, Nan Grey and Lucille Ball are the subjects of inquiry

and talented demoiselles as Lana Turner, Marjorie Weaver, Nan Grey and Lucille Ball are the subjects of inquiry.

This quartet of youthful loveliness represents the full flower of the newer crop of screen notables. Individually and collectively, they are worthy of attention on any screen and potentially are as likely candidates for stardom as any

who recently have forged into the spotlight. Glamour, allure and a certain beauty attaches to each, as well as an overwhelming enthusiasm. Our purpose in grouping these four girls together for comparative reasons however, is not wholly in view of these estimable and paralleled virtues. It is deeper than that . . . it is for what they stand.



Nan Grey was escorted to several studios and each studio wished her to stay. Which certainly interfered with her plan to be a newspaper woman. In them, and their respective struggles for film recognition, lies the endless competition between the North and the South. Two from either side of the Mason and Dixon Line, they symbolize the spirit of the new North and the new South and from them we may be able to determine whether the chill of Northern climes provides better screen material, or the nightingales among the magnolia blooms in the South develop in the ladies of Dixie those qualities which are so superior. If, indeed, one may reach such a conclusion. Protagonists of the Blue are

Protagonists of the Blue are Lana Turner and Lucille Ball; of the Grey, Marjorie Weaver and Nan Grey. By devious

routes they've reached Hollywood, scored on the screen, insinuated themselves upon public consciousness. Alike as peas in the proverbial pod in certain respects, in others they are as far removed as the poles.

far removed as the poles.

Striking, first of all, is the fact that in their childhood, which was the happy contented existence of normalcy, none of the quartet harbored any theatrical aspirations. In her home town of Wallace, Idaho, Lana was like any other child of moderate circumstances, a mainly in her pencil and drawing pad on

her interest resting mainly in her pencil and drawing pad, on which she sketched figures and beautiful ladies garbed in the most exorbitant creations. Lucille, in Butte, Montana, where her father was an electrical engineer with the Anaconda Copper Company, was never so happy as when she could don old overalls, throw school troubles to the winds and play with older boys.





In racing, Sonja Henie never saw anyone else finish. They're always behind her. So she got the habit.

Gail Patrick has clicked in whatever she's started. Do you think she could be Governor of Alabama?

AS it ever occurred to you that the reason a lot of players have achieved fame and fortune in Hollywood is because they have acquired, so to speak, "the habit of success"—that they are screen stars because they also reached the top in some other field of endeavor before tackling the movies, and are only applying the same drive and initiative to acting that they applied to whatever pursuits they tackled before?

Having read so far, perhaps I should stop for a moment and warn you before going any further that this article is not intended-Heaven forbid-to tell you how to win success in the movies in 2000 or 3000 words but that its one and only purpose is to point out by some concrete example that a lot of outstanding players are Hollywood champions because they were also champions in some other

division, to use a boxing term, and that, judging from their records, the chances are they would also wear crowns in any other field they entered.

No matter what you think of the "how to win success" advisers or the boys who write the "as we have thought, so we have become" messages, the fact remains that there is something to be said in favor of the philosophy which urges that "we are what we have made ourselves" and that the will to be successful or even beautiful is enormously powerful. is enormously powerful.

This same will to be beautiful which



By William Boehnel

certain women possess, is also evident in the will to succeed among many of today's most successful players, and because of that will to succeed they have formed the habit of success that has landed them on the top of the heap.

Take W. C. Fields, for instance. When

I last saw Mr. Fields in Hollywood, his chief concern was not about pictures but how to make a success in television when it finally arrived. When I asked Mr. Fields if he missed the old days in the theatre this is what he said: "No, I don't miss the old days and I'm never going back on the

Kay Francis



W. C. Fields, a success in five different worlds.

not so good in a circus side-show, so let's forget that. I was tops in vaudeville and made two trips around the world with my act. I

stage. I don't

want to go back-ward but for-

ward. I was good in burlesque, but

was considered tops in musical comedy. I'm a star in the movies and I'm doing pretty well on the radio. Now all I want to do is to figure out how to make the grade when this television business comes along."

Mr. Fields is perhaps the best example in the movies I know of the star who has "the habit of success." He ran away from his home in Philadelphia when he was a kid because he was scared of his father. He has knocked around all over the world since then and today, at 58, after having been a success in five different mediums, he is plotting and planning on how to reach the top in a sixth.

Another prominent screen ector who has this same knack for being the best in anything he tackles is Fred Astaire. Before attempting the movies Mr. Astaire had the pleasure of knowing himself a success on

When Fred Astaire first

danced for the camera, failure called the turn. But now he's a big

screen star.

Jean Arthur is never afraid to tackle anything. She's Success' Girl Friend.

the stage both in America and England, as a result of his dancing in such stage musicals as "Apple Blossoms," "The Love Letter," "For Goodness Sakes," "Lady Be Good," "Funny Face," "The Bunch and Judy," "Smiles," "The Band Wagon" and "The Gay Divorcee"

"The Gay Divorcee."

Even before this, when he was only eight years old, Fred and his sister, Adele, now Lady Cavendish, were touring the Orpheum Circuit in a dancing act of their own and knocking down 200 bucks a week.

That is why, when after being let out by Metro after a small bit in "Dancing Lady," he had the perseverence to reach the top in his new medium. Going over to RKO, the same urge to be a champion in his new field, the same drive which had made him a success at eight, lifted him to one of the ten biggest money makers in the movies.

Having been crowned Olympic champion before she was old enough to vote, Sonja Henie is another successful screen

star who has carried this same determination, this same ability to forge to the front, into a new medium. Winner of Olympic awards in 1928, 1932 and 1936, Miss Henie was a smash boxoffice favorite with the ice fans long before Hollywood beckoned.

When she made a deal which was satisfactory to herself with Twentieth Century-Fox, this same habit of winning skating

championships at an early age followed her to the coast. Today she is one of the most successful stars in the film colony and when, between pictures, she tours the country with her ice carnival, the "Standing Room Only" sign is out in front of the house long before the day of her scheduled appearance.

Perhaps being a successful commercial photographer's model is considerably less exciting than being a star and playing opposite some of the screen's most popular leading men, but this same success habit which made her one of the most popular models in New York while she was still a sophomore in high school, was undoubtedly the propelling force which carried Jean Arthur to stardom in the cinema.

While still at school, Jean was earning \$25 a day posing in her spare time and it wasn't long before her face was seen on magazine covers throughout the country. Her first efforts in Hollywood were considerably less than startling but there was no holding Jean back. Having been tops in one field it was only natural that the same effort would sooner or later catapult her to the top brackets in the movies, where she now rests with the best of them.

The next time some of you gals who are secretaries get fed up with your jobs and want to chuck them because you think there is no future in them, it would be wise to consider the case of Kay Francis, one of the highest salaried players on the Warner Brothers' long and interesting list.

Although the chances are that Miss Francis eventually would have become an actress anyway because her mother, Katherine Clinton, was a well-known stage player, when she finally fin-ished school Kay took up secre-tarial work. Even in this field she was satisfied with nothing but the best and chose as her employers such socially prominent women

as Mrs. Dwight
Morrow, Mrs.
Minturn Pinchot and Mrs. W. K. Vander-

But Kay had formed the success habit long before this. While in school she excelled in tennis and ran the 100-yard dash in 12 seconds flat. Success, too, followed in her stage career and it is not unlikely that had she remained in the theatre she would have achieved the same high ranking she has enjoyed [Continued on page 73]



Irene Dunne keeps a story of a gallant lady among her neverto-be-forgotten treasures.

THE stars of Hollywood, I found myself thinking one summer day, what memories they must have the young as well as the old . . . for small Shirley Temple, surely, has more memories right now than most of us accumulate in a life time, what pressed flowers of what fame and glory they have in their Memory Books . . . Talisman roses and rose-mary for remembrance . . . what a multi-coloured tapcstry from which to pull the threads of thought . . . and I wondered what their dearest memories would be . . . of Neon lights blazoning their names . . . of flattering crowds and wealth and material possessions . . . of previews where their names first sky-rocketed to stardom . . . or would they be of candlelight -and moonlight . . . childhood . . . the "little things" which do not glitter but yet are gold
... I fell to wondering ... what would they name
as the most poignant memory of all, the most precious, the most unforgettable ... and why ...
And so, from time to time as we were talking, the

stars and I, I poked an inquisitive forefinger, gently,

I hope, among their memories . .

Norma Shearer, the possessor of more triumphs and conquests and wealth of many kinds than you or I could hope to have in twenty rich reincarnations said to me, tears in her eyes, "... of all my

memories? Oh, I can answer that. For all the memories which are most precious to me belong with Irving. And, of them all, the most precious is knowing that I knew how much I loved him while he was here. So many times, I am afraid, we do not realize how much we love someone near to us until it is too late. That bitterness, at least, is spared me. For I can and I do cherish the thought that I knew how happy we were, knew how much I loved Irving realized the preciousness of every moment we had together while he was here . . . there never has been, there never will be a memory more poignant than this. Because without it I would face utter desolation.

When Norma told me this I had a premonition that the memories of the stars would come, for the most part, from their hearts; would have little to do with fame and limelight and the riches which can be touched and seen and spent.

I remembered, then, how Mary Pickford once said to me "my mother's eyes when she looked at me . . . I have had a rich and varied life, but no memory is so dear to me as this . . . "I thought of how Jean Harlow said to me, in the year before she passed on, "If I should die this year I know what memories would warm me most ... my mother's selfless love and service above all, of course ... and then the remembrance of the little humble tasks people have done for me, those 'little things' which, alone, make it possible for us to do the so-called 'big', spectacular things ... I would forget, I think, the



things they call 'fame' and would remember how this one ironed my clothes for me, how my meals were planned for me, how Blanche, my maid, would stay on the set with me, half the night through, if necessary . . . the errands that were run for me, the stitches that were taken . . . the tasks that are unrewarded, as we count rewards . . .

Spencer Tracy told me, "During the year I was away from home I used to go to the house and have breakfast with the family almost every morning. One such morning my son asked me to drive him school. I was late for my call at the studio and couldn't, and reluctantly told him so. And then he said 'You know, Dad, I think that a girl belongs with her mother but a boy belongs with his Dad." I guess I knew right then and there that I'd never forget



Gladys Hall

In Hollywood, Where Every Day Brings Disap= pointment Along With Its Joys, The Players Hold Many Remembrances Dear.

> In the book of happy moments, Loretta Young's first romance trails clouds of glory.

Ronald Colman in the rags of François Vil-Francois lon, the character he plays in "If I Were King." Colman has a little incident of his childhood always fresh in his memory.



those words nor the look in Johnny's eyes when he said them.
"Well," said Pat O'Brien when I prodded the Celtic cells of the O'Brien memory . . . "well, I say thanks for the memory of a certain Russian Inn where I mustered up courage to ask Eloise to marry me; for the memory of the light in her eyes that put to shame the blazing candles on the table: for the Russian Cossack music that was no wilder than the beating of my heart at that moment. It's the happiest memory I have-topped only by the

heart at that moment. It's the happiest memory I have—topped only by the years we have been together . . ."

It was Ronald Colman who said "Childhood memories seem the most unforgettable to me . . . I think I shall remember the longest the time I thought I would help my father with his garden. Now, my father was something of a horticulturist and his garden was his passion and his pride. One day—I must have been about seven—I decided to surprise father by doing some weeding for him. I did. And succeeded in pulling up something simply priceless. It was one of his rare, very rare bulbs. I still remember the look in my father's eyes when he regarded my handiwork. I still remember with what admirable self-control he made himself realize the motive back of the mischief done. It is my most unforgettable memory because it was my first realization that the more I kept myself to myself the better off I would be. I have never lost that realization."

Richard Arlen, too, believes that of all our memories the memories of childhood sink the deepest and linger the longest. He said, "Childhood memories are best because nothing suilies them. I had a happy, carefree life as a kid and am forever grateful for it. Recently I went home to visit Mother and Dad. I wandered over many of the spots I remembered as a youngster. The lot where we played baseball is now an apartment house:

youngster. The lot where we played baseball is now an apartment house: the grove where we picnicked, the roads where we scuffed our bare feet are





Spencer Tracy will never forget a lesson his son once taught him.



Bette Davis cherishes a little incident which brought much pleasure to her. (Below) Richard Arlen says "Memory is more enduring than stone."



for NOVEMBER 1938



One of Mr. Hindsell's pro-

tégés is Mary Carlisle.

partment is one big happy

family, and you see young men

coming in and greeting their

learned

English from

Hindsell.

# "TRICKS of the TRADE'

Oliver Hindsell, The Distinguished Dramatic School Head, Does Not Believe In Amateur Greatness. Study Makes Stars.

BvLeon Surmelian

(Left) Oliver Hindsell with his class. His assistant, Harold Helvenston, stands near center. The students are like thoroughbreds at the post.

"Pappy" by a bit of shadow boxing, to which he responds with his fists. His office is large and serves as a stage for interviews and rehearsals. It is elegantly-furnished, and the walls are covered with autographed portraits of stars and promising unknowns. You read: "For Oliver Hindsell, with gratitude and affection, Charles Boyer." Hindsell taught him English.

His linguistic pupils include Dolores del Rio, Paul Lukas, Franciska Gaal, Luise Rainer. A portrait of Robert Taylor will particularly attract your attention. The inscription on it reads:

"They say actors are a most ungrateful lot. May I become an exception to the rule by saying that I can never repay you for your help and confidence in me. I am yours truly grateful! Bob."

Hindsell discovered Bob in a college production in the picturesque theatre of Padua Hills. Bob was then a senior at Pomona College, "The Oxford of the West." Hindsell's toughest job is selling to producers and directors the young men and more selling. selling to producers and directors the young men and women he is training. "I presented Bob in a one-act play," he recalled, "but nobody was interested. I then presented him again in a three-act play, with Rosalind Russell, but still they were not interested. And Bob was so ambitious. He need to drive forty. And Bob was so ambitious. He used to drive fortyfive miles to the studio and back to study with me. He got discouraged, and went back to Nebraska. He wrote me from there, wanting to know if I would advise him to return to Hollywood and try again. I told him to return at once. He was bound to get a break sooner or later; I never doubted his ability.

What were Hindsell's first impressions of a young man from the Nebraska hinterlands who, in two years, rose to rule the romantic roost of Hollywood? "I thought he was a fine American boy, with perfect photographic features. The trouble with him was he was a little too good looking, a fact that belied his character. The texture of his skin was such that we had to be very careful with make-up. When he outlives his present bad publicity, he will become one of the foremost virile actors on the Michael Whalen (above) and Robert Young. Both were taught by the star-maker.

Beautiful Myrna Loy started in the wrong, or Corrigan, direction, but she landed O. K.

screen. He is no pretty boy. I liked his small town timidity. He lacked confidence in his own ability and worth, and wasn't one of those conceited fops who are blinded by their ego.

Bob didn't think he was a good actor, and was willing to learn and work hard. He was sensitive to the point of being shy and retiring. I would purposefully throw him with groups of people older and more sophisticated than himself to see how he'd take it. I remember, one night I had him at my home for dinner. He hardly opened his mouth all evening. I asked him why he was so quiet. 'What can I say?' he said, 'all these people have traveled widely, been abroad, while I haven't even been to New York.'"

Hindsell has helped many established players, but he hesitates to talk about them and divulge their names. However, he spoke about Myrna Loy when she was trying hard to get somewhere. "She was thoroughly sick of playing those slant-eyed Oriental vamps when she came to me, and discouraged too. I saw that she had real charm and a delicious sense of humor, qualities which the false roles she was playing then gave her no opportunity to display. I gave her confidence in herself. Then I began to cultivate her lovely voice. She was a tireless worker, and when we took

off her mask, her success was immediate."

Night clubs and such places do not interest Hindsell as fields of undiscovered talent. He believes in the value of college education and real cultural background for attaining any lasting success in pictures. Recently he made [Continued on page 70]

### ANN How!



T IS only by one of those strange accidents, which occur every once in a while in Hollywood, that Ann Sheridan is raising the temperatures of film fans in her audiences rather than teaching groups of children their A, B, C's in an obscure little schoolroom in Texas. That was the course she intended to follow when she entered North Texas Teachers' College.

"I'm afraid teaching school was always a somewhat nebulous possibility," she told me, "The teachers' college was a good school to attend. We had a lot of fun and I doubt that any of us ever gave serious thought to the fact that some day the responsibility

of teaching would be staring us in the face."

It all happened while she was preparing to dispense higher education. Aside from her activities in basketball, tennis and swimming, Ann, who was then known as Clara Lou Sheridan, also dabbled in college theatricals. Her first public appearance was as a blues singer with the college orchestra!

John Rosenfield, of the Dallas News, who heard her sing, induced Ann to enter the competition when Paramount announced its "Search for Beauty" contest. She won and spent several months under contract to that studio before she decided to free-lance. "A beauty contest winner usually has two strikes on her before she gets started," Ann pointed out. "A few, like Joan Blondell, Mary Astor, Corinne Griffith and Clara Bow, have won great success on the screen, but there are scores of others lost in the Too often a beauty contest winner has nothing exceptional save her face and figure. Of course the opportunity offered is marvelous; one that hundreds of girls

would like to have, for it opens the studio gates and places them before a camera. What she does from then on is entirely up "When I started free-lancing, I lost confidence in myself. The experience I had had

at Paramount was valuable, yet it was months before I completely regained my

"Many times I considered giving up and returning to Texas to teach school. I never

actually hungry, for I was always able to get enough work keep going, but the prospect of getting anywhere, or ever winning real success seemed bitterly hopeless."

When the fu-ture looked absolutely blank. Ann's first real break came with the role of a lovable school teacher opposite Pat O'Brien in "The Great O'Malley." Her earlier experience singing the blues with the college orchestra came to the fore when she was called upon to portray a night club singer in "San Quentin," and was an enormous asset at this time, particularly, when words and music play such an im-

able to do practically everything in the entertainment field.

Less than a year ago, Ann took another important step in her career when she married Edward Norris, the handsome young leading man who scored such a sensational hit in "They Won't Forget." But, evidently something went wrong with this marriage, for

they are now applying for a separation.

Recently Warner Brothers offered
her a term contract. She accepted, "with more alacrity than poise,"

she says, and started in on the road toward stardom.
"It hardly seems possible that a little over a year ago, I had my plans made to go back to Texas and school teaching," says Ann.

There is nothing pretentious about Ann, no danger of her "going Hollywood" in her manner of living. She has a Filipino houseboy who is terrified by the telephone and will answer only in emergencies to say "Missy Sheridan she not in" and hang up!

If you are one of her small circle of friends and are invited to

dinner, chances are that you will sit down to a real meal of delicious chicken fried by Ann, herself. After dinner, there is often a friendly game of poker. Ann has the Texan's love for gambling, but the stakes are small.

Still athletic, Ann goes in for horseback riding and aquaplaning. As a child she was something of a prodigy as an acrobatic dancer, and even now, with only her right hand and right foot on the floor, she can draw herself up until her entire weight is on

the right hand and her legs are straight in the air.

This, in brief, is the backstage story of Ann Sheridan, Hollywood's 1938 version of the perfect "It" girl.

She entered the North

Texas State Teachers' College - which was immeasurably tough on

the professors.



To Frank Morgan

Meet Frank Morgan
—A Business Man.
His Business Is Comedy.

E WAS known as one of the best boy sopranos in New York. As Frankie Wupperman he sang at St. Thomas and All Angels churches. He has appeared in many pictures and with his befuddled manner has never failed to be amusing. He is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds, has a fine tenor voice, and, with all his gifts, is content just to insure the success of every comedy role in which he is cast.

Below—Scene from "Sweethearts" in which he appears with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.



Below—Lionel Stander, Robert Taylor and Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars." Below, right—With Wallace Beery in "The Port of Seven Seas."

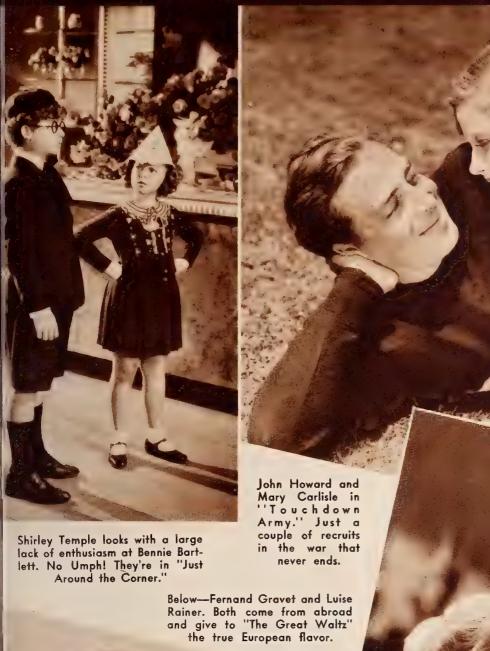












In "Suez," Annabella and Tyrone Power in-

TUATION WELL IN HAMPEN AND A STREET OF THE POWER INtroduce a personal note in their politics.

E HAVE heard a stage director, when rehearsing a scene that led up to and included an embrace, shout at his leading juvenile and pretty ingenué. "Don't you know," he yelled, "the woman's arm is always above the man's? Try it again."

In a million gardens the movements of lovers have been rehearsed, and yet, in Hollywood, no better method has been devised. It must mean something

mean something.

The Former Technique Of Pictures In= cluded Few Words And Many Embraces. Now Dialogue Peps Up The Plot, But They've Never Improved On The Clinches.









The BIG

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in

"SWEETHEARTS"

An M-G-M Technicolor Picture. Number One in Silver Screen's Series of Scenes from Great Pictures.









Character Players Have Seen Many A Hand= some Hero Fade Out But They Go On Forever.











Then Joan learned to guard



WELL, YOU NEEDN'T, JOAN. WHY DON'T YOU CUT DOWN ON RUNS WITH LUX? LUX SAVES ELASTICITY -NOW I HARDLY EVER HAVE RUNS OR HORRID WRINKLES\_ LUX GUARDS S.A.\*

Stocking Appeal

Stocking runs—heel humps—spiral seams kill S.A.\* Guard against them with Lux! Gentle Lux saves elasticity, so stockings stretch—then spring back into shape without breaking easily into runs.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful aikali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.



(Scene from 20th Century-Fox's production "Five of a Kind." © NEA.)

### THE MOVIES' "FAMOUS FAMILIES"

(Above) The cameraman's assistant helps while Jean Hersholt keeps the babies in good humor.

EARS ago, Norma and Constance Talmadge were famous screen sisters, and now Joan and Constance Bennett are sisters that are making pictures—but the Dionne sisters, as usual, hold the multiple star record. The speeding years make these famous babies more and more interesting, and the thought of these five picture stars at the age of sixteen years is too blinding for even a press agent's imagination.



The three Lane Sisters, Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla, were so clever in "Four Daughters" that we can hardly wait to see their next.

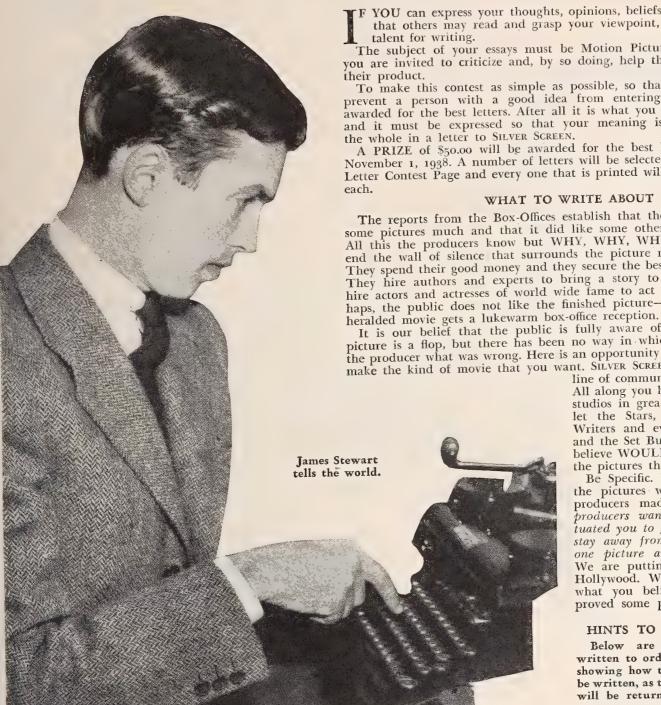


Twin stars. The Mauch brothers made a fine picture record.

Frances Farmer and Lief Erickson are man and wife and they both are in the same picture, ''Escape from Yesterday."



### CAN YOU WRITE? A Novel Way For You To Earn Money Prizes



F YOU can express your thoughts, opinions, beliefs and preferences so that others may read and grasp your viewpoint, then you have the

The subject of your essays must be Motion Pictures and, particularly, you are invited to criticize and, by so doing, help the producers improve

To make this contest as simple as possible, so that no formalities may prevent a person with a good idea from entering, the prizes will be awarded for the best letters. After all it is what you say that is important and it must be expressed so that your meaning is clear. But embody the whole in a letter to Suyer Screen.

A PRIZE of \$50.00 will be awarded for the best letter received before November 1, 1938. A number of letters will be selected and printed on the Letter Contest Page and every one that is printed will be paid for at \$5.00

### WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT

The reports from the Box-Offices establish that the public did not like some pictures much and that it did like some others very much indeed. All this the producers know but WHY, WHY, WHY? This contest is to end the wall of silence that surrounds the picture makers of Hollywood. They spend their good money and they secure the best stories they can get. They hire authors and experts to bring a story to the screen and they hire actors and actresses of world wide fame to act in it. And then, perhaps, the public does not like the finished picture-and so another well-

It is our belief that the public is fully aware of the reason why the picture is a flop, but there has been no way in which the fans could tell the producer what was wrong. Here is an opportunity to help the producers make the kind of movie that you want. SILVER SCREEN establishes the first

line of communication to Hollywood. All along you have heard FROM the studios in great detail, now you can let the Stars, Directors, Producers, Writers and even the Film Cutters and the Set Builders know what you believe WOULD HAVE IMPROVED

the pictures that you did not like.

Be Specific. Do not write in that the pictures would improve if the producers made them better. The producers want to know what actuated you to go to one picture and stay away from another, or to like stay away from another, or to like one picture and not like another. We are putting you in touch with Hollywood. Win a prize by telling what you believe would have improved some particular picture.

### HINTS TO LETTER WRITERS

Below are some sample letters written to order, not in competition, showing how the prize letters should be written, as to length, etc. No letter will be returned, so keep a copy.

### CONDITIONS IN THE \$50. LETTER CONTEST

- 1. Letters must not be longer than 150 words.
- 2. No letter will be returned.
- 3. Contest closes November 1, 1938.
- 4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
- 5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER. CONTEST, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Silver Screen: want us to take a

Dear Silver Screen: want us to take a

I understand you we did not ithe
I understand that well take it was

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and tell you with for example worked out

Racket Busters;

and well worked out

Racket and picture and well Dear Silver Screen: Rocket Busters, for example. It was and well worked out a good picture and well worked out incidents but the reneal a good picture and well worked out the reason a good picture and well worked out the reason without impossible incidents, but that it was that it was that it was that it was that and care for it would not have that I did not cause they but tough, and that I depressing. Of course they but tough, and depressing angsters anything but tough, and they are gangsters anything but tough. depressing. Of course they could not have depressing. Of course they but tough, Who and depressing angsters anything but touck drivers? had the gangsters of heroic truck drivers had the gar not a bunch of truck day falls teamsters die for a bunch of the day falls wants to die for a hard world. The day falls wants of course a hard world. wants to die for a bunch of truck drivers?

The seeing this seeing the seeing and the night breaks. But after seeing this lead the night breaks. But after seeing to lead and the night breaks. But after seeing this lead and the night breaks. But after seeing this lead to lead the night breaks. But after economic swamp. The picture out of their economic swamp. picture I knew that I was not going to lead that and anyone out of their economic swamp, and anyone not a crueader nor a rough and I was not a crueader nor a rough anyone out of their economic swamp, that and rough and rough a crusader nor a rough and I was not a crusader nor a tough tumble fiahter. was not a cive thomas cornwall

Dear Silver Screen:

I really believe that the screen to be successful must fulfill its appointed task and teach common everyday philosophy. In "You Can't Take It With You," we see the money chasing capitalist lose the love of his son and we also see the devotion of the family and the neighbors of the genial poor man. It teaches us that happiness is a reward for services rendered to others and that it comes as mysteriously as the return of bread cast upon the waters. The poor do not have to pay back to the givers. They must in turn be kind to those who need their

I like pictures that make me conscious of the improving world because these betterments are a part of the marching forward of Justice. Perhaps Hollywood hasn't thought about that. Cordially yours,

Leonard Howell

Another Letter Contest Next Month

### HE DELIVERS

Tennis loosens up the Massachusetts stiffness.



GOODS

Jeffrey Lynn Used To Work In A Department Store. He Carried A Lot To Hollywood.

By Robert Joseph

Jeffrey is representative of the new type of Hollywood actor. Unaffected, honest and candid, he looks upon his profession as a career, not as an opportunity to wear a brown coat and grey slacks without being called "arty."

At one time Jeffrey was scheduled to be a lawyer. He graduated

At one time Jeffrey was scheduled to be a lawyer. He graduated from Bates and started on a summer job for the New England Telephone Company. The following fall he was to have matriculated at the University Law School of Harvard. But while at Bates he was in some amateur

Bates he was in some amateur dramatics. Makeup got into his bloodstream and has never left it since.

"Say, in those early days I starved for my art. Well, maybe starved wasn't the right word to use. But subsisted on carrots and sweet potatoes. It happened like this. I was connected with the Barter Theatre in Abington, Va. And "Barter" is right. The manager took in foodstuffs—or anything, for that matter—in lieu of money. Our regular admission was fifty and sixty-five cents for a performance, depending on seats. The cheaper seats had slivvers in them.

"Anyway, one week we got nothing but carrots and sweet potatoes. And that's all we got to eat. They talk about poor starving artists. I'll stand up to any of them and tell you it's better to starve than live a

week on carrots and sweet potatoes."

Jeffrey must have had theatre in the blood pretty bad. He went to New York—and got into the movies almost immediately—in the wrong way, however. He was doorman for the Embassy Newsreel Theatre, while a student at the Theodore Irvine School of the Theatre. Jeffrey knows how to suffer for his art.

"As a sidelight on my career," he interrupted, "you might be interested to know that I was once the head of a school English Department. The town—Lisbon, Maine. The school—Lisbon High. The teaching staff—one teacher. Name—Jeffre; Lynn.

"I liked acting from the start," he con-

"I liked acting from the start," he continued. His next comment was to be a bombshell. "Listen, if I were to be perfectly honest I'd say I like it because it makes me someone I'm really [Continued on page 74]

"Four Daughters" gave him a good chance, and one was all he needed.

"Hollywood," Jeffrey opines, "is a funny, funny place. Don't let them tell you movie making is the chief business out here. Not by a long shot. It's falling in and out of love.

The

a long shot. It's falling in and out of love.
"But, boy, I fooled 'em! I went to live in
the prosaic Hollywood Athletic Club. I
didn't buy me a long yellow roadster, and
I didn't fall in love the first day I got here
—unless you're talking about the place itself."

Jeffrey has a rich background of people who weren't connected in any way with the theatre, or any field of entertainment. His father is an engineer, as are two of his brothers. One of them in the electrical field,

the other in the mining.

"As a matter of fact, I was the dyed-inthe-wool black sheep in my family for
years. They weren't exactly horrified at my
being interested in the theatre and in acting. But you can be sure they weren't
pleased. Father was a man who worked
with his hands. He came over from Sweden
when he was a kid of sixteen, and he
worked with engines and dynamos the rest
of his life. Imagine an actor in the family!
Honestly, I don't think there's any greater
humiliation for a family bred on the idea
that the only good work in the world is
done with the hands.

"It's different now, of course. I guess father and mother have resigned themselves to my fate. My kid sister, fifteen, by the way, is the most popular kid in school back in Auburn, Mass. That's my home town."

However prosaic his background, Father

However prosaic his background, Father Lynn imbedded some pretty solid and sound common sense in young Jeffrey's head.

"HE first thing they did when I arrived was to ask me about romance!"
This from newcomer Jeffrey Lynn who has quite a chestload of opinions to present to the

of opinions to present to the world. "It was futile to explain that I hoped to be an actor," he continued, "and they didn't even wait to get me in front of a camera for a screen test. But romance! That was something I had to have"

was something I had to have."

Jeffrey Lynn is a member of the cast of that celebrated Broadway stage play, "Brother Rat," that electrified a nation. He had gone through some pretty tough experiences to get where he was. Hollywood was his crowning achievement. When he alighted from the train, waiting to be taken to his lodging place the "romantic question" was popped at him by a barrage of reporters.



"Surely you remember New York, Roger, where you had such fun two-timing me with Miss LaVerne?"

TROUBLE

FROM

BROADWAY

Love Comes From Sympathetic Temperaments, But Jealousy Comes From Manhattan.

By Stephen Williams

> Illustrated by James Trembath

ment stuff. Six years in road shows and three years in Hollywood doing stock-player jobs at fifty a week had long since knocked the artiness out of him. He had sense enough to know it was just a enough to know it was just a combination of lucky breaks, a little talent, and a good profile that hurtled him to stardom. Which made him solid with the camera boys and with everyone else in Hollywood.

Now those same camera boys were doing a burn thinking about what was going to happen when they

That was when Roger let out a yell.

"Nobody touch me! I've got smallpox!"

The crowd fanned back, which gave Eloise Sargent and Barney Eldridge a chance to fight their way through, Eloise hauling and shoving like a female wrestle.

Publicity lads described Eloise Sargent as always and shoving like a female wrestle.

Publicity lads described Eloise Sargent as glamorous, beautiful, a dynamic actress, and a breath-taking personality. But they never

sonality. But they never called her dignified. When she was twelve years old, Eloise could lick any boy on the block. As she got older—and much, much prettier—she never stopped looking for a fight. The day after she graduated from Hollywood High School she wood High School she threatened to tear a producer's head off if he didn't give her a part in his picture. She got the part . . . then proceeded to fight, storm, and browbeat

Barney Eldridge, publicity agent extraordinary, elbowed the last human obstacle aside, performing the painful duty of bringing Eloise and Roger face to face. As Eloise tugged at her dress, extraightened her but and emiled exactly agent. straightened her hat, and smiled eagerly at Roger, Barney thought

WAS strictly under-cover.

Only a small crowd of three or four hundred was on hand at the Burbank airport when the plane circled over the field and pillowed down to a landing so perfect it might have been staged by the Chamber of Commerce. Chamber of Commerce.

The boys with the cameras were all ready . . . but not for what happened. Somewhere between the third and fifth passengers, they saw a billowing gray overcoat, a soft gray hat,

and a scowling face. Even before they could focus their cameras, he had jumped off

the landing platform into the crowd.

It wasn't like Roger Lawrence, they hastily agreed, to pull a stunt like that. Roger had never been one to go for that tempera-

to himself miserably that she had never looked sweeter. Her face was flushed, her eyes radiant, seemingly alight with the glow from the golden hair that hung almost to her shoulders. If only, he thought, she would look at him like that some time.

A tense, expectant hush descended over the crowd. This, they sensed, would be something. All the world knew that Roger Lawrence and Eloise Sargent were in love . . . thanks to radio and news syndicates and photographers and publicity departments. And here they were, meeting after being separated for a month, he appearing in a New York play, she forced to remain in Hollywood to finish a picture. wood to finish a picture.

Eloise was the first to break the silence.
"Well," she said. "If you ain't the one, though."

Roger let go with that bright, boyish grin that had women clawing and screaming to get into theaters all over the world.
"Ain't I though?" he said. "Where's the car?"

Somehow they got through to the car, and there was Rudolph Meyer with his hand outstretched, his well-fed face swimming in amiability

Welcome home, Roger."

Roger shook hands perfunctorily with his producer.

"Rudolph, I wired I was to arrive secretly."

"This is secret, Roger," soothed the head of Triumphant Pictures, Inc. "It's just a spontaneous tribute."

"Sure" agreed Barney "You draw people like a horse draws.

Sure," agreed Barney. "You draw people like a horse draws flies. Or have I got it twisted?"

return to Hollywood as a personal affront. Not that he envied Roger's phenomenal popularity on the screen (though that didn't help any). It was more an innate conflict of personalities . . . that and the fact that they both were in love with the same girl.

The malicious grin on Barney's face suddenly congealed as he caught the icy glare aimed at him by Eloise. Sulkily he climbed into the front seat, feeling pretty kicked

They were whisking into Hollywood in Rudolph's Cadillac, Roger with his arm around Eloise.

"First thing I got your telegram," said Rudolph, "I started making plans to co-star you and Eloise. That is, unless you got ideas about going back to New York."

"Look. Nothing could get me back to New York. I wouldn't take the place as a gift if they threw in two features and a Silly Sym-

in two features and a Silly Symphony. The town's a madhouse."

Barney turned around. "In other words, your show was a floperoo."

"His show was a smash hit!" said Eloise between her teeth. Then to Roger, "That's what I can't understand. You're good for six months, "That's what I can't underand here you close the show and rush home after a month.'

"You know the answer to that. I needed you. I couldn't stand being away from you any longer. The guy that said November has thirty days is the biggest liar of the century. November has thirty years, and I can prove it!"

In the privacy of Rudolph's chromium and knotty-pine sanctum (with a desk as large as a double bed, but not so practical) Roger tore loose, with noises like Harry

Ritz winding up a song. Rudolph leaned back in his Louis

XV desk chair, which suited the rest of the furniture the way a boudoir necking scene suits the

"Since when, Roger, did we trade our loud herringbone suit

for the modest cloak?' "I've got a reason."

"All right. I'm listening."

"How would you like to have someone walk up and hand you a subpoena for breach of promise?

Rudolph rose from his Louis XV chair, knocking over a waste-basket and crushing three cigars in his emotion.

"There was a chorus girl," explained Roger moodily, "named Gloria LaVerne. We went places together a few times . . . purely platonic . . . nothing censorable . . . simply relaxation. But there were two indiscreet telegrams, sent in the spirit of harmless fun."

"Somebody gave a party," sighed Roger, "and I was just past the swacked mark. A telegram came from Gloria saying: 'Will you take me to dinner tomorrow? Do you love me madly, devotedly, and passionately?' I thought it was a gag. Being a sap, I answered: Of course I'll take you to dinner. Of course I love you madly, devotedly, and passionately." And the other one? "Very similar. Maybe a little worse. "That's right. Always try to improve. Then what?' "She began to get sugary and talk wedding rings. Then she got tough and started talking lawyers. So I decided to duck Rudolph unfastened Barney smiled triumphantly after this bon mot. He had never cared for Roger, and he was inclined to regard his unexpected

"Why telegrams," was what Rudolph wanted to know.

Eloise picked up a long, jeweled poniard and whirled around toward Gloria. "Friends!" she scoffed.

his tie. "Aside from the fact that this will probably cost the studio a ghastly sum, I thought you were in love with Eloise.

Roger concentrated on the design in the carpet.

"I am. Nuts about her." He stole a look at Rudolph. "Yeah, I know. The word is rat.'

"It was love at first sight, wasn't it?" asked Rudolph, rubbing

it in. "That's what the papers said." Roger glowered at the carpet and didn't say anything. He thought of all their days and evenings together. Serious days, nutty days . . . criticizing each other's work, getting a little high at the Trocadero and dissecting mutual hates among the film gentry, breakfasting on scrambled eggs and Sparkling Burgundy

in Santa Barbara after a midnight ride up the coast.

And the night he proposed and she accepted . . . the same night she kicked him down the stairs outside her house for getting premature and making a pass at her, bellowing at the top of her lungs that she was a nice girl and no Hollywood punk



was going to convert her to free love. . . . That night Roger and Eloise ate dinner together in Chinatown. She was gay, and he was putting on a good act so that she wouldn't see how he really felt. He told her that he didn't want to look at anybody but her and didn't want anybody looking at them. So they didn't go to any of the smart spots out on Sunset Boulevard, where the stars pay fancy prices to sit and smile malevolently at each other and let their egos off the leash to run loose.

"I just thought of something," said Eloise, pausing in the midst of Egg Foo Yeung. "The first time we've ever played in a picture together we'll be co-starred. Shouldn't that be a sign of a long

and happy marriage or something?"
"Sure. What are we waiting for?"

Eloise smiled coyly. "As soon as the picture's finished, I'm yours." "That'll take two months. Why not now-tonight?"

"Can't. I promised Rudolph. He wants the publicity for the picture. Says he's got a lovely ceremony all planned."

"Yeah. Something in good taste but colossal."
"The two months will go fast, honey. Besides, actors do better

work when they're in love."
Roger grinned and took her hand.

"If that's the case, tell them to polish up that Academy Award, 'cause I'll

walk right away with it."

From the day of Roger's arrival,
Barney went around looking like a professional mourner with stomach ulcers. As always during times of stress, he turned to Belva Davis for comfort. Belva was Rudolph Meyer's secretary, and whenever Barney stopped to speak to her she removed

glasses and fluffed her hair.
"What's the use?" wailed Barney.
"I've got as much chance as a onelegged toreador with a charley horse. The guy's got looks, money, and he's famous. What've I got?"
Belva smirked engagingly.

"Some people think you're pretty nice.

"She doesn't think of me at all." "Eloise Sargent isn't the only girl in the world."

"Who says she isn't?" demanded Barney. Belva lifted her eyebrows, put on her glasses, and returned to her typing.

It couldn't have been more than a week later when Gloria LaVerne arrived, via train. She hopped into a taxi and headed for Triumphant Pictures, a determined look on her face.

It was a perfectly-formed face, every feature

flawless. Eyes dark and lustrous, skin an ivory tint, nose straight and small, mouth full and capable of a brilliant smile in which the eyes, however, failed to join. A cameraman would have called her face a dead pan.

Gloria had no trouble getting into Rudolph Meyer's office. All she did was send in her name, and wheels began to turn swiftly. Seconds later she was tapping her foot and watching Roger and

Rudolph beam and grovel.

Rudolph was reading the telegrams.
"'Of course I'll take you to dinner. Of course I love you madly, devotedly, and passionately." Rudolph chuckled. "That's great. You always were one to send those comical telegrams. Remember the one you sent me after 'Revelries of 1937 flopped all over the place?"

Yeah.'

Roger laughed heavily. As the laugh wavered and died in his throat, Rudolph took it up. His staccato hacking filled the room. It had a cheery, deathlike quality-like the Hopeless Ward in a lung sanatorium.

Gloria uncrossed her legs.

"Listen, boys. Let me tell you something. I didn't come out to Hollywood just to gather around and have a few laughs."

"You know what I'm going to do?" exclaimed Rudolph. "I don't care how busy I am. I'm going

to personally take you around the lot and show you how pictures are made!"
"Nuts!"

Rudolph blinked. 'How's that?

"I said nuts! I'm not gonna watch any pictures being made. I'm gonna be in 'em! Either that or I hunt myself up a good lawyer. Those telegrams are worth dough!"

Roger gritted his teeth.

"There's nothing cheap about you, is there, honey? You wouldn't

Rudolph cut in hastily. "Now, let's you and me talk things over, Miss LaVerne. It just happens that I have an interest in a play opening on Broadway soon. If I wrote my friend Saul Goldblatt, I know he would fix you up real nicely."

"Would you pay my expenses back to New York, Mr. Meyer?"
Rudolph waved an arm. "Sure. Why not?"

"Apything to get me out of the state eh Mr. Meyer?" purred

"Anything to get me out of the state, eh Mr. Meyer?" purred

that is, no! Of course not!"

"I think I'd better see a lawyer."
Rudolph tapped his chin. "Let me see. As I think about it, Triumphant Pictures can probably use you."
Gloria smiled. She really was pretty when she smiled. like a shiny, pearl-handled stiletto.
"Mr. Mayor I regulate".

"Mr. Meyer, I wouldn't be surprised if you had something there. Possibly a nice contract. But I'll just take those telegrams. You know. In case things don't work out."

Eloise attributed Roger's nerves and melancholy to the strain of hard work. It's no fun standing in front of a camera, trying to get the feel of a scene and make it [Continued on page 78]

### Twenty Years Ago Many of Your Movie Heroes Were Glad the War Was Over, and No Retakes

By Gordon R. Silver

(WINI) years ago the mightiest was man has ever seen abruptly came to an end. Three momentous bulletins

Berlin, Nov. 9, 1918.—Revolution throughout Germany has driven William II from the throne, deposed Prince Max of Baden as imperial chancellor and delivered the country into the hands of a socialist government under Friedrich Ebert."

"Eysden, Holland, Nov. 10, 1918.—The ex-Kaiser and his suite arrived at the Dutch frontier at 7.30 o'clock this morning, seeking sanctuary in neutral Holland."

"Paris, Nov. 11, 1918.—The carpage of the Great Way outled this

"Paris, Nov. 11, 1918.—The carnage of the Great War ended this morning at 11 o'clock. Frantic rejoicing tocked

reporting at 11 o clock. Frantic rejoining focked capitals of the Allied countries, spreading quickly to cities and countrysides of the world.

"German emissaries at 5 o'clock this a.m. signed the armistice dictated by the victorious Allied governments, the solemn moment occurring in the railway carriage of Generalissimo Foch in the forest of Compiegne, near Senlis. It called for cessation of hostilities at 11 o'clock. Promptly at that hour thousands of American and Allied heavy guns fired a parting round, and silence settled over battle lines where fighting has been continuous for four bloody years.

Come this Armistice Day, twenty years later, a large number of Hollywood's film colony will

cast memory's eyes back to that glorious first No-vember the 11th. And varied, to be sure, will be the reminiscences.

Victor McLaglen will recall that he almost unconsciously dropped to his knees and commenced to pray when he first heard that the mighty war had

at last drawn to a close.
Vic is one of Holly-wood's real soldiers. He went through the entire war with the British army with only minor wounds, although he was in the midst of hand-to-hand conflicts again and again as a lieutenant in the Irish Fusiliers in Mesopo-tamia. Later, he was appointed assistant provost-marshall of Bagdad. Twice he was seriously knifed by natives and once poisoned. After the war he received a citation from the King for "gallant and distinguished service in the field." He was also decorated, for extreme bravery in action, with the Mons star, the victory medal of the British Empire and the general war service medal of the British War Department.

Basil Rathbone recalls that he cried out, "Thank God it's all over! I hate war!"

Incidentally, if you see Basil in "Dawn Patrol," you may notice his very own military cross, for he wears it in that picture. He was two and a half years in France with a



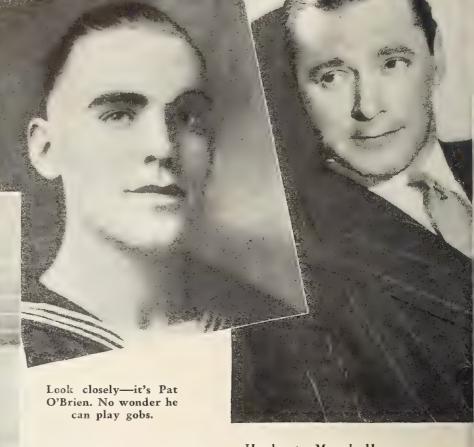
Buck Jones was wounded in the leg when he served in the Philippines, Troup G, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

Liverpool Scottish regiment, starting in the ranks and rapidly rising to a lieu-tenancy. He won his decoration for thinking up the idea of a daylight patrol in No Man's Land and for his untiring work as a member of that

J. Carrol Naish, one of Paramount's best "menaces," was a menace only to the Germans during the war. When the "fun" began he enlisted in the American flying service and fought through-out the struggle on the French and Italian fronts.

Life can be funny sometimes . . . it

George O'Brien was "stationed" on a submarine chaser. He was a wireless operator and many a thrill and more than a few dangers did he encounter. But he was a fearless young "devil" and cared not. Yet, the news of the armistice couldn't stop him from "breaking down." He cried in sheer joy until the tears



rolled down his cheeks, then he jumped up and down so much that a comrade actually had to grab him or poor George might have leaped right into the ocean!

Herbert Marshall wounded seriously, but in spite of this handicap he is one of the most genial actors.

Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard are a trio of Britishers who served valiantly in France, all of them being wounded. Ronald was in a London Scottish regiment and had been ordered to the front as one of Britain's famous "First Hundred Thousand." At the big battle of Ypres, he was struck by the fateful piece of shell which splintered his ankle and laid him in a hospital for long, weary months. But the armistice found him back in the trenches-right in the middle of mud, fire and hell.

Lewis Stone is one of the colony's most noted soldiers. He served in the Spanish-American as well as the World War, and for a time even held a Colonel's commission in the Chinese Army! He still

### FIGHTING

holds a major's commission in the United States Army Reserve

"Armistice Day is of double significance to me," says Pat O'Brien, "for it is also my birthday. On that famous day, twenty years ago, I was in the Great Lakes Naval Station, getting ready to start for 'over there.' But the armistice came. Incidentally, having given my 'all' to the 'False Armistice,' I was rather badly equipped in lung power on the allimportant real day!"

Director Wesley Ruggles recalls that he was one

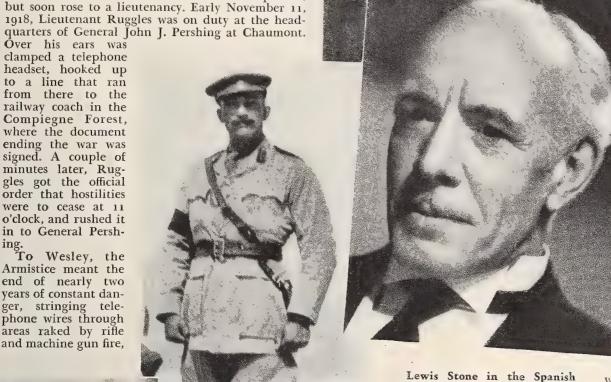
of the first in the whole American army to learn

that the war was over.

When the conflict started he went as a private, but soon rose to a lieutenancy. Early November 11,

to a line that ran from there to the railway coach in the Compiegne Forest, where the document ending the war was signed. A couple of minutes later, Rug-gles got the official order that hostilities were to cease at 11 o'clock, and rushed it in to General Pershing.
To Wesley, the

Armistice meant the end of nearly two years of constant danger, stringing telephone wires through areas raked by rifle and machine gun fire,



Lewis Stone in the Spanish American war (the figure at the right). He also served in the World War.

Victor McLaglen, a captain in the British Army.

of the bitter sorrows of his life.

During the war, while he was a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, his escadrille was stationed in the village of Gondricourt, France.

Like many soldiers, he was "adopted" by a little French family of three. They had a pretty little daughter who became very attached to Sutherland and he to her.

On Easter morning, his arms filled with bunnies, Easter eggs and toys, Eddie was just at the front door of the house when the child spied him while play-

ing across the street. She darted excitedly across the thoroughfare and right into the path of an army truck. She was instantly killed! Ever since then Sutherland has sponsored a mass in Gondricourt in her memory. Her parents, now nearing their seventies, attend every year without fail. . . .

There are dozens of others who have their memories, some

sad, some glad, of that never-to-be-forgotten-day of November

Adolphe Menjou, an officer, immaculately groomed even in those days, who drove a battered, dusty war ambulance on the Italian

Harpo Marx, a buck private in the rear rank of the New York 7th Regiment; also an ace reporter for *The Stars and Stripes*, official war newspaper of the A. E. F. But he wasn't a cut-up-a funny-looking and acting fellow with a huge red wig in those days. No indeed! He was a serious-minded young chap with, of all things, a penchant for talking!

John Boles and James Gleason, both with the U.S. Intelligence

Service in France during the entire struggle.

Buster Keaton, one of the first to enlist from Hollywood, who fought at Cantigny and Amiens.

And Roland Young, who enlisted for his native land, England, at the start and later, when wounded, entering the limited service division of the American army.

Herbert Mundin, the comical fellow, who was a jolly British "tar" on a sub-chaser. Throughout the war he had to wear a bulky and uncomfortable life-belt [Continued on page 76]



John Boles served in France.

blasted by artillery shells and aerial bombs. Later, he was on the picked detail assigned to guard President Woodrow Wilson during his stay in Paris. Then he returned to the world of his dreams—Hollywood, where he was soon directing Alice Joyce and others on the old Vitagraph lot.

Another director, Edward Sutherland, says the Armistice found him tired and worn-out and wanting to go right to sleep more than anything else! Incidentally, a few months before Armistice Day, 1918, Eddie experienced one

## MEN-and NO FOOLIN'

The Greater Movie Season Has Its Beginnings In The Whirl And Excitement Of The Studios Under The Watchful

S. R. Mook

NOTHER month spins its way into eternity, bringing with it its quota of pictures. The busiest studio this month is-

### 20th Century-Fox

Most important picture here is "By The Dawn's Early Light" which the one and only Gregory Ratoff is directing. We manonly Gregory Ratoff is directing. We manage to get on to the usually closed set but there is nothing doing. "Perhaps we'd better come back later," I suggest.

"No," my guide vetoes the idea firmly. "We're here, we'd better stay. God only knows when I'd be able to get you on the set again."

Just then Mr. Ratoff passes. "Pssst! Mr. Ratoff," I hail him politely. "Do you think if we came back later we could get back on

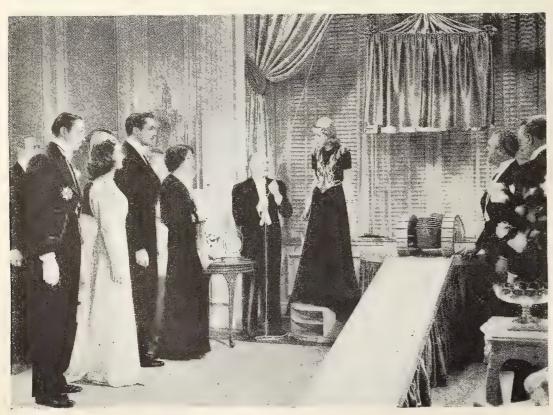
"Yass!" Mr. Ratoff thunders and then explains in a—for him—gentle voice, and in his own inimitable accent, "it iss only when my pupppul are doink an intimate love sink dot I haff de set closed. Wisitors distress dem. It iss hard enough for strangers to mek luff to vun anodder widout outsiders varchink. Va will be gled to see you later."

vatchink. Ve will be gled to see you later."

I start to explen to Mr. Ratoff dot I haff seen many strangers mekink luff to vun anodder on beaches and in parks in front of hundreds of odder strangers but then I think I had better let well enough alone so I thank him profusely.

We proceed to the next big picture which is "Submarine Patrol"—formerly called "Splinter Fleet." This one seemed like a meaningless hodge-podge to me when I read the synopsis but I've been wrong before and it's quite possible I may be wrong this time. I hope so, as it is one of the studio's big productions for the year.

PICTURES ON THE Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly and Henry Armetta in FIRE "SubmarinePatrol." This features Preston Foster, Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly—to say nothing of Maxie Rosenbloom who is a show in himself. Unfortunately for me, neither Preston nor Maxie is working today. Greene and Nancy are just about to be married. They come up some stairs, Henry Armetta (the butler) sees them, rushes over and opens a door. As they start through, Greene says, "Wait!" reaches down and picks up Nancy



to carry her through the doorway. He has his hands full in more ways than one for Nancy is a hefty lass. I could tell him he's being a bit premature, also, for although he has carried the bride across the threshold, and although they sit down to the wedding suppers there is no wedding. Nancy's father finds out their plans, rushes in and drags Nancy back to his ship.

But, I always say, there is enough unhappiness in the world without putting people on their guard against it. They seem so taken up with each other has his hands full in more ways than

They seem so taken up with each other—so full of joy at the prospect of life together—I just wish them luck and happiness and leave them to find out themselves what's in store for them.

Next we have "A Very Practical ske" which marks Ricardo Cortez' first directorial effort and which features Michael Whalen-for once without Gloria Stuart or Rochelle Hudson, not that there's anything wrong with either girl, mind you, for a couple of

Mischa Auer, Joy Hodges, Vincent Price, Helen Broderick, Charles Ruggles and Constance Bennett in "Service de Luxe."

more beauteous dames could hardly be

more beauteous dames could hardly be found, but they've been cast together, until saying Michael and Gloria is like saying "ham 'n eggs" and saying "Rochelle and Michael" is like saying "mustard with ham." The script of this picture is not yet finished and, as it has a very short shooting schedule, the picture will undoubtedly be shown in your favorite theatre before the writers have completed their work. This

for it reminds me Christmas is just around the corner and here I haven't yet finished paying for my last year's prodigality, although last year's prodigality of my friends (both of 'em) has long since been downed and forgotten.

I leave the above set and gloomily return to "By The Dawn's Early Light," Mr. Rat-off has had lunch—

a big lunch-and is in fine fettle. He greets me effusively and I return the greeting for, next to Jack Benny, there is no come-dian of whom I think more highly than Mr. Ratoff, He is developing into a first rate director but the woods are full of those. But the screen hasn't developed another comedian like him and I think it's a shame he should be lost to picture audiences.

Although there is no dialogue in this scene it is tense and gripping. The scene is the cellar of a house and very realistic. Boxes are stacked up, there are old, dusty file a Japanese air raid. Charles Winninger is trying to reassure the frightened populace. Alice Faye, as a phony Russian, and Warner Baxter, as a stalwart American are somewhere in the background. In the distance, the sound of

bursting bombs is heard. It is all very depressing until the scene is finished and Arthur Treacher (who is also in the picture) comes up to shake hands.

"They previewed 'My Lucky Star' the

"Hey previewed 'My Lucky Star' the other night," he tells me.

"Was it good?" I inquire.

"I didn't see it," he rejoins and adds with horrifying candor, "and all I asked was if I got laughs. You see," he explains, "if I didn't they won't take up my option. I have no friends at court and my working depends on my ability. I've been here three depends on my ability. I've been here three years and I haven't yet met Mr. Zanuck. This is very swell because he only knows me by my reviews and the exhibitors reports. If I met him personally he might start asking himself, 'Is this the duffer we've

been paying all that money to?"

I can't argue with Mr. Treacher and as there is nothing else to see on this lot I merely smile ambiguously and trickle out

### M-G-M

THREE pictures going out here—"Listen Darling" with Freddie Bartholomew, "Stablemates" with Mickey Rooney, and "Vacation from Love" with Florence Rice and Dennis O'Keefe.

Take the first, for instance. Mary Astor is a pretty young widow who is in desperate financial straits as the result of the unbusiness like methods of her dreaming, inventor husband. She lives with her two children— Judy Garland and Scottie Beckett.

Judy realizes all her mother's troubles are financial ones so she calls on her friend
Freddie for advice and help. They plan
to have her mother
marry a likely man

with plenty of money, and Walter Pidgeon is the first man they run into. But before they can carry out their plans Pidge disappears. They start off in pursuit but before they catch him they run into Allan Hale and Freddie talks plenty. When Mary finds out what they've told him, they find out she hasn't got that red hair for nothing. She corners Judy and Freddie.

"Buzz Mitchell," she says sharply to Freddie, "what have you been saying to Mr. Slat-

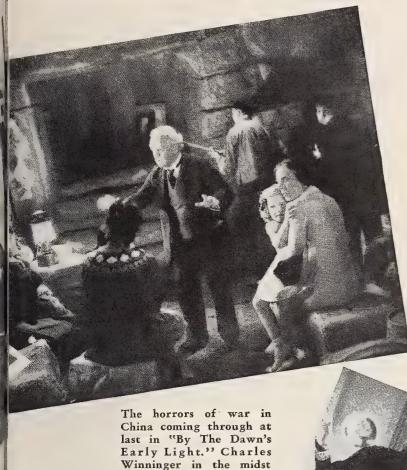
tery?"
"Nothing, Dottie—
honest!" he protests,

honest!" he protests, and then at the look in her face, "Well, hardly anything. At least, all I did say was what—well, only what you said."
"That's all," Judy amends. "Just the reasons."
"Reasons?" Mary repeats, baffled.
"Well, I mean," Freddie squirms, "only the reasons why you were going to marry.

the reasons why you were going to marry Drubbs (Gene Lockhart)."
"Buzz!" she exclaims aghast. "Whatever possessed you to tell that to a total stranger?"

Freddie starts perspiring. "Gosh, Dottie," he whimpers, "he didn't seem like a total stranger at all. I felt like I knew him all my life, particularly after he was so nice about the skunk."

"Stablemates" comes next and it's all



of an alarming tale.

Lucille Ball and Ralph Forbes in "Annabel Takes a Tour," a new brand of comedy—"not screwball."

much I do know, however. It is Christmas morn, for there is a huge tree in the corner, the Victorian-fur-nished living room is all decorated with holly and mistletoe and the whole family, in dressing gowns, are sitting around while Spencer Charters distributes the gifts. He hands several gifts to Jean Rogers. She seems quite surprised when she finds they are all from Mike. "I don't know whether

you'll like these things," he vouchsafes apologetically. "I had to buy them in the dark. I didn't know

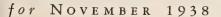
what you looked like or anything—" (which may throw some light on the plot).
"I never expected anything like this," she murmurs, hugging the presents. "I didn't get you one single present."

Lust then Spencer picks up a present for

Just then Spencer picks up a present for himself from Jane Darwell. He gleefully discovers it is a bottle of liquor. "Well, Mary," he exclaims, "I'll be doggoned. Just what I needed." He starts to kiss her but she evades him and takes the bottle from

"Yes, sir," she rejoins firmly, "I thought it'd go mighty fine in the plum pudding."

Although the scene is one of joy and good cheer, it gives me an uneasy feeling cases, an old worn-out bed spring stands in a corner alongside a huge clothes hamper. An upright lamp with a beaded fringe tilts crazily against a table. There are a couple of old battered trunks and all the other junk a family accumulates over a period of years. It is war-torn China and refugees are flocking to the cellar to escape





Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman and Priscilla Lane in "Brother Rat."

about Mickey and a horse. Oh, yes, and Wally Beery, who is one of the hangers-on at every race-track. For some unaccountable reason he hates a horse-owner-Minor Watson. Mickey is Minor's stableboy and be-cause Wally dislikes Minor he also hates Mickey. But Wally has to admit a grudging sort of admiration for Ladybird, one of Minor's horses. When the mare loses race after race, Mickey tells Minor he'll take the horse in payment of the three weeks salary due him. Minor accepts the offer and Mickey has a horse but no money. Well, it's a lot like that old story Wally and Jackie Cooper did years ago called "The Champ" only this time a racehorse is thrown in for good measure and Wally is a veterinarian instead of a champ.

This scene I witness is where Ladybird is going to her stable after having an operation performed that makes her a new horse. Mickey is talking to her encouragingly, telling her she is now in fast company, etc., etc. It'll be a tear-jerker allright and a good clean story to boot.

And the last one-"Vacation from Love." It is a wedding scene and-except for Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Crowd Roars" and Claire Trevor at her own wedding-I have never seen a more beautiful bride. I think Florence is about to marry the wrong man because as she is strolling around inside the house, Dennis O'Keefe, hiding in some shrubbery outside, goes "Psst!" Florence looks startled so Dennis goes on in a guarded voice, "Psst! Miss Lawson! Hey!" Florence locates him and goes to him. "How do you do?" he stutters. "How do y—," she begins and then stops. "Well, that's kind of a silly thing to say."

There is much more to the picture before

Love Conquers All, but conquer it does, in the long run.

When the scene is finished, I compliment Florence on her appearance and am re-warded with a big hug, which just goes to prove that crime doesn't pay and neither does lying. From here on out it's nothing

### Paramount

but the truth to me.

Next on tap is-

HERE we have "Zaza" starring Claudette Colbert, "Arkansas Traveler" starring Bob Burns (which is on location), "Escape from Yesterday" with Frances Farmer, Leif Ericson and Akim Tamiroff (also on location) and "Thanks for the Memory" with Bob Hope and Shirley Ross.
As I barge on to the set of "Zaza" Direc-

tor George Cukor is rehearsing Claudette, Rex O'Malley and Constance Collier in a scene. Claudette is, apparently, an actress and she comes flying into her dressing room from a scene on the stage.

You should have seen me, Natalie," she burbles to Constance Collier (her maid).
"I had Florianne wild." There is a knock
at the door. "Who is it?" Claudette calls.
"Are you receiving?" calls Rex's voice

from the outside.
"Oh, it's you," Claudette breathes gayly as she slips behind a screen to change her

clothes. "Come in, my darling." As he enters she turns to Constance: "Isn't Monsieur Bussy good looking, Natalie?" Rex pauses at the foot of the steps, expectantly—embarrassed. "Come in," Claudette urges him. "Sit down. No, closer," as he prepares to take a chair on the opposite side of the small room. "Here!" indicating a chair right next to the screen, "where I can look at you."

"Umph!" Miss Collier grunts.

"And he always wears such smart clothes," Claudette raves on.

"What nice things you're saving

"What nice things you're saying tonight," Rex exclaims in pleased

surprise.

"I always say nice things about you," she assures him.

It's my guess Miss Colbert îs cultivating Mr. O'Malley to make someone else jealous.

"I'm so tired of being gay,"
Claudette tells me when the scene
is finished, "I've been gay for two

weeks and I can hardly wait to get to the sad part."

I love Claudette—in a conserva-tive way, of course, because she's married, but in this particular pic-ture she is not the center of interest ture she is not the center of interest for me. The main attraction in "Zaza" is a little middle-aged woman who sits quietly on the side-lines. She is Madame Alla Nazimova whom I consider the greatest

Jack Arnold, Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton." She's looking for excitement.

"Angels With Dirty Faces" has James Cagney, George Bancroft and Humphrey Bogart in the cast.





actress I have ever seen-anywhere-any time. And critics have acclaimed her the greatest "Zaza" the stage has ever known. She tells me she is technical adviser on this picture. I protest that she should still be acting but she smiles, assures me she has had her day and that she has no regrets over giving up acting. But I regret it.

Unfortunately, for me, I can't stand there all day talking to Nazimova so I move on to "Thanks for the Memory." Perhaps there are no history-making performances being born on this stage but there are laughs. Mr. Bob Hope is taking his ease on a divan. "Hi, sucker," he greets me but before I "Hi, sucker," he greets me but before I can retort the director calls him for a scene. Mr. Hope rises with an alacrity surprising at this hour of the morning and some loose change (27 cents to be exact) drops from his pocket. Bob starts an intensive search for the 2 cents after recovering the quarter. "Gosh," he exclaims ruefully, "this puts

me in the red for the day already."

In the film, Bob is a happy-go-lucky salesman of electric appliances who is working on the Great American Novel. His bride (Shirley Ross) was a model be-fore her marriage and now she gayly helps Steve entertain their drink-cadging pals, as well as stall off the finance company, to say nothing of the landlord.

They dine with Otto Kruger, a wealthy writer's agent and unsuccessful suitor of Shirley's before her marriage. Shirley has persuaded him to read the first few chapters

of Bob's novel.
"I think it shows unusual promise," he vouchsafes as they settle themselves in the garden with the afterdinner coffee.

"I knew you'd like it," Shirley breathes.

"The characters are

Miss K. Hepburn eschewed. Be that as it may, I wouldn't trade one of Barbara for all the Hepburns in all the existences to come. So we find Barbara portraying Melsa Manton-a dame too rich and too spoiled to have any aim in life other than excitement seeking. She has acquired a reputation as the leader of an equally futile group of debutantes who perpetrate a series of thoughtless pranks.

Suddenly she calls the police, tells them she has just discovered a dead body in the



Fay Helm, Ann Gillis, Tom Kelly and Edgar Kennedy in "Peck's Bad Boy at The Circus."

Michael Whalen, Jean Rogers, Jane Darwell, Spencer Charters in "A Very Prac-tical Joke."

alive and the dialogue fairly crackles," he continues, "but-"

"Come on," Bob encourages him, "I can take it."

"But I got the feeling you wrote most of those chapters while rushing for the subway," Mr. Kruger finishes, "When do you work?"

"Oh," says Bob defensively, "I work nights and Sundays-"

"Lots of friends, eh?" Kruger purrs.
"The line forms on the left," Shir

"You know," Ott goes on expansively, "I've always tried to make my authors feel writing is a business. A book has to be planned as carefully as a house—a house that interesting people will live in. The

characters have to have something to say."
"I hate novels with a purpose," Bob

puts in.
"I almost agree with you," Kruger agrees, "but if you have nothing to say, why bother to write? Of course," hastily, apologetically, "I've only read the first ten chapters. The first nine are splen-did but after that it

sinks!"
"What????" Bob ejaculates.

"It sinks," says Kruger positively. "Oh," says Bob in

a relieved tone, "you had me worried for a moment.'

So it goes on and on and I go on and on to-

R-K-O

WFraands, my we have Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton" which old Lane mansion and left her cloak in her horrified flight. The investigating officers find neither cloak nor body and tell her to go home and behave herself. She really becomes irritated when the morning paper (Henry Fonda, editor) rebukes her and her flighty companions for their escapades. She sa-wishes into the office, slaps Mr. Fonda's face (he's the youthful editor) and then (woman-like, of course) slumps into a chair and starts to sob.

"Now that we've met," Mr. Fonda begins, "will you tell me why a perfect stranger dashes into my office, slaps another perfect stranger in the face and—?"

"How about me?" his henchman puts in.

"Two perfect strangers."

Babs doesn't say anything. She just goes

Babs doesn't say anything. She just goes

on with her weeping.

"I'm awfully sorry, miss," Hank apologizes. "I don't as a rule go 'round taking ogizes. "I don't as a rule go round taking slaps at women—that is, not as often as I'd like to. It was pure reflex—self-preservation and all that." He hands her a hand-kerchief. "Will you please stop crying?"

"I'm not crying," Bobbie screams. "I'm just mad." She hands him a newspaper.

'Did you write this awful thing?"
"Oh-h," Henry ohs as the light begins to

dawn, "so you're Miss Melsa Manton?" He snatches the handkerchief away from her. "Laundry is quite an item to me," he explains.

I must confess that ever since Barbara invited a house guest of mine to lunch and failed to include me, things have not been quite the same between us, so we merely exchange nods and I proceed to the next set which is-

"Annabel Takes A-Tour" starring Jack Oakie and featuring Lucille Ball and Ralph Forbes.

Mr. Oakie is not working today. But Miss B is and so is Mr. Forbes. Lucille is the tempestuous star of a picture company. She has had her press agent (Jack) fired because he kept getting her into ambayrage. because he kept getting her into embarrassing situations with his stunts. When she finds she is slipping she insists on having him re-hired. She [Continued on page 66]





### TOO HOT TO HANDLE

With Plenty of Action and Puh-lenty of GLAMOUR-MGM

If it's action you want, here it is, and by golly it's terrific action. Clark Gable plays a reckless newsreel cameraman whose one desire is to outsmart his rivals, and he'll stop at nothing. When he scoops his rivals on Alma Harding's plane crash in China, he lets himself in for a lot of trouble, on account of Miss Harding's flight was a hoax, and rival newsreel cameraman Walter Pidgeon swipes the reel from him.

But anyway he has the pleasure of rescuing Miss Harding from a burning plane, and as Miss Harding is none other than the utterly adorable Myrna Loy, you can be quite sure a romance starts then and there. Myrna's brother was lost in a flight over the Dutch Guianas, and as Myrna still believes him to be alive her one ambition is to get money enough to fly a plane to Dutch Guiana.

When she is exposed as a fake her chances are pretty slim but Clark comes

across with some more neat lying, and soon Clark and Myrna and Pidgeon and Carrillo, Gable's sound man, are all in the jungle at the mercy of the voodoo savages. Clark pulls a number one newsreel scoop in the jungle that puts him right on top again with his boss—and with Myrna.

Walter Connolly is elegant as the high-

Walter Connolly is elegant as the highstrung boss, and so is Marjorie Main as his phlegmatic secretary. The high spot of the picture is when Clark and Myrna fly out over a burning mystery ship in an effort to photograph it before it explodes. And of course Clark "trucking" with the jitterbug natives isn't exactly un-funny.

### BOYS' TOWN

THIS PACKS A REAL WALLOP—MGM

I've seen a lot of pictures in my time, and my time is your time, but never one that is so thoroughly satisfying as "Boys' Town." It is the best advertisement that the Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment campaign could have. Told with the utmost simplicity and sincerity it clutches you right around the heart, and you find yourself caring an awful lot over what happens to Father Flanagan, Whitey Marsh, and Boys' Town.



Hope Hampton in "The Road To Reno." Randolph Scott plays opposite.

# REVIEW

There is in real life a priest named Father Flanagan, who is the founder of a community for homeless boys, near Omaha, Nebraska. The community is really called Boys' Town, and it has a post office, a police department, and a board of commissioners, all in charge of the boys.

When the real Father Flanagan built the real Boys' Town his one idea was that "there never was a bad boy." And this is the main idea of the picture, with Spencer Tracy playing Father Flanagan (and he might just as well be given next year's Academy Award here and now).

The picture shows the long uphill fight of the young priest to establish Boys' Town for the homeless waifs from the city streets, and how, once established, he must save it from destruction by such hard-boiled brats as Whitey Marsh, the brother of a gang killer. Dealing as it does with the everyday life of a community of youngsters the picture is simplicity itself—but it packs an awful wallop.

The picture ends with Whitey being unanimously elected as Mayor of Boys' Town while he bawls his eyes out, and kindly Father Flanagan's faith renewed in his great belief: there never was a bad boy. Whitey Marsh is played by Mickey Rooney, who cannot be praised enough for his grand



Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Walter Kingsford in "Carefree."

performance. Henry Hull plays Father Flanagan's one friend, whom he coaxes into giving him money with which to finance Boys' Town, with a ten cent toy as security. Edward Norris plays Whitey's gangster brother. Leslie Fenton scores tremendously as the conderaned man on the way to the chair in the opening sequence. Outstanding among the boys of Boys' Town are Jimmy Butler, Frankie Thomas, and Gene Reynolds.

# of PICTURES

### THE ROAD TO RENO

A GAY FARCE WITH A WESTERN FLAVOR-U

Hope Hampton, more beautiful than ever, returns to the screen in this grand tongue-in-the-cheek comedy, and right nicc it is to have her back again. Besides being extremely easy on the eyes, Hope has a delightful flair for comedy, and can toss off a song like nobody's business. In this little opus she sings an operatic number, Musetta's song from "La Boheme," a sentimental bit called "Tonight is the Night," and a perfectly swell



Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in "Boys' Town."

of an opera star whose husband (Randy Scott) is not in sympathy with her career so she goes to Reno to divorce him. On the train she meets up with Glenda Farrell on the way to Reno for her fourth divorce, and the girls sort of team up. Randy's ranch straddles the California-Nevada boundary (that brings on plenty of trouble) so he is at the train to meet her and takes her off to talk things over with Aunt Helen Broderick, who gums things up nicely. The

story ends in an hilarious court room scene

### **CAREFREE**

RECOMMENDED TO ALL DANCE LOVERS—RKO

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are reunited after a long absence in this picture which is of great interest to everybody, because when those two get together for a bit of brisk high spirited dancing it's well worth watching. Just as previous Astaire-Rogers pictures introduced "The Carioca" and "The Continental" this one serves to launch "The Yam" which is just about as senseless as the Big Apple, and so naturally will be a success with swing-mad young America. It looks so easy when Ginger and

Richard Greene, Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star."

Fred do it—but just wait until you start dancing over tables and chairs.

As usual, in the case of a dancing musical, the plot is sliced rather thin, and we find Fred Astaire playing a psychiatrist who has built up a pretty practice among the rich country club set. When his friend, Ralph Bellamy, brings his fiance, Ginger Rogers, to him to be psycho-analysed he rids her of a few inhibitions and she falls madly in love with him. Then he has to hypnotize her to cure her of her infatuation for him and Ginger is turned loose on society under the delusion that men like Fred "should be shot down like dogs."

Arriving at a swanky skeetshoot at the club she proceeds to carry out his hypnotic suggestions while everyone runs to cover. But Ginger, equipped with a black eye, marries the right man for the final fadeout. The dance numbers are even better than usual, with Fred doing a tap dance with a niblick and a dozen or so

golf balls, and Ginger and Fred together doing a slow-motion dream dance that really leaves you breathless with its beauty. Luella Gear of the New York stage plays Ginger's aunt and Clarence Kolb plays a Judge. The picture is blessed with a few Irving Berlin songs, the most outstanding being "Change Partners."

### SPAWN OF THE NORTH

A STORY OF THE SALMON FISHING INDUSTRY
-Par.

This is a glorified Western (glorified to the tune of a million bucks) which takes place in Alaska during the salmon run, and like all good Westerns has a couple of rousing fight: and a thrilling chase.

Henry Fonda plays a law abiding cannery owner who is crazy about his pal, George Raft, but doesn't see eye to eye with him on law and order. George is all for making his pile and getting out so he falls in with a gang of fish pirates.

Akim Tamiroff, the best villain who ever

Akim Tamiroff, the best villain who ever stalked the silver screen, plays the Russian leader of the gang, and when he starts



Robert Montgomery, a bit player, Janet Gaynor and Emma Dunn in "Three Loves Has Nancy."

murdering and stealing fish Fonda goes after him with a harpoon gun. Raft proves a faithful triend, and wishing to atone for all the trouble he has caused, steers Tamiroff's schooner right smack into the side of an iceberg, which makes for a most bloodchilling catastrophe.

Dorothy Lamour, in love with George, and Louise Platt, in love with Henry, look after the romantic interest quite satisfactorily, and John Barrymore as a newspaper publisher and Lynne Overman as his printer provide the comedy—which is all too brief. Akim Tamiroff is simply superb as the insulting pirate, but he must share top acting honors with "Slicker." Slicker is the seal who practically walks away with the picture, and proves himself the best scene stealer to date.

### I AM THE LAW

THE BEST OF THE RACKET-BUSTING FILMS -Col.

The Man of the Hour, New York's District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, evidently inspired this newest and best of the racket pictures. The title was borrowed from the famous words of New Jersey's Frank Hague, but Hague's connection with the picture stops right there.

Edward G. Robinson plays a mild-mannered, well-loved law school professor who is an authority on criminal law. On a leave of absence from his school he is "drafted" into taking on the job of special prosecutor, and with the absent-minded charm of a professor starts waging war on the gangsters and racketeers.

But the time comes when he loses his patience and his charm, gets his dander up over the hoodlums, and starts in pitching. When public reaction turns against him he takes the law into his own hands-and by the time his leave is over, and he returns to the law school, he has busted up all the rackets and racketeers in sight.

John Beal is good as the professor's young first lieutenant whose own father (Otto Kruger) turns out to be a gang leader. Barbara O'Neill is excellent as Eddie's wife, also Wendy Barrie as a newspaper gal turned gun moll. Eddie pulls his punches long enough to dance a special rendition of the Big Apple which is a knock-out.

MY LUCKY STAR
SONJA HENIE SKATES AGAIN-20 Century-

This ought to please millions of fans who went so goofy over Sonja and her skates last year that she was popped right into the Big Ten in the popularity poll. Right up there with Shirley and Gable and Myrna Loy.

It's awfully hard, in case you don't know, to get a suitable story for a skating girl, and there are those who will say that the studio sort of reached for it this time. But when Sonja gets out there on the ice in the "Alice in Wonderland" number nobody says anything but "Bravo." has been such effortless skill. There never

In this picture Sonja plays a bundle wrapper in a Fifth Avenue store, who practices skating in the sports department after hours. Cesar Romero, the gay son of the department store owner, persuades papa to send her to a university presumably as a student-but the idea is of course for her to wear as many stunning outfits as possible and always tell where she got them. She falls in love with Richard Greene, who is the leader of the school activities at Plymouth University (good old P. U.).

There's a scandal, of which she is entirely innocent, and she is suspended, but, of course, all the students rally around her for the climax which is a skating carnival in the Fifth Avenue department store, Contributing to the comedy moments are Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis, who, as college cutups, get a chance to dance and sing. George Barbier is elegant as the store owner and Arthur Treacher as his man Friday. Outstanding in the very good cast is Cesar Romero.

### THREE LOVES HAS NANCY A VERY GAY LITTLE COMEDY-MGM

Janet Gaynor plays a small town southern girl who has an awful habit of always wanting to be "neighborly." That's all right down in Scarlett O'Hara's country but when she comes to New York in search of a lost fiancé her neighborly disposition soon gets her involved with the careers of a publisher, played by Franchot Tone, and a novelist, played by Robert Montgomery. Franchot

becomes infatuated with her cookery and that complicates things no end when she falls in love with Bob.

It's a silly little plot, a bit on the whim-sical side, but it's always funny, and at times even goes side-splittingly hilarious.

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This time the Marx Brothers have decided to tear into "Room Service," a Broadway hit of last season, and as they have stuck as closely as possible to the original script it's not quite the screwball comedy that they usually have. But it's mad, plenty mad.

Groucho plays a shoestring producer and Chico and Harpo are his nutsy partners. He has a perfectly good play, but no "backer," and while he is trying to lure a backer he boards his entire cast of twenty-two at his brother-in-law's hotel. All is well until Donald MacBride, an auditor, arrives to go over the books and when he discovers that Groucho owes twelve hundred smackers he orders him dispossessed at once. To avoid being thrown out Groucho and Harpo fix Frank Albertson, the boyish young author, up with a case of measles.

The rest of the picture concerns itself, and most hilariously, with Groucho's efforts to put on his show before MacBride discovers that the "backer" has stopped payment on his check. He learns the cruel truth the opening night of the play, and to keep him from closing it, Albertson has to pull a phoney suicide which is one of the funniest things you've ever seen in a picture.

### YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

BUT YOU WILL TAKE HOME THE MEMORY OF A DELIGHTFUL FAMILY CIRCLE-Col.

Under the guiding genius of Director Frank Capra and Author Robert Riskin "You Can't Take It With You" becomes a picture that loses none of the delicious fun and wacky humor of the original stage play. As a matter of fact some good old humanness and pathos have been added-and the picture becomes far more satisfying than the play ever was. Which is praise plus.

As in the Kaufman-Hart play, all the action centers about Grandpa Vanderhof, played magnificently by Lionel Barrymore, and his screwy family, all of whom believe in doing what they want to do and getting the most fun out of life.

Spring Byington flutters about as Grandpa's daughter, who is writing a play because a typewriter was once left there by mistake. Ann Miller plays her daughter, who wants to become a ballet dancer. Samuel Hinds plays the father who never got over being a boy and likes to make firecrackers. Mischa Auer plays the rowdy Russian dance instructor who always happens in at mealtimes. Then there are Dub Taylor, as Ed Carmichael, who plays the xylophone, Halliwell Hobbes as the ice man who became a perpetual guest, Donald Meek as a bookkeeper who likes to make toys, and Eddie Anderson and Lillian Yarbro, who play Donald and Rheba who cook and discuss "relief."

Jean Arthur returns to the screen after a long absence as Grandpa's favorite granddaughter and the only member of the family who is responsible. Her love affair with the millionaire's son, Jimmy Stewart, is a highlight of the picture. Into the Vanderhof Utopia come the millionaire Kirbys, Wall Street tycoon Edward Arnold and Social Register Mary Forbes, intent upon getting Grandpa out of his house, and breaking up the romance between Jean and Jimmy. But by the time Grandpa has finished with them they've lost all interest in their money.

# MORE "Topics For Gossips"

[Continued from page 15]

most sarcastically. But none other than her own director, James Hogan, now rises to her defense. "Joan faced as many as seven wind machines at a time," he says. "That she weathered their blow and emerged with all and sundry waves in place is entirely to her credit. It's conclusive proof, I think, that you can't ruffle a Bennett." Well, we still think it's remarkable.

ONCE a farm boy, always a farm boy. But the city-bred can't be expected to share their enthusiasms. Bob Burns was doing a milking scene for "The Arkansas Traveler" out on the Paramount ranch. He was doing

a mighty good job of it while the cameras recorded his talent. After all, his was the expertness of long experience. Little Dickie Moore watched the performance wide-eyed. When it was over Bob tilted the pale of warm foaming liquid up to the boy for a drink but Dickie's face puckered up in disgust. "It's good, Dickie," urged Bob. "Fresh Jersey milk." "Nothing doing," replied Dickie, "I like my milk from a bottle."

THE opening of "I Am Different" at the Los Angeles Biltmore, starring the popular Tallulah Bankhead, was quite the most social event of the early fall season in Hollywood. There hasn't been so much silver fox swishing about in ages-and the things the girls managed to put in their hair, everything from orchids to old bed springs! Every glamour girl wore the new Zaza hair-do, except Claudette Colbert. The premiere marked the first social appearance of Irene Castle, sans animals, which is most remarkable, as she goes to the studio every day accompanied by four dogs, a monkey, and a canary. In the brilliant audience, and dressed to the hilt, were Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Merle Oberon and George Cukor, Paulette Goddard and Bob Benchley, Hedy La Marr and Reggie Gardiner, Claudette Colbert and man, Fannie Brice and Roger D Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, Ri and Al Jolson, Lupe Velez and F. coxon, Charles Boyer and Pat Basil and Ouida Rathbone, Virgand J. Walter Ruben, Billie I Haines, Constance Collier, Anna the John Beals, the Joe E. B Buster Colliers, and the Stu Erw

BOYS, if you want the real lo your girl's character don't tal palmist or a phrenologist-take beach. This is the advice of Lel Hollywood dance director, whose is picking and training girls for "A girl's character is revealed by Prinz. "If your girl has lo hustle her off to a preacher, for find her not only affectionate an erate, but loyal and dependable. a girl's character, not only by her by her walk. Intelligent girls lift

high when they walk. A girl with a free forceful carriage is inevitably a girl with confidence and poise. Self-conscious girls invariably walk timidly with uncertain steps. Careless girls také uneven, slipshod steps. But girls with firm knees and stiff legs always have firm dispositions." So now you know.

HEN Constance Bennett talks on fashions it's well worth your while to listen to her. That's one thing Connie knows. "Black is the most distinctive color a woman can wear," Connie told a group

the realm of smart society.

THE new high-pile hair-do being adopted by girls from coast to coast is called the "Zaza" hairdress because Claudette Colbert wears it in her last picture of that name. The period is 1904, and you'll be surprised to see how many styles of that period are quite the thing now. Though fashion dictators say that hair must go up this fall Claudette is one of the few stars who re-fuses to play follow the leader. "I've worn bangs ever since I've been in pictures," says
Claudette, "and I'll continue to wear bangs.

Because I think I look best
in bangs." She tried the page

boy for one day-but that was enough. It's too bad there aren't more women like Claudette. In this day and age when women are yapping for individuality, why they have to go making themselves look ridiculous just because it is the fashion is something Claudette doesn't understand. Fashion is spinach — with apologies to Elizabeth Hawes.

IF you meet Pat O'Brien around these days he will tell you the story about the Russian peasant who was being interviewed. "Things are all right with me," the peasant said. "I've got a son who is an engineer and he helps me. I've got another son who is a big lawyer and he helps me. Then I've got another son in America who's on the WPA. If it wasn't for him I'd starve to death."

DURING rehearsals of the musical finale of "Sweethearts," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were working at the top of a high ramp on a theatre stage setting.
The Technicolor lines

demurely queried the writer, Fast now," expecting to be "discovered" himself at any moment, "do you find these prospects?" He was seated not two feet away—and me with the physique of Oliver Hardy, the face of Stan Laurel and the voice of Donald Duck. After all, a writer can always find time to bat out a couple of pictures with Joan Bennett and C. B. DeMille. The two nickels in my pocket rattled together and it was decided there and then that my talents could be had, for the asking, for cinematic exploitation. "More important," the writer continued, hinting broadly, "how do you know when you've got a good, po-

tential leading player?"
"Well," he began his explanation, "take

Fred MacMurray, for example. We found him playing a saxophone in the band with the show, "Roberta." We sent for him. The minute he walked into this office the atmosphere seemed to change. He told me that he had no acting experience and we knew that photographically he was no Adonis. He isn't what you'd term a hand-some man. But he had an honest, sincere, agreeable disposition; an aura of authentic, glowing personality prevailed while talking to him. No one could miss it. You just couldn't help liking the man. After he had attended our Dramatic School, he went to

Hollywood and shot right to the top."
"Frances Farmer," the Talent Depart-

## 66 Motion Pictures Are Your BEST Entertainment"

THE motion picture industry depends on your judgment and welcomes your challenge to fresh endeavor, to constant research and experiment.

Therefore, as you enter the theatre, remember that you and those around you are the judge and jury.

And the more you exercise your privilege of criticism—the more you voice your praise or disapproval to the theatre management the better pictures will be.



Scene from "The Cit-adel," famous best seller. The doctor (Robert Donat) applies a dressing to an injured coal miner.

Enter The \$250,000 Movie Quiz Chan

Che photos, Rph. Me told me she couldn't act, but agreed to go to our Dramatic School. After a few weeks of intensive training, she passed the screen-test with flying colors. Right now she is in Hollywood making good progress.

wood, making good progress.

"We maintain an 'open door' policy," the Paramount Scout continued. "Everybody rates an interview."

Asked the importance of an interview, he answered, "Most important. It gives me a chance to study their facial expressions and character during different moods. I'll talk to a young man whom I am interviewing about anything but pictures-baseball, football. When he is at ease, not tense, as most of them are at first, and talking freely, I'll purposely, but in a nice way, differ with him, just to see how he reacts.

"We really lean over backwards in an effort to make actors out of these young people. We prefer to train them ourselves in our Dramatic School. Here they are taught to act before the camera; if there is any latent talent, it will be brought out. Then, if they come along as expected, we

give them a screen-test.
"After all," he offered, "what experience does a newcomer get in two years of Summer Stock or in a Broadway show? Sixty percent of the time is spent in the casting



Robert Montgomery, a bit player, Janet Gaynor and Emma Dunn in "Three Loves Has Nancy."

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This time the Marx Brothers have decided to tear into "Room Service," a Broadway hit of last season, and as they have stuck as closely as possible to the original script it's not quite the screwball comedy that they usually have. But it's mad, plenty

Groucho plays a shoestring producer and Chico and Harpo are his nutsy partners. He has a perfectly good play, but no "backer," and while he is trying to lure a backer he boards his entire cast of twenty-two at his brother-in-law's hotel. All is well until Donald MacBride, an auditor, arrives to go over the books and when he discovers that Groucho owes twelve hundred smackers he orders him dispossessed at once. To avoid being thrown out Groucho and Harpo fix Frank Albertson, the boyish young author, up with a case of measles.

The rest of the picture concerns itself, and most hilariously, with Groucho's efforts to put on his show before MacBride discovers that the "backer" has stopped payment on his check. He learns the cruel truth the opening night of the play, and to keep him from closing it, Albertson has to pull a phoney suicide which is one of the funniest things you've ever seen in a picture.

#### YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

BUT YOU WILL TAKE HOME THE MEMORY OF A DELIGHTFUL FAMILY CIRCLE-Col.

Under the guiding genius of Director Frank Capra and Author Robert Riskin "You Can't Take It With You" becomes a picture that loses none of the delicious fun and wacky humor of the original stage play. As a matter of fact some good old humanness and pathos have been added-and the picture becomes far more satisfying than the play ever was. Which is praise plus.

As in the Kaufman-Hart play, all the action centers about Grandpa Vanderhof, played magnificently by Lionel Barrymore, and his screwy family, all of whom believe in doing what they want to do and getting the most fun out of life.

Spring Byington flutters about as Grandpa's daughter, who is writing a play because a typewriter was once left there by mistake. Ann Miller plays her daughter, who wants to become a ballet dancer. Samuel Hinds plays the father who never got over being a boy and likes to make firecrackers. Mischa Auer plays the rowdy Russian dance instructor who always happens in at mealtimes. Then there are Dub Taylor, as Ed Carmichael, who plays the xylophone, Halliwell Hobbes as the ice man who became a perpetual guest, Donald Meek as a bookkeeper who likes to make toys, and Eddie Anderson and Lillian Yarbro, who play Donald and Rheba who cook and discuss "relief."

Jean Arthur returns to the screen after a long absence as Grandpa's favorite grand-daughter and the only member of the family who is responsible. Her love affair with the millionaire's son, Jimmy Stewart, is a highlight of the picture. Into the Vanderhof Utopia come the millionaire Kirbys, Wall Street tycoon Edward Arnold and Social Register Mary Forbes, intent upon getting Grandpa out of his house, and breaking up the romance between Jean and Jimmy. But by the time Grandpa has finished with them they've lost all interest in their money.

# MORE "Topics For Gossips"

[Continued from page 15]

most sarcastically. But none other than her own director, James Hogan, now rises to her defense. "Joan faced as many as seven wind machines at a time," he says. "That she weathered their blow and emerged with all and sundry waves in place is entirely to her credit. It's conclusive proof, I think, that you can't ruffle a Bennett." Well, we still think it's remarkable.

ONCE a farm boy, always a farm boy. But the city-bred can't be expected to share their enthusiasms. Bob Burns was doing a milking scene for "The Arkansas Traveler" out on the Paramount ranch. He was doing

a mighty good job of it while the cameras recorded his talent. After all, his was the expertness of long experience. Little Dickie Moore watched the performance wide-eyed. the performance wide-eyed. When it was over Bob tilted the pale of warm foaming liquid up to the boy for a drink but Dickie's face puckered up in disgust. "It's good, Dickie," urged Bob. "Fresh Jersey milk." "Nothing doing," replied Dickie, "I like my milk from a bottle."

THE opening of "I Am Different" at the Los Angeles Biltmore, starring the popular Tallulah Bankhead, was quite the most social event of the early fall season in Hollywood. There hasn't been so much silver fox swishing about in ages-and the things the girls managed to put in their hair, everything from orchids to old bed springs! Every glamour girl wore the new Zaza hair-do, except Claudette Colbert. The premiere marked the first social appearance of Irene Castle, sans animals, which is most remarkable, as she goes to the studio every day accompanied by four dogs, a monkey, and a canary. In the brilliant audience, and dressed to the hilt, were Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Merle Oberon and George Cukor, Paulette Goddard and Bob Benchley, Hedy La Marr and Reggie Gardiner, Claudette Colbert and man, Fannie Brice and Roger D Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, Rt and Al Jolson, Lupe Velez and I coxon, Charles Boyer and Pat Basil and Ouida Rathbone, Virg and J. Walter Ruben, Billie I Haines, Constance Collier, Anna I the John Beals, the Joe E. B Buster Colliers, and the Stu Erw

B<sup>OYS</sup>, if you want the real lo your girl's character don't tak palmist or a phrenologist—take beach. This is the advice of Lel Hollywood dance director, whose is picking and training girls for ("A girl's character is revealed by says Prinz. "If your girl has lo hustle her off to a preacher, for find her not only affectionate an erate, but loyal and dependable. a girl's character, not only by her by her walk. Intelligent girls lift

high when they walk. A girl with a free forceful carriage is inevitably a girl with confidence and poise. Self-conscious girls invariably walk timidly with uncertain steps. Careless girls take uneven, slipshod steps. But girls with firm knees and stiff legs always have firm dispositions." So now you know you know.

W HEN Constance Bennett talks on fashions it's well worth your while to listen to her. That's one thing Connie knows. "Black is the most distinctive color a woman can wear," Connie told a group the realm of smart society.

THE new high-pile hair-do being adopted by girls from coast to coast is called the 'Zaza' hairdress because Claudette Colbert wears it in her last picture of that name. The period is 1904, and you'll be surprised to see how many styles of that period are quite the thing now. Though fashion dictators say that hair must go up this fall Claudette is one of the few stars who refuses to play follow the leader. "I've worn bangs ever since I've been in pictures," says Claudette, "and I'll continue to wear bangs.

Because I think I look best in bangs." She tried the page boy for one day-but that was enough. It's too bad there aren't more women like Claudette. In this day and age when women are yapping for individuality, why they have to go making themselves look ridiculous just because it is the fashion is something Claudette doesn't understand. Fashion is spinach - with apologies to Elizabeth Hawes.

IF you meet Pat O'Brien around these days he will around these days he will tell you the story about the Russian peasant who was being interviewed. "Things are all right with me," the peasant said. "I've got a son who is an engineer and he helps me. I've got another son who is a big lawyer and he helps me. Then I've got he helps me. Then I've got another son in America who's on the WPA. If it wasn't for him I'd starve to death."

DURING rehearsals of the musical finale of "Sweethearts," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were working at the top of a high ramp on a theatre stage setting.

The Technicolar lieb

## 66 Motion Pictures Are Your BEST Entertainment"

THE motion picture industry depends on your judgment and welcomes your challenge to fresh endeavor, to constant research and experiment.

Therefore, as you enter the theatre, remember that you and those around you

are the judge and jury.

And the more you exercise your privilege of criticism-the more you voice your praise or disapproval to the theatre managementthe better pictures will be.



Scene from "The Cit-adel," famous best seller. The doctor (Robert Donat) applies a dressing to an injured coal miner.

Enter The \$250,000 Movie Quiz Contact Can C. 1 D 1,1.

## Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 61]

goes to make a personal, appearance in Chicago, Also in Chicago is Ralph (a titled toreigner and also an author). Jack-who never quibbles over trifles-sends Lucille a corsage consisting of a scant dozen gardenias with Ralph's card attached. Lucille drapes the corsage on her shoulder and sets for Ralph's suite. He is soaking his feet in hot water when she bursts into the room.

"Oh, sorry," she mutters abstractedly when she spies him. "Where's the Viscount?" "I'm River-Clyde," Ralph informs her.

"Pardon me for not rising but I'm-

"Wading," Lucille amends. "How quaint!" And then she becomes seriously dramatic: "Imagine a writer being able to get the atmosphere of a rippling stream in a Chicago hotel!"

It's not exactly that ... Ralph inter-

And thank you so much for the lovely flowers," Lucille rushes on, paying no heed

to the interruption.

"It's epsom salts," he explains, "Lecturing tires me." And then her words sink in: "What flowers?"

Before he knows what's what Lucille has him dated up for dinner and the papers

have them reported engaged.

You'll love Lucille in this part. And let me tell you, if you should ever meet her in person don't make the mistake of tangling with her verbally. There's a dame who knows, not only all the answers but a lot of the questions besides.

Lastly, we have "Peck's Bad Boy at the with Tommy (Tom Sawyer) Kelly and Edgar (Slow Burn) Kennedy.

Tom and some friends of his carry water for the elephants at the circus in the expectation of getting passes. When the owner only gives two passes for ten boys, Tom and the rest of his friends put sleep-ing tablets in the lions' water. When the supposedly ferocious beasts are presented to the audience they are so sleepy they look as harmless as kittens. Their trainer, Mr. Kennedy, is furious. He has discovered the tablets were prescribed for a party named "Peck" but he doesn't know that's Tom's last name. Into the dressing room of Ann Tom Sawyer fame), who

"You know what I'm going to do the first chance I get? Mr. Kennedy wrathfully demands. "I'm going to Bloomfield and look up Mr. Peck and I'm going to have a little conversation with this Peck party." He almost bursts with anger. "And when I do!" grabbing hold of Townwick. grabbing hold of Tommy's head, "I'm going to pull his head right off his shoul-ders!' yanking at Tommy's head. Tommy looks frightened almost to death. But Edgar lets go and sits down. "Excuse me, I don't want to get excited-I can't get excited! He starts to count to control his temper but he only becomes more excited as he

#### Columbia

AT THIS studio there is only one picture shooting-Edith Fellows in "Thoroughbred"-another racehorse picture.

She has been a bareback tider in a circus, her father is killed and decides she should live with her aunt-that is, when he knew he was going to die he decided. Edith doesn't like her aunt so she is talking Cliff Edwards into letting her go to her cousin Dick (Richard Fiske) because he is a relative, too. It isn't much of a scene but that's not my fault. Anyhow, I think it will be a good picture on the order of "Ann of Green Gables"-only it would be expecting too much to expect it to be that good.

Having covered everything in Hollywood and environs, I head for the valley and-

#### Warner Bros.

BROTHER RAT" is going full blast.
Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane, Ronald
Reagan and Jane Wyman are sitting on the floor (kiddie fashion) playing with a

toy doll.
"Isn't that the cutest thing!" Priscilla exclaims. "I fell in love with him the

minute I laid eyes on him."

"Lucky guy," Wayne grins, and adds,
"What won't they think of next, as the
farmer said when he saw the giraffe."

"Don't tell him he's cute," Ronnie ad-

vises Priscilla, indicating the doll, "or he'll go as crazy as this one," indicating Wayne.
"Sweet young things, don't you think?"

Director William Keighley grins when the scene is over.

But before I have a chance to answer. some old codger on the side lines mutters, "I DON'T think."
I turn to Wayne: "I hope you get a check

cashed before tomorrow night.

"I won't need any money," he answers confidently.

he owe you money?" Keighley asks

play poker at my house tomorrow night—and he will."
"Ha!" says Wayne sarcastically.

"Not yet," I retort, "but he's going to

I don't want to upset Wayne too much or he won't come and then I couldn't win any money from him so I leave and jog over to "Angels With Dirty Faces" starring James Cagney. He is in an office with George Bancroft and Humphrey Bogart. He is broadcasting over a loud-speaker.

"And the visible fact that you are present tonight and that countless thousands are listening in, is proof to fling in the teeth of those cynics and skeptics that the public does care—and does propose to do something about the appalling conditions I have described,"

have described," Jimmie thunders.
You are certainly hell-bent for dramatics this afternoon, Mr. Cagney," I kid when

the scene is ended.

But Mr. Cagney is of no mind for per-flage. "If you'd use your bean," he adsiflage. monishes me, "and instead of flying off to Memphis every whipstitch, find out when I'm going to be between pictures, you could take your vacation when we're at the farm in Martha's Vineyard and come up there with us. But, no! You can't be sensible.

There's no answer to that so I politely express my regrets, tell him I'll settle for a dinner in Beverly Hills and wend my way

#### Universal

IT'S been many a long month since I've visited this studio and even now I find only one picture shooting as "Personal Secretary" has just finished and so has the new Deanna Durbin picture—and also Swing That Cheer" with Tom Brown, But the one that's going is a biggie. It stars Constance Bennett in "Service de Luxe."

She runs one of those personal service bureaus that shops for you, hires or fires servants for you, rents houses or what have you. Connie becomes interested in a young inventor-Vincent Price (who scored with Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina (on the stage). She (unbeknownst to him) arranges to have a rich man (Charles Ruggles) finance his invention. When Mr. Price learns what she's up to he's furious, calls the whole deal off and gets himself engaged to Joy Hodges (whom I privately suspect of being Mr. Ruggles' daughter). Mr. Ruggles arranges a huge reception to announce the engagement of the two and also to display the model of Mr. P.'s inention.

is known as Miss Madison #1. roderick, her first assistant, is Miss #2. Other assistants are Miss Mad-#4, etc., etc. Connie is not supcome to the reception which her taken charge of.

the night of the party, we find ing to Helen.

fadison #2, I want to compliment our arrangements for the party he offers. "I've never seen the service so efficient."

e've done better jobs than this," joins sarcastically. "Look at the d on you!"

just like your boss, aren't you, ison #2?" he shouts angrily. uite, Mr. Wade #1," she replies. I had her brains, her looks and

he hadn't enough courage to come ght and arrange things herself,'

much sense to come and see you a mess of everything she did for elen advises him.

hen the butler's voice is heard ang, "Miss Dorothy Madison!" ggles rushes to meet her, takes her

SILVER SCREEN

to the platform where the model is draped

in silken curtains and begins his speech.

As soon as Connie is free of directors, supporting cast, etc., *I* rush up to her and begin *my* speech. But Connie has to have fittings, she has to look at rushes and what with one thing and another I never get a chance to talk to her. So we make a date for next month at the Hal Roach studio

where she'll be working.

And you, my pretties, will just have to contain yourselves (along with me) until next month to find out what we talk about

## Scouting for Talent

[Continued from page 23]

possibility that one of these gentlemen will be in the audience.

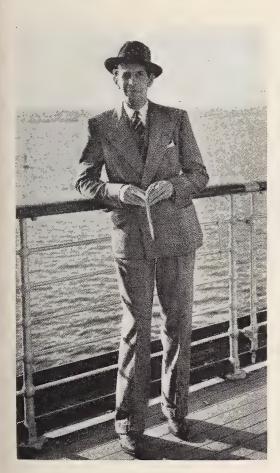
"That is how we found Tyrone Power," the Head Scout told me, "acting in a bit part in a Katherine Cornell show. You can't tell anything by letters. We haven't the time or the facilities to teach people how to act, here in the East. They should have some experience and one good place to get it is in the college shows; they get the benefit of professional teaching there—and we can see them in action.

"Arleen Whelan is an exception," he continued. "Even so, she was in Hollywood to be discovered and when she ran out of money, she took a job as manicurist. She is a natural, possessing rare photographic features. At that, they had to coach her for months before her debut in pictures; she is still going to school out on the coast.'

Writing letters to Twentieth-Century-Fox is wasted effort. On the other hand, at Warner Bros., where they have only a limited New York Talent Department, they firmly

believe in correspondence.

"A good prospect," says their Scout,
"should have a flair for wearing clothes, a



Raymond Massey returns to play in "Abe Lincoln in Il-linois" on the New York stage. He can now be seen in "Drums," which was filmed in England.

John Beal and Jean Parker in "The Arkansas Traveler," practice up traveling. Burns has the star part. Out in Arkansas romance is as sartin' as the Ozarks and so Johnnie and Jean git to keepin' stiddy com-pany. Dan'l Boone ain't in it.



fine well-proportioned figure, culture, poise, education, fine speaking voice, and good photographic qualities. We can judge all but the voice from a complete letter, covering background, height, weight, measurements, etc., plus a good-sized, smiling photograph. It is impossible to go to, or send for, all our prospects. How else can it be accomplished? We have given screen-tests to many people as a result of these letters.'

Paramount's Eastern Talent Head feels much the same way. Some time ago he received a letter from Vida Ann Borg, a model in Boston. It covered her background and gave data explaining that she was writing at the insistence of her friends. It was accompanied by a photograph. He was definitely interested and asked her to come to New York as soon as possible. Within a week she arrived with her mother.

"She sat where you are," he told the writer, "and she looked even better than writer, "and she looked even better than her photograph. She told me she couldn't act, but-agreed to go to our Dramatic School. After a few weeks of intensive training, she passed the screen-test with flying colors. Right now she is in Hollywood, making good progress.

"We maintain an 'open door' policy," the Paramount Scout continued. "Everybody rates an interview."

Asked the importance of an interview, he

Asked the importance of an interview, he answered, "Most important. It gives me a chance to study their facial expressions and character during different moods. I'll talk to a young man whom I am interviewing about anything but pictures-baseball, football. When he is at ease, not tense, as most of them are at first, and talking freely, I'll purposely, but in a nice way, differ with

him, just to see how he reacts.
"We really lean over backwards in an effort to make actors out of these young people. We prefer to train them ourselves in our Dramatic School. Here they are taught to act before the camera; if there is any latent talent, it will be brought out. Then, if they come along as expected, we

give them a screen-test.

"After all," he offered, "what experience does a newcomer get in two years of Summer Stock or in a Broadway show? Sixty percent of the time is spent in the casting director's office, listening to, 'No more parts'; thirty percent in meeting the right people, socially; and ten percent in acting, which usually means reading two of three sides at the most, over and over again for the duration of the show. And the lines must be read as the director has instructed, at that!" Which sounded very much like good, common sense to these ears.

"Yes," he continued, looking out onto Forty-fourth street, "give me, not a hand-some, but a good looking, clean-cut American boy or girl-even though inexperienced -and we'll teach them more about motion picture acting in two or three months than they could learn on Broadway, obtaining and playing roles, in three years." This from a man who spent many years finding talent for the theatre before taking over his duties with Paramount.

"Just how," demurely queried the writer, expecting to be "discovered" himself at any moment, "do you find these prospects?" He was seated not two feet away-and me with the physique of Oliver Hardy, the face of Stan Laurel and the voice of Donald Duck. After all, a writer can always find time to bat out a couple of pictures with Joan Bennett and C. B. DeMille. The two nickels in my pocket rattled together and it was decided there and then that my talents could be had, for the asking, for cinematic exploitation. "More important," the writer continued, hinting broadly, "how do you know when you've got a good, potential leading player?"
"Well," he began his explanation, "take

Fred MacMurray, for example. We found him playing a saxophone in the band with the show, "Roberta." We sent for him. The minute he walked into this office the at-mosphere seemed to change. He told me that he had no acting experience and we knew that photographically he was no Adonis. He isn't what you'd term a hand-some man. But he had an honest, sincere, agreeable disposition; an aura of authentic, glowing personality prevailed while talking to him. No one could miss it. You just couldn't help liking the man. After he had attended our Dramatic School, he went to

Hollywood and shot right to the top."
"Frances Farmer," the Talent Depart-

ment further informed me, "won a contest and a prize of two weeks abroad. On her return to New York a ship photographer took a picture of her as the contest winner. We saw the picture in a newspaper and sent for her immediately. She, too, had had no dramatic training other than a couple of college shows, but there was no mistaking her looks and personality. Our coaches brought out her wealth of ability -and her success is now an old story.

"Olympe Bradna was never an actress. She was a dancer. We found her in the chorus at the 'French Casino,' recognized her possibilities and sent her to our school. First we had to teach her to speak English; later to act.

'We haven't the time," the Paramount Scout said, "to bother with all the mediocre shows and people in the country, but, rest assured, if anyone has something 'on the ball,' we'll hear about them. There are twenty-three sources that we watch and from which talent may be found; in order to cover them properly we read the writeups and look at photographs in newspapers and magazines from every corner of the country. Why, only recently, I saw a picture of a popular student that was printed in the school paper of a small college near Chicago. On the strength of it and a report from one of my contact men, I sent for that boy and put him in our school.'

That substantiates the theory, "something must be done about the menace of That spark of genius discovered." will be detected. Often a person may possess great talent and not be aware of it himself. Vincent Price, of whom marvels are expected by Universal, was calmly studying the "Romance of Languages" at Yale. He hadn't an acting thought in his mind and must have felt pretty safe when he won a scholarship to England to further his studies. Surely no talent scout would bother him there. But no, someone saw that he resembled the real Prince Albert and insisted that he try out for that part in a new play called, "Victoria Regina." Gilbert Miller saw the try out. From then on all thoughts of the "Romance of Languages" were forgotten. A triumphant run of some forty weeks with Helen Hayes was the direct result; followed by stardom with

The same company discovered Joy Hodges singing with a band in Chicago. She jumped right into a starred spot. When the producers of the George M. Cohan hit, "I'd Rather Be Right," were looking for a feminine lead in the show, they had to borrow Joy from Universal. This company has now eliminated the screen-test in the East. Two players have been signed this year without benefit of a test.

Several scouts told the writer, in effect: "You'd be doing your readers a tremendous favor if you would ask them not to go to Hollywood or to New York, without having been encouraged to do so by some interested company." Of course they are right. Making motion pictures is a business not unlike any other. Every executive has his own department, his own duties to fulfill. The Talent Scout and his staff are important to this field; they are experts and it is their job to find the talent. They are the stepping stones to fame and fortune; once you have passed this department you are on the inside looking out. Even if you should go to Hollywood and be fortunate enough to talk to a producer, the first thing he would do is send you to the Talent Scout.

If his report is a favorable one, action will be had with no loss of time. So you had better watch out, if you want to keep that twelve dollar a week job in the stuffy old office, or you'll soon find yourself out in the hot California sunshine, riding around in a Rolls Royce with nothing to spend but money.

Treasured Memories

[Continued from page 31]

that the one indestructible thing in life is memory . . . they may build pavements over the dusty roads and apartment houses over baseball diamonds but memory is stronger than concrete and more enduring than stone.'

John Barrymore's most poignant memory and oh, how rank and lush must be the memories of Barrymore!-is of watching his grandmother, Louisa Drew, at work . . . . "because she was the best actress I ever saw, and because she gave me a pride in

the job I was to do .

Loretta Young says that her first date is her most precious memory. She declares that she has never been happier than when she was anticipating it, the new dress she had to wear, the sense of Grown-Upness, of Life really beginning. She was all ready at five although her date was not until seven. The young man, Jimmy Richman, took her to the Cocoanut Grove, dancing, and they won the cup in a dancing contest and saw a lot of movie stars and afterwards they went to Marchetti's, then a fashionable after-the-theatre spot and had hot chocolate and French doughnuts . . . "it was all so sweet and exciting," Loretta told me. And it went off so perfectly and sweetly that it overshadows, even now, a lot of things which others might think more important incidents in life. . .

Bette Davis' most important memory is, as memories go, practically brand new. It is her recent meeting with Helen Hayes. For years Bette and Helen corresponded, not as personal friends but as admirers of one another's acting ability. So, when Bette attended the opening of "Victoria Regina" in Los Angeles, she sent a note to Miss Hayes, asking her out to the studio for lunch. Miss Hayes accepted. Lunch was a simple affair, only a few guests attending, among them Mr. Jack Warner, Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak. And the conversation between Bette and Helen was as though they had known one another all their lives . . . "I knew, as we sat and talked," Bette told me, "that right then and there I was creat-

ing a life-long memory.'

"A story someone once told me," Irene Dunne remembered, "is a more unforgettable memory to me than anything that has ever actually happened to me. It's the kind of thing you like to remember in a world where wars and greeds and depressions and recessions and rackets of all kinds sometimes seem to prevail. Anyway, the story is that after General Lee's surrender he was a guest at the home of a Southern family whose fortunes had been ruined by the war. For several days the General, grieving over the loss of the Confederate cause, did not notice that he was alone in his fasting. At last his hostess prevailed upon him to take a cup of tea. He did not know that the last tea in the house had gone to brew his cup. He did not know that his hostess had filled her cup with muddy water from the James River and was sipping it to keep him company."

Warren William, like Olivia, remembers most indelibly a day and an experience far removed from sound stage, neon lights and the limelight. "It was," Warren recalled for me, "a morning in the Minnesota woods. I was sleighing with a friend-the woods were beautiful-it was just the borderline between the Indian summer and the first approach of winter-ice was just forming on the lake and the last warm breeze came and caused ripples on the lake, thus playing havoc with the newly forming ice. came a mysterious fairy tinkling through the forest, like the delicate chimes of a thousand temple bells-it was so mysteriously beautiful that I thought I was dreaming or that there was truth in fairy tales, for here in the woods was fairy music and there was no one in sight and the heavenly sounds apparently came from nowhere. Not until we came to the edge of the lake did we find the source of the mysterious music. Then we saw the warm wind cracking the ice and knew that this was responsible for the melody mortal ears had never heard before.

Jimmy Cagney swears that he will never forget but always remember the great day when, at sea, he first managed "to keep a sandwich down!" Jimmy and his wife had always wanted a boat. More than anything at all, they wanted a boat. Finally they purchased an eighty-five-foot schooner. Neither had ever sailed, but were confident that their love for boats would conquer all. But on their first trip three green days were spent unsuccessfully combating a more than mortal seasickness. They could not eat a crumb. On the fourth day, just as they were about to admit defeat at the rough hands of Ole Debbil Sea, Jimmy ventured a sandwich . . . he waited . . . he prayed . . . he held his breath . . . he held the sandwich down—Eureka! Said Jimmy, "Laugh it off, if you will. Say it's too silly to print. But if you do laugh, you haven't got the point. It wasn't just that I kept the sandwich down. It was that I had licked Old Man Pacific and 'could a sailor be:' . . ."

It seems to me that these memories bring fresh testament to bear that Fame is pretty hollow and material possessions not to be compared to the warm rememberings of

the heart. . . .

## The Hollywood Derby

[Continued from page 27]

years running. The day following graduation, Marjorie and Judy left for New York, where the contest winner immediately was besieged by studio scouts to take a screen test. She refused, declaring she wanted to use her scholarship before considering any movie offers. Upon the completion of the course, she made several tests, signed finally with Warner Brothers and departed straightway for the West Coast, much to the disappointment of two Broadway stage producers who wanted her in their shows. After a short period on the Warner lot, she secured her release and soon afterwards signed with 20th Century-Fox, where she is soaring now to fame.

Had Nan Grey and her mother not left Houston for a two-weeks' holiday and by sheerest chance selected California as their destination rather than one of a dozen or so other parts of the country, the blonde actress might have realized her ambition to be a journalist, with all its attendant thrills. But with a map spread on a table, a pin placed at random while blindfolded designated California, so to Hollywood came the

two, for a visit with friends.

Even in the film city, though, Nan evinced scant interest in motion pictures. No, she didn't want to meet any actors, and no, she didn't think she wanted to see the inside of any studio. She simply wasn't interested, a fact that may be accounted for by her father being an official of the motion picture operators union in Houston, and movies, thereforé, were commonplace in her life. Her friends thought her rather balmy.

An old friend of her mother's, an agent, was so intrigued by the girl's natural blonde beauty that he insisted that Nan should accompany him to several studios. With the result—as so often happens in cases of this kind-that not only one, but three studios offered the gal from Texas a contract. Hesitant at first-she still wanted





Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skinvitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (above) Miss Camilla Morgan, active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.



Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skinvitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

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\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

to be a newspaper-woman-she gave in and joined the Warner Brothers roster of players, later moving over to Universal.

Even more roundabout than the others was Lucille Ball's final advent to Holly-wood. With her family, she had moved from Butte to Jamestown, N. Y. During her senior year in high school she decided she wanted a dramatic career, so she enrolled with the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York, remaining there more than a year.

After an engagement with a small traveling stock company, she joined the road company of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," returning to New York so dissatisfied with the stage that she became a mannequin for Hattie Carnegie. For three years she paraded fashions, posing for commercial photographers on the side. Chosen "The Chesterfield Girl" by that company, when Samuel Goldwyn brought to Hollywood a number of famous poster girls for his "Roman Scandals" a friend shoved Lucille into the group, without even a screen test. The consequence of this led to her remaining in Hollywood after the Goldwyn picture, determined to etch for herself a screen career.

So entered our young lovelies, without any particular intent, upon Hollywood, embarked upon careers that were thrust upon them rather than won through hardship and struggle.

Lana, brisk as an Autumn day, the per-

sonification of youth.

Marjorie, roguish, starry-eyed, with a deep desire to get the most out of life.

Lucille, sophisticated, crisp-speaking, inclined to be cynical.

Nan, the soul of romance, idealistic,

earnest, gentle.

It becomes at once apparent, in considering the talent and temperament of these four girls, that the two from the North-Lana and Lucille-tend to be more modernminded, attuned to the times, more capable of characterization. There's a down-to-earth quality about both their acting and their personalities which is decidedly refreshing, and it is obvious, even from their few appearances, that both are equally at home in comedy and drama. Of the pair, I should say Lana will progress farther up the ladder of fame, for she isn't limited by type and is capable of the widest variety of roles.

On the other hand, Marjorie and Nan, while clever performers in whatever parts they may play, are best in warmly-appealing roles, roles requiring sympathetic handling. They typify romance, the softness of lovely young womanhood. Their work is ingrained with the human touch, and a lightness of approach. Of these two, I fancy Marjorie will out-distance Nan, not through any lack of ability on Nan's part but by virtue of a more definite personality, one calculated to indent itself upon the popular mind. To this must be added the fact that Marjorie will be enabled greater opportunity on the 20th Century-Fox lot than Nan at Universal, which specializes in more

modest productions. What impresses one the most in contemplating the participants in this competition between the North and the South is how true to form they run. Lana in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" and Lucille in "The Affairs of Annabel" displayed those independent qualities one invariably associates with the Northern girl, while Marjorie in "Three Blind Mice" and Nan in "Danger On the Air" were reminiscent of daughters of the easy-going South. Naturally, each school has its partisans; but it would seem, from careful comparison and an honest evaluation, that the chill of Northern latitudes might after all exert a more potent force upon those who felt its breath—insofar as screen requirements and standards are concerned -than those who listened, however attentively, to the nightingales among the mag-nolia blooms of their native South.

## "Tricks of the Trade"

[Continued from page 33]

a tour of universities and recognized Little Theatres in southern and midwestern states, visiting Dallas, New Orleans, Des Moines, Chicago, Evanston, St. Louis, and other cities, and brought with him four young players whose names for the present must remain secret. I asked him what are the qualities he looks for when picking candidates for a Paramount contract.

"The day of the pretty men and women, thank God, is over," he said. "What I look for first of all is personality. What's personality, from the standpoint of the screen? That's a difficult thing to define. I can best explain it by saying what qualities enter into it. First, and most important, sympathy for our fellow beings, a sense of kinship with the world, and ability to identify yourself with others, to feel their emo-tions and problems as they do. That, in my opinion, is basic. A good speaking voice, education, burning ambition, courage, vitality, and capacity for taking infinite pains, are other requirements for a good screen personality

Hindsell is chummy with those who know him and whom he has accepted, but he likes to frighten people who apply to him for a chance in the movies. "I want the applicant to be nervous when he comes to see me," he said with a sly smile. "Nervous-ness indicates sensitivity. The hard-boiled person is set in his ways and you can't teach

him anything.'

If you go to Hindsell's office for an interview, he will form a pretty good opinion of your screen possibilities by a quick glance at your dress and the expression on your face. And as soon as you speak a few words, and move around a little, his diagnosis is practically complete. If you are dressed simply, in good taste, if sympathy for your fellow man shines through your eyes, if you speak naturally, without affectation, and can walk and sit down with natural grace, then he will be interested in you. If your personality is such that you have to hide it, if you lack simplicity and genuineness, in other words, if you aren't sincere, you may be the most ravishing beauty in the world, Hindsell will look at you with indifferent eyes. "Convincingness," he said, is the keynote to all the arts.

His advice to screen aspirants is, Be yourself! Don't try to imitate anybody, don't try to become another Robert Taylor or Garbo. "I don't try to mold our young players into a standard pattern," Mr. Hindsell stated. "On the contrary, I try to preserve those individual qualities which make that attractive personality what it is. In other words, I work at the roots, and let the

plant blossom of itself.'

His idea of a good actor is the person who can make the audience anticipate something new and startling, who can keep them at the edge of their seats. What is the general technique of Hindsell's method? "I first work with them individually, improving their carriage, posture, voice, diction, and teaching them some of the ele-mentary principles of acting if they don't know them. I make them study the masterpieces of classical sculpture to see the grace of perfect repose and of the various move-

ments involved in standing, sitting, etc."
"Once a month I hold talent auditions for producers, supervisors, directors and writers in a theatre the studio has built for me on the lot." These monthly auditions at Paramount are exciting events for these young players, for frequently such bigwigs as Adolph Zukor and William Le Baron are present. "Often our players are engaged right then and there. Ellen Drew, for instance, after working with me a year, and working like a slave, did a scene from

'Golden Boy' during one of these auditions, and was immediately signed for the fem-inine lead in the new Bing Crosby picture, 'Sing You Sinners.' Frank Lloyd saw the rushes, and signed her up for the second lead opposite Ronald Coleman in 'If I Were King.'"

Hindsell receives 15 to 20 letters a day seeking advice or asking for an appoint-ment. He showed me a letter he had just received from a girl in South Africa, who wanted to know if he would advise her to come to Hollywood. A few years ago he wrote an article on the art of screen acting for a national magazine, and he still receives many "gratifying letters" from people in all parts of the country who have read that article. It is of course difficult to tell from photographs and press notices and references if a person has a chance in pictures. A personal interview is necessary for that.

You may think a man like Hindsell would be very difficult to see. But he is accessible to all those who really have something to offer. "You can never tell what tremendous talent is hidden behind an absolutely unknown name," he told me. "I grant as many interviews as my time permits. Every letter I get, asking for an interview, receives careful consideration. The industry is desperately in need of new faces, and there is always room at the top."

## "You're a Better Man Than I Am"

[Continued from page 25]

Two miles south of this, a vast level plain was selected as site for a British army outpost. Block houses, watch towers, parade ground, living quarters, stables, elephant stalls—seven acres of set—all properly surrounded by barbed wire entanglements.

Gunga Din was a womanless city. Joan Fontaine, her hairdressers and wardrobe women, the two script girls, lived in the hotel at Lone Pine, traveling four miles to location each morning. When Joan wasn't there, the only lady star in camp was Anna May, the elephant. And you realize she's both a lady and a star in this production, for she wears false eyelashes.

Life in camp began at 5:40 A.M. with an alarm clock emoting before the mike of the public address system. A suggestion humorously offered by Cary, taken seriously

by the sound man!

Actors and extras dressed for work, reported to the make-up tent, while the crew started equipment rolling. Breakfast over (14 tons of food was dished up weekly by a staff of 37), the gang piled into trucks and buses for the run to the sets.

Shooting began at 8:00, lunch was called at 12:00, and you could hear that dinner siren all the way to Hollywood. Shooting was resumed at 1:00, lasting until the light

failed. Curfew rang at 10:00.

But it was far from a routine life-not in the studio world of practical jokers, who found, even in disaster, time for fun. Late one night a fire of unknown origin (Doug, still muttering about the weather, claimed it was spontaneous combustion!) destroyed the entire village of Tantrapur. Stars and extras turned out in pajamas, fought the blaze all night. The still cameraman "shot" the event for the publicity department. Director Stevens, at the height of the excitement, was heard to remark that stars would make better firefighters if they'd forget to turn their left profiles to the candid camera! Several days thereafter, a number of astonishing "left profile" shots of Mr. Stevens appeared in camp. Just between ourselves, now, Doug owns a candid camera. But Stevens couldn't prove a thing.

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## Projection of Virginia Bruce

[Continued from page 19]

sweet disposition, Virginia can become awfully stubborn about little things, and has even been known to fly into a frenzy over something so simple as floor plugs. She and Mr. Ruben (his friends call him "Jack" but Virginia calls him "Sonny") are building a beautiful home on six acres out in the Pacific Palisades section, and Virginia is taking more interest in a home than she ever took before.

Her great desire is to be a sophisticate. A woman of the world. With perfect poise and dignity. And to be able to flip off a bon mot with the ease of a cigarette ash. "If only I could be cold and brittle," says Virginia, "and never lose my poise. But," she adds ruefully, "all you have to do is say 'boo' to me and I am thrown into complete confusion."

Her worst fault is her extreme tactlessness, which sometimes borders on rudeness. She is certain she would never be tactless if she wasn't frightened and self-conscious. "I just rush right in and say things," she says, "and they always seem to be the wrong things."

She is very quick to admit when she's wrong, and comes forth with a pretty little apology. She doesn't like arguments because she usually becomes so fascinated with the other person's reasoning that she forgets her side of the argument entirely. She admires her husband's brilliant mind and is perfectly content to let him do the oratory for the family. She has always maintained that she would never be jealous, in fact she has given out numerous interviews on that subject ("It isn't intelligent to be jealous") but now she is not so certain. Maybe it's because she is so much in love with J. Walter Ruben. "I think," says Virginia seriously, "I could be very jealous."

Mr. Mayer's naturally beautiful star was born Virginia Briggs in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but her family moved to the little town of Fargo when she was a baby. She had a marvelously healthy childhood—and that might have something to do with the magnificent health and glowing beauty she has now. She was popular at school with the boys and girls both, but even at that early age she had the unfortunate habit of speaking without thinking. And one day she told off the history teacher, and was requested to leave. But she apologized, and several weeks later came back to school.

When she finished high school she moved with her mother and father and brother Stanley to Los Angeles where she entered the University of California. But a couple of agents saw her one day, and Virginia's school days were suddenly at an end. They signed her on a personal contract at twenty-five dollars a week, and not thinking much of Briggs for a name, thumbed through a telephone directory until they decided upon Bruce. Her first picture under the contract was at Fox studios about seven years ago. Madge Bellamy was the star of the picture, and one of Virginia's fellow extras was Jean Harlow. After a few bits at Fox she was taken over to Paramount where she played in "The Love Parade," starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. She landed mostly on the cutting room floor.

Out of a contract, and out of agents, she was next "discovered" by Jack Harkrider, a designer for Ziegfeld, who got her a small part in "Whoopee" and later wired her to come to New York as a sho v girl in "Smiles" at ninety dollars a week. The show girls were not paid during rehearsals, and Virginia remembers quite a lean period there in New York. Her family had been hit pretty hard financially so she couldn't ask

them for help. "I didn't even have an evening dress," says Virginia. "If I was asked out I'd have to ask quite casually if it was formal or informal. If it was formal I managed to say I was busy that night. I got awfully tired of a hotel room."

After "Smiles" she went into "America's

After "Smiles" she went into "America's Sweetheart" and when that closed she left for the Coast. She was "discovered" next by agent Nat Goldstone while she was sitting in the ante-room at Columbia Studios one day waiting for an interview with the casting director. Goldstone immediately got her a test at Metro (she made the test with Robert Young, who was just beginning there too) and when Irving Thalberg saw the test he handed her a muchly coveted Metro contract. Her third picture at the studio was "Downstairs," a picture that starred John Gilbert, and it didn't take Handsome Jack long to start wooing his leading lady. They were married one day after work at the studio with Thalberg for best man and Norma Shearer one of the bridesmaids.

After two years of marriage Virginia decided to get a divorce and, with her baby, went to live with her mother and father at Toluca Lake. She decided she had had enough of marriage and would devote her life to her career—and then she went on location with the "Bad Man from Brimstone" company and changed her mind entirely. She fell madly in love with the director, J. Walter Ruben. They were married last December in one of Hollywood's smallest weddings. And it's Love with a capital "L."

# Personality For Sale

bunions, rubs, blisters and so on have been prepared for in neat plasters that you can wear and walk in with comfort, and confidently expect a cure

confidently expect a cure.

Perspiration is a distressing subject. I dare say that everyone of us has at some time experienced the heart break of a ruined new dress. Perhaps we thought we were well protected; but perhaps some sudden situation of undue excitement or strain caused a dampness, often fatal to colored and black wools and silk. If you prize that new frock or blouse, invest in dress shields for extra precaution. Kleinert's new Airlite dress shields are about the lightest, softest protection of their kind. They contain no rubber, only a protective layer of sheer silk water-proofed without rubber. They pin in, in a jiffy, weigh less than half an ounce, and you are not conscious of wearing dress shields. They are odorless and a dip in boiling water restores their original freshness. They protect against underarm friction and wear at the undersleeve, too. They will definitely prolong the wear of your clothes.

The girl on her own, like all of us, wants and needs to stretch that budget, yet not compromise on quality. I think Mary Pickford can help you here, for about this time there are appearing in department and drug stores, Miss Pickford's fine cosmetics. A line that includes about everything you need—cosmetics within the reach of the woman whose taste demands the best but whose resources are limited. Not long ago, I saw Miss Pickford, petite, golden-haired, retaining still much of the Mary whose long curls and eloquent eyes won a strong place in the hearts of another generation.

For the younger girl, Miss Pickford believes that her Cleansing Cream is an ideal all-purpose cream for those skins not yet needing a tissue cream. She thinks, too, that soap is as necessary to skin cleanliness as cream, and should be used daily. For this purpose, there is her creamy Beauty Soap, to be used in conjunction with the



Practical, yet charming, is Ann Morriss' up-down coiffure.

Cleansing Cream. On this point, I believe all beauty advisors agree—that soap and water and cream are both necessary. Regulate their use, according to your skin needs. There is also a Tissue Cream, for skin needing it. Miss Pickford has an interesting method of using this cream, herself. While her face is still wet from bathing, she dips her fingers frequently into hot water as she works the cream into her skin. The slight warmth quickens the absorbing action of the skin—a good idea with any cream of this type. If you prefer a Cold Cream type of cleanser, there is also one in this collection. A Skin Freshener, for toning and invigorating, six shades of face powder, rouge and lipstick com-plete this array for more beauty. "Cali-fornia Sunrise," a fresh, true orange is the lipstick tone Miss Pickford uses. The prepwedgwood blue and white and all most pleasingly priced at less than a dollar. Good luck, if you're one of the job hunters. Remember, now it's largely a question of appearance and personality for selection of appearance and personality for selections.

tion of appearance and personality for sale, as I said. Later will come the experience that you put a good price upon.

## The Habit of Success

[Continued from page 29]

for years on the screen.

Another successful young actress who carly acquired the habit of winning laurels in anything she tackled is Gail Patrick. While a student at Howard College Miss Patrick was not only the outstanding campus beauty, she was also a distinguished scholar, the captain of the girls' varsity basketball team, a member of the Delta Zeta Sorority, prominent in under-graduate theatricals and was chosen for the

College "Hall of Fame."

Unlike a lot of other campus giants, Miss Patrick continued to shine after obtaining her degree of Bachelor of Arts, as her screen career will testify. Her greatest ambition is to become governor of the State of Alabama and this writer for one wouldn't be sucker enough to bet she wouldn't make it, if she ever decides to go in for politics seriously.

Certainly one of the most outrageously funny and successful characters in the movies today is Charlie McCarthy and his greater.

today is Charlie McCarthy and his creator, Edgar Bergen, but the success Bergen and

his wooden dummy are now enjoying in the films is only a continuation of the success they enjoyed and still enjoy on the air and before that in vaudeville.

Of course, not all popular stars today were successful in other endeavors, just as a number of those who were have not a number of those who were have not achieved the same rewards on the screen. But generally speaking-and in the cases of those mentioned above, specifically speaking—a goodly number stand as excellent proof of the theory that "whatever has been done can be done again."





Merle Oberon at her morning ablutions. The tent and the faucet are a part of location life when making "The Cowboy and the Lady."

## He Delivers the Goods

[Continued from page 52]

not. I'm someone I never could be in real

"For example, in 'Four Daughters,' in which I play with the Lane sisters, I'm supposed to be a studious, reticent sort of a fellow. Yet, for some reason or other all the sisters in this particular family have a I'm really that attractive in real life? No, sir."

Mr. Lynn is too modest, however. His personality and looks are such as to make him very appealing to the fair sex. There is nothing more typical of the new Holly-wood actor than this type of level-headed realist.

"On Broadway I got my first break in the stage play 'A Slight Case of Murder.' Other minor parts followed, including a short stint as a haberdashery clerk in Macy's Department Store. My first real part—pardon, parts—came in 'Lady Precious Stream,' in which I enacted the roles of four different Chinamen. I was the nemesis of the cast. The leading players never knew when I might fall out of one character to drop into another—and I did. One night I got switched and brought the play back two

Then came "Brother Rat," the play which brought Jeffrey out to the West Coast. The occasion of his being cast for the play's leading role was memorable. George Abbott, the Broadway Producer scared him. He read his tryout lines as directed, and then turned to leave. He felt he was a flop and that others had done much better than he.

'Young man!'' a stentorian voice to the rear called. Jeffrey turned around and faced a stern-looking individual. "You report to my office first thing in the morning.

Jeffrey gave a methodical affirmative answer. Then he was puzzled. He hadn't the slightest idea who the man was, and said as much to an attendant standing nearby. "Him? That's George Abbott. He's just

the producer of this show."

Since coming to Hollywood young Jeffrey has climbed fast. He enacted the role of a news reporter in his first screen venture, a Warner Brothers' Vitaphone short, "Out Where The Stars Begin." "Cowboy From Brooklyn," a picture starring Dick Powell, was his second venture. Then Fate herself stepped in. Errol Flynn was not available

for the leading role in "Four Daughters."

Jeffrey was almost the cause of a studio riot. Camps were evenly divided on the subject of his ability to do that kind of part. Any misgivings Director Michael Curtiz might have had the first day of shooting were dispelled the moment Jeffrey stepped before the camera.

In a way his is the complete Hollywood Success Story. Just four months in Filmdom, and assigned to one of Hollywood's most coveted roles. A complete "Success Story," without the usual trife accoutrements that go with it.

In discussing his own idiosyncrasies, Jeffrey said: "I dislike cocktail parties. They're

giddy and they're pointless.
"Dancing is my specialty. But I go for the nice interimate places. Not the Grove or the Troc. When you dance in a big place like that you get the feeling you're at a track meet, and you have to cover so many

laps between songs.
"With whom do I go dancing? Well, now, isn't that one of the things we agreed we weren't discussing?"

It's a bit of an open secret that Jeffrey and Rosemary Lane have been dancing frequently, but, then, they're going to be costarred, so it may only be good publicity.

"There's no romance in my life. There was. She married someone else. Say, I've got a lot of things I want to enjoy before I settle down. A trip to Sweden, to my father's birthplace. A world cruise, perhaps, that will take me to the South Seas. That's my secret ambition. I suppose it's everyone else's, too.

The same kind of wanderlust can be traced to the other members of the Hollywood Bachelor fraternity, Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant and Robert Taylor. All of them have expressed a desire to go to faroff places-alone.

"I've got a bit of a formula for sensible living in Hollywood. First of all, I get away from the sirens on Hollywood Boulevard. Maybe I'd better explain I mean the ones on fire engines. I'm too tired to go out at night, except once a week. That keeps me out of the papers, I suppose. I go in for sports. Swim in the Athletic Club pool right after I get up. I do a lot of reading, and I'm a sucker for any kind of concert.

'And, say, I have a confession to make. Sure there's a woman in my life. Margaret Parsons, Literary Critic on the 'Worcester Telegram.' If it weren't for her confidence, her urging—I'd probably be repairing a telephone wire somewhere around Fall River. Or maybe giving some Lisbon, Maine, kids a corking good lesson on 'Silas Marner or 'Tale of Two Cities.'

## Radio at the Game

[Continued from page 21]

ters miss much important by-play. Also, since their schools are involved they tend to get so excited that they simply forget to give the help they are supposed to supply. Which is pretty bad if you are relying on it.

As a matter of fact, Ted Husing passes up school spotters to employ a fulltime assistant who works with him on all games and helps him gather background material on plays and players. Instead of using a separate chart for each team, Ted combines both in a special board of his own inven-tion on which the names of all the players are placed in proper lineup. Each name is illuminated by a light, red for one team and green for the other. The assistant signals, on the lights of the board, to indicate who ran with the ball and who made the tackle. In addition to this lighted board, Ted also uses a miniature football field marked off on a heavy piece of cardboard. By manipulation of colored pins his assistant keeps the score, the period, the down and the number of yards needed for a first down.

And now we're ready to go on the airfifteen minutes before the game starts for in no other sport is the listener so interested in color and sidelights as in the description of a collegiate football game. The announcer uses that quarter-hour to tell something about the opposing teams, but mainly to sketch in the scene as it spreads before him. With thousands of enthusiastic persons jammed into a mam-moth stadium, with flags flying, well-drilled bands parading, and talented cheer-leaders exhorting undergraduates and alumni to give their utmost in fight songs and cheers, the tuner-in depends upon the announcer to faithfully relay this pulse-stirring pageant as well as an accurate play-by-play description of the game when it starts.

With the kick-off the announcer's problems begin. He's got to satisfy the technical students of the sport, such as former players, who really understand and follow involved formations and to whom such terms as "quick opening play," "a cross check," "unbalanced line" or "double wing back" have a world of meaning. They, however, are only about 25% of the air audience. "The larger element," in the opinion of Paul Douglas who manipulates the ion of Paul Douglas who manipulates the CBS California football mikes, "knows enough about the game to follow simple descriptions. They want more of the glamour of this great outdoor drama and the feel of the action on the field. Give them accuracy in identifying a player and in the yardage gained or lost, and they can do with a minimum of technical information.

Most announcers agree with this. They feel that if they throw in interesting details and keep the dialers posted on the position of the ball and the type of play made, they are doing a good job. To Don Wilson, who also acts as comedian on the Jack Benny show between broadcasting details of Pacific Coast games for NBC listeners, the biggest part of the job is correct identification of players. "I make a point of this," he states, "because the folks back home are probably waiting just for the mention of their own local hero. I try to satisfy the technically-minded fans as much as possible, but I make sure to give the majority its full quota of thrills and excitement. And it's all legitimate because the game itself breeds so many of these moments it isn't necessary to romance 'em.

All during a play the announcer does his best to tell what is happening as fast as it happens. Football is the kind of sport in which the game is tremendously fast while the play is being run, but the action is intermittent. Even so, the announcer must

keep the broadcast going at good speed for any lag will allow the parabolic mikes to pick up and pass on the grandstand reaction to a play, before the armchair audience knows that a play has been made. That's where the preliminary work, in which he learned all about the plays and players,

helps the announcer keep pace.
While announcing a play, the announcers try to maintain a very factual attitude toward the game. But since they are on the air approximately 165 minutes for every game, while, of that time, the ball is in play and there is action between the teams for only about 60 minutes, there is plenty of time to give the full flavor of what is going on. During the lulls in action, at time out, and at intermission the announcer gives the listener the full benefit of his research and reportorial ability. If the referee has slipped in the mud, if the wind has toppled over a goal post, if a couple of fans are slugging out their difference of opinion, the listener wants to know all that.

"And he also wants to know a lot about the boys who have participated in spectacular plays," adds Tom Manning. "It is at such times that I frequently pull out the index cards on which I recorded anecdotes on each player. I give his nickname, interesting facts on his college career, and whether he was part of outstanding plays in previous games. If he's the sort of player the fans want to hear about, I play him up. These are the touches that give depth and substance to the broadcast."

It's tough to keep impartial when one team is definitely inferior to the other, but they maintain balance by leaning over backward to give the underdog all the breaks.

Norman L. Sper perhaps best expresses the opinion of all announcers when he says: "I prefer to believe that my attitude during a game is some sort of emotional

outlook halfway between the enthusiastic spirit of the home-town rooter and the impartiality of the officials on the field. In other words, I believe a football announcer should sound enthused and excited if the play warrants it, but he should always maintain emotional balance so that he does not favor one team in calling plays and talking about the players. Because inside dope is available to us on the strength of the teams, it's an unwritten law that an announcer does not bet on the game he broadcasts.'

In spite of all they do to insure accuracy, mistakes do occur. But when you realize that the broadcasting booth is high up in the stands and about 300 yards away from the playing field, it's easy to see how errors can creep in. For as Hal Totten humorously points out: "When the weather conspires against you, it's time to keep your fingers crossed. Rain may drench you, snow may freeze you, the sun may blind you-and you can still talk about the game. But when the fog rolls in and blankets the field, you've got to rely on a sort of player's intuition to guess at what's going on. And it's only because the gods are kind that from our lofty perch we are able to identify those mud-encased miniature men whom the crowd recognizes as football players but who, from where we sit, look like mad marionettes at a taffy-pull. If I call a wrong turn, I keep in mind this fact: the folks who attend the game by radio do so because they can't appear in person. Therefore, unless the error is a grave one, I don't bother them about it but let it go and correct later on in my summary.

Announcers unanimously agree that truth and accuracy are essential in microphone reporting, but they also feel that over-emphasis on these points when the errors are minor ones, can spoil the listener's pleasure

in the game. They don't purposely mislead, but at the same time they don't want to confuse needlessly. It's impossible, naturally, to be right all of the time because even the spotters, who don't have to describe the play so can concentrate on figuring it out, often err in identifying their team-mates. If an announcer has said that guard Jones stopped a two-yard center buck and then discovered it was tackle Smith, he won't bother to change his statement at the moment. But he will instantly correct errors on key men and plays that affect the final score for he doesn't want to be a "liar in the headlines" and have the newspaper stories, written after the game is over, differ radically from his account of what happened.

It's easy to see now that, no matter how enthusiastic he sounds it isn't all a lark to the man announcing a football game. He has to put in plenty of preparation before he faces the mike, and once there he's got to talk for almost three hours without a letup. Most of what he says is ad lib, yet it must be coherent and interesting at all

With words he has to paint a picture that never really has been on canvas and yet include every last detail of the picturesque panorama of the colorful crowd, the cheers, bands and glee clubs. At the same time he must keep his eye on the ball so that he can call a play not only as he sees it, but the split second he sees it. For if he doesn't the crowd will beat him to the roar and that's the tip-off that he's not right on top of, but lagging behind, the action. Now you understand why I, who "see" most football games via radio, now listen with new ears, so to speak, when out of my loudspeaker come those words that signal the start of another sports session: "Good afternoon, football fans . . . !'



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## Fighting Men—and No Foolin'

[Continued from page 57]

fastened tightly around him. And, when news of the Armistice came he was so o cited, he says, that he ripped off the life-belt and tossed it into the sea. And what do you think happened? The blamed thing immediately sank to the bottom of the sea!

Was Herb's face a study? You said it!

And Paul Lukas and Buck Jones and
Jack Holt and Lucien Littlefield and Melyn Douglas-all were very much right there in the thick of things, too.

Other World War participants in Hollywood today, who honor the day in their own way with varied memories, include John Miljan, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, Walter Con-nolly, Conrad Nagle, Otto Kruger, Alan Mowbray, Lynne Overman, Edgar Kennedy, Nelson Eddy, Spencer Tracy, Wal Pidgeon, Bruce Cabot and Porter Hall.

Yes, Armistice Day is a day of memories for them-and for many others like them in Hollywood as elsewhere.

In the midst of the mad whirling of the motion picture cameras, your favorite actor undoubtedly pauses . . . to reflect once more . . . for a fleeting moment, if no more . . on the shadowy scenes of another day . . . twenty years back. . . .

## Picture-Stealers Spotted

[Continued from page 17]

carry a picture. The advent of talking pictures marked an advance in the literacy of the moving pictures, and as the I. Q. of Hollywood moved up in decimal points the barons of film imported the great dramatists of the world. The greater writers brought rounded stories and rounded plots that depended not upon ONE characterization, but upon many characterizations. That was a happy day for the players who never might become stars because of physical limitations, but who, cast in a supporting role, could turn in a bit of make-believe that was enthralling and absorbing in its completeness.

As the discrimination of movie fans was enlarged and sharpened they turned more and more from the star of the piece to comment upon the excellence of a minor principal. As appreciation developed and was manifest in fan mail, the supporting players took on new dignity. In "Rain" a minor principal played a drunk scene so brilliantly that a star was born in the person of Edward Arnold. In "100 Men and a Girl" a taxicab driver, allotted only a few minutes on the screen, occupied himself so aptly that his performance caused hats to be tossed in the air. His name, you remember, was Frank Jenks. In "Mannequin" Joan Crawford was the star, but what about Elizabeth Risdon, whose celfuloid etching of the dishwashing, patient mother added strength and sincerity to la Crawford as the daughter?

It is worth while to note, however, that while the rest of the country acclaims the supporting player, the Hollywood stars take a different slant on the entire matter. In Hollywood the supporting player is known in the professional ranks as a "scene stealer." The Academy may reward a supporting player, but the stars look upon him suspiciously, for many a star has learned to his or her sorrow that the supporting player of today is the star of tomorrow. So the star calls them scene stealers and attributes grand larceny to their every move on the screen. More than one star having seen the rushes of a picture (the daily grist of the celluloid mill), has rushed to the head of the studio and demanded that certain scenes be deleted or reshot because in those scenes a supporting player, either through talent or camera tricks, has usurped the dominance and authority of the star.

The Hollywood gag, now trite, about 'the face on the cutting room floor" was no gag or joke to the supporting players. Too often had they found themselves scissored out of a picture in which they had only sinned by performing too well. Stars, protecting themselves against the day of release, watch every member of the cast with hawklike eyes to see that they are not photographed too glamorously, that they are not given choice lines, that they are not given scenes that are "fat" in dialogue content.

You can sympathize with the star, while indicating the methods used, because this is a dog-eat-dog business, to put it in its most unsavory light. The star, once he or she is on top, knows from the experience of others that it's a short life and not always a merry one. So they protect them-selves by a twenty-four hour a day guard against those supporting players who are smart enough to steal the picture.

Gregory Ratoff, Beulah Bondi, Etienne Girardot, Leo Carrillo, Allen Jenkins, Walter Brennan, and Akim Tamiroff are a few others so expert that they can pull attention away from the star of a piece and focus it upon themselves. Recall Brennan as Swan Bostrom, the Swede timber boss, in "Come and Get It?" Recall Tamiroff in "Buccaneers" when Brennan and Tamiroff were thrown together in the same scene. Here were two of the most accomplished scene stealers in the business directly at grips, and on the night of the preview the entire Hollywood audience leaned forward in its seats to see which one of them would come off the winner. It was a draw right up to the last seconds of the scene they were playing, but Brennan, chewing tobacco, suddenly bethought himself to make believe that he was going to squirt tobacco juice in Tamiroff's face. Tamiroff for once could not top another player and so retired with great dignity from camera range. Brennan, according to the Hollywood ref-

erees, had earned the decision by a shade. In "Life Begins at College" the Ritz brothers were starred, but it was Support-ing Player Nat Pendleton, as the bewildered Indian student, who almost stole the picture. Because of their numbers the Ritz brothers are almost immune to the scene-stealing threats of supporting players, so Pendleton's feat takes on added importance. In "A Star is Born" astute Fredric March and film-wise Janet Gaynor had all they

could do to stand off Lionel Stander as the press agent. The late Ted Healy, because of his instinct for stagecraft, had stars tearing out their hair. In every scene the brilliant Healy would do something with hands or face to pull the audience attention to him.

Spencer Tracy is one of the few Hollywood stars who do not fear supporting players. The reason is that Tracy depends upon a low key for his effects. He talks softly, he reacts almost imperceptibly. As a result he makes almost any other performer look crude and violent by comparison. Now, Luise Rainer is a pretty fair actress, if you enjoy that sort of histrionics. M-G-M teamed up Miss Rainer with Tracy in "Big

City," and he made her appear so actorish that her fans let out a roar of pained rage that bounced from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed slopes of Califorina. Tracy, underplaying, made her seem hysterical. If you don't believe that Joan Crawford is a mighty darn good actresss, see her in "Mannequin" with Tracy and note how well she measures up to him, for there are few in the business who can play opposite him without dire results.

Some supporting players become scene stealers without a deliberate plan of larceny in mind. For instance, in "Conquest" the veteran Maria Ouspenskaya, product of years on the legitimate stage, had nothing but the kindliest feeling toward Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, the stars. To the veteran Maria this was just another picture, rendered more interesting than most, perhaps, by the presence of Garbo, but still just another chore of make-believe. Yet without any intention on her part, and solely due to the veteran's consummate artistry, she stole a scene from Boyer and Garbo as casually as you'd light a match. It was in the scene where Boyer, as Napoleon, comes to visit Garbo, with whom he is smitten. Mme. Ouspenskaya, thus thrown into a scene with Boyer and Garbo, delivered her lines over the card table so magnificently and enacted the "business" of the scene so brilliantly that the audience had eyes for nobody else.

These veterans cannot be described as scene stealers. They are in the truest sense

of the word supporting players, giving noble support to the stars. John Barrymore, for instance, as the drink-maddened lawyer in "True Confession," leering at Carole Lombard, brought a psychopathic quality to the picture that added shadow and form to the

entire document.
In "Tovarich" Basil Rathbone, in the dinner table sequence, as the commissar,



Sigrid Gurie relaxing at Lake Arrowhead after her good work in "Algiers." She was the discarded sweetheartsomething wrong there.

stole the scene simply by the intense quality of his voice. Everybody else in the picture was shrill and high-pitched. Rathbone's delivery was a change in pace, and people went out of the theater with an indelible impression of his expert restraint.

In "Wells Fargo" there were two grand

supporting performances on the part of Bob Burns and Barney Siegal, who played the "ugh-ugh" Indian brave. Siegal's per-formance was all the more interesting because he never said a word, but the critics raved over what he did and the manner in which he did it, proving that silence can be golden even on a silver celluloid

Inevitable it was that the Academy would take cognizance of the part that the supporting performers play in the success of the pictures that are sent out of this town in an endless stream. Producers of pictures and exhibitors already had taken notice, because your movie fan is alert and responsive to every gem of acting. Long before the Academy decided to award prizes to the supporting players, movie fans had awarded their own prizes, in the most practical fashion. They told theater managers that such-and-such a player was great in a minor role. The theater manager passed the word along to Hollywood, and minor players were startled suddenly by increases in salary and long-term contracts that seemed to descend from the clouds without rime or reason.

Hollywood will tell you that the expert supporting player occupies a unique and advantageous niche in the industry. For this reason: The star gets a huge salary and must earn it back by drawing people into theaters. Once the star fails to serve as a box-office magnet, he will be dismissed summarily. But the supporting player, get-ting a big salary but not an exorbitant one, can go along year after year making a grand living without any obligation. The supporting player is never blamed if a picture flops, and by virtue of his limited appearance on the screen the percentage is all in his favor to click. The star, on the screen most of the time, is exposed constantly to criticism and must justify his salary.

The most contented folk out here are the supporting players. They support the stars, but the industry supports them right nobly, and now even the Academy has minted silver statuettes in token of the industry's loving and grateful regard. It's nice work if you can get it nice work if you can get it.



OU can't blame a Hollywood star for the talent in the world won't hold a star's popularity . . . once the appealing charm of freshness fades.

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## Trouble from Broadway

[Continued from page 55]

come alive . . . then, when you think you've got it, having the director yell "cut" and politely pick your work to pieces . . . encouraging you and telling you you're lousy at the same time

In fact, she didn't suspect a thing until Barney Eldridge inadvertantly sprang the cat from the bag. Barney disliked Roger with a degree of feeling bordering on ecstasy, but he was not the back-stabbing type-which helped distinguish him from most of the rest of Hollywood. Besides, his devotion to Eloise was something real, and he would have protected Roger to spare her any pain.

In other words, it was just one of those unfortunate slips.

He was griping-more to himself than to Eloise-as he drove her home from the

studio one evening.
"That friend of Roger's probably isn't the worst actress in the world, but she's a cinch to be somewhere in the money

"Which friend of Roger's?" asked Eloise conversationally.

"That Gloria LaVerne number. The one from New York."

Eloise sat up. "From New York!"

That started it.

At first Eloise went home and had a good cry. Then she got mad. And when Eloise Sargent got mad, there was bound to be a detonation heard for miles around. This time she smashed a couple of forty dollar bottles of L'Heure Bleu, grabbed the phone, and started to bellow. When Eloise got mad, her voice flew down the scale and took on a sturdy, two-fisted timbre. The result was an unmistakable bellow.

"Barney? I'm going to give a party, and everybody's going to be there . . . including Gloria LaVerne. I want you to see that she's present!"

At the other end of the wire Barney winced. He knew that tone and all that it heralded.

"Now, take it easy, Eloise. There's no sense in

"It will be a jolly party! A riot of fun for old and young!"
"What'll it get you? Now, listen . . ."

"Shut up and do what I tell you, you

insubordinate pup!"

Barnèy heard the receiver slam down at the other end of the line. He shook his head and sighed.

It was a real party . . . in the very best Hollywood tradition. Not like most of Eloise's parties, to which only a small, literate, and well-behaved group were invited. Her hillside home was jammed to the curtain rods. A slam-bang, polo-shirt-and-sport-coat free-for-all it was, with the flow of liquor paralleled only by the steady stream of loose talk. The cigarette damage alone ran close to a thousand dollars.

Barney arrived with Gloria, holding her by the arm gingerly . . . as he might hold a highball that had gone flat. Gloria was radiant, marching up the walk swinging her hips with cheerful abandon.

Eloise was at the door to meet them, Barney handling the introduction in a manner that would have done credit to a stunned longshoreman. To his bewilderment, Eloise was as sweet as a hive-full of honey. But behind that honeyed smile and sugary greeting, Barney detected an ominous note-like the buzzing of many bees.

Still, Gloria held the upper hand and she knew it. She had a self-assured air, but her eyes were watchful and cagey. They took in everything in quick, appraising glances.

"So nice of you to come," said Eloise,

sizing her up in that inch-by-inch feminine

Gloria's eyes were still roving.

"Thanks.

Even Barney knew that wasn't the right thing to say.

"I've heard so much about you . . . your contract and all.

"Have you? That was supposed to be sort of a secret.

"Secrets will leak out, you know."
Gloria gave her a funny look. "And there's not much anyone can do about it, is there?" She turned to Barney. "Fetch me a drink, lambie. Let's get in the party mood!"

Barney spun around, clawed his way to the nearest waiter, and gulped a martini and two side-cars.

All the oxygen in the house had been exhausted, and the party had reached the flushed-faced, contentious stage when Roger entered the front door. Nodding and smiling, he worked his way over to the corner where he spied Eloise.

He greeted her brightly. "Hello, darling. Wonderful party. And so practical of you

. . no waste space."
Eloise laughed gaily. She was more than a little high. "It's rather clubby, isn't it?" "Clubby's the word. The very air is like

blackjack. Confidentially, aren't you the

girl who doesn't like Hollywood parties?"
"This is different," exclaimed Eloise.
"This is a reunion. Old friends and that sort of thing. By the way, I want you to meet someone. This little girl has just been given a contract, and everyone tells me she has a multitude of talents. Miss LaVerne . . . Mr. Lawrence."

Roger looked up at the girl who had just approached. He paled and fought with

"How do you do," he wheezed. "Hot in

"We've met," smiled Gloria.

"Really?" said Eloise in her best hostess

"I'm afraid I don't . . ." began Roger

lamely.
"In New York, Mr. Lawrence," said

"Yes, Roger, don't you remember?" Roger was suddenly aware that Eloise's voice had descended a full octave and was rapidly picking up volume. People stopped talking and looked around.

'Surely you remember New York, Roger, where you had such fun two-timing me with Miss LaVerne? It isn't possible that you could have forgotten so soon, is it, my darling, deceitful, two-faced rat of a Roger?

Where thirty seconds before there had been a pounding din, there was now a taut, breathless silence. Someone dropped a glass, and it sounded like doom cracking up.

Roger tried to laugh. "Wait just a minute, darling, and I'll get you a soap box. I don't think the boys in the back room heard you."

"I'd appreciate it if you would take Miss LaVerne and leave my party!" Eloise's voice never carried so well.

In ten minutes everyone was gone but Barney. Eloise sat glumly on the couch watching him go around the room finish-

ing up the hors d'oeuvres.
"Well, you really told him," commented

Barney, his mouth full. 'You said it.'

"Rudolph won't like it a bit, but who's Rudolph?

"Sure. Who's Rudolph?"

Barney filled his mouth before answering. "Nobody."

"You said it."

"Listen. You're well rid of that ham. I never liked him.

Eloise got her handkerchief up just in

time to head off two large tears.
"Look, Barney. Do me a favor, will you? Just eat in silence for the next couple of hours and don't say anything."

It was easy for Barney to eat, but not

to keep quiet.
"I don't want to step on any fresh graves, honey, but you know I'm mighty fond of

"Yes, Barney. And I'm fond of you."
"What I mean is . . . what's the matter

with me?"

"I don't know. Don't you feel well?" "Yes. I mean no. I'm in love with you,

She stared at him for one horrified moment, then burst out crying.

"Oh, Barney. You poor thing! I know just how you feel. Isn't it awful!"

"I tell her I love her," groaned Barney to Belva the next day, "and she dissolves into tears and says, 'Isn't it awful.' How do you like that?"

Belva sighed contentedly. "My heart bleeds for you, Barney."

"You're a good kid, Belva. Thanks for the sympathy. Too bad it doesn't do any good."

Rudolph was not pleased with his stars' romantic misbehavior. In fact, he went crazy. When Jimmie Fidler announced over the air that Eloise Sargent had tied the can to Roger Lawrence even before the completion of their co-starring picture, Rudolph began talking about tearing up her contract.

Then Barney resourcefully pointed out that this might bring them in at the box-office in bigger droves than ever. "The battling lovers co-starred in a rib-tickling, side-splitting farce, 'Love's a Bargain'!" Rudolph smiled and started eating regularity

larly again.

As for Eloise, she was relentless. Each time she saw Roger it was like touching a live wire to an open wound. She put on an eight-hour-per-day demonstration of shrill, razor-edged temperament. For each member of the "Love's a Bargain" company, the set became a little bit of hell. She didn't like the direction, she didn't like the photography, she didn't like the sets, and, with special emphasis, she didn't like Roger Lawrence.

Roger soothed, explained, and cajoled till his head rang, and then he only succeeded in opening up a new mother lode

of invective.

One day he blew up and screamed back at Eloise. That night he took Gloria to the La Maze and had champagne with dinner. The next night it was Lindy's, then the Brown Derby, then the Cock and Bull, then the Trocadero.

Jealousy gave way to despair. The awful realization struck Eloise that she had lost Roger. It was useless to keep repeating to herself that she no longer loved him.

Those days were agony for Barney, too. There could be no worse torture for him than to be compelled to watch Eloise suffer. He tried kidding her and babying her and jollying her with bluff heartiness. And each time it was like trying to swim in a barrel of soft dough.

Then he remembered something. He remembered that Eloise had a whale of a

He waited till the time was ripe, then

he got busy.

They were eating lunch together in the studio commissary, sitting at a small table on the far side of the room. Eloise had gotten so she would eat with no one but Barney. She didn't want to talk, and he kept his mouth shut. On this day Barney maintained his usual discreet silence until



\*Andrea Leeds' hands thrill Joel McCrea in Universal hit "Youth Takes a Fling"

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Roger and Gloria entered and were seated on the other side of the room. Gloria wore a stunning mink coat that appeared to be brand new.

Eloise didn't look up, but Barney knew she had seen them. He took a firmer grip on his fork and inhaled.

'They seem to be getting along pretty well."

"Yes." Eloise looked up quickly, blushing clear through her makeup. "Who?" "Roger and Gloria."

She jabbed at her food with sudden

fervor.
"I don't care if they're wallowing in compatibility. What Roger and that leprous girl do is of so little consequence to me that I'm bored at the mere mention of their names.'

"You know something honey?" said Barney pleasantly. "I think your attitude's all wrong. She's a pretty nice kid when you get to know her. I was surprised.

Eloise raised her head, the look of a woman betrayed in her eyes. Barney was reminded of a trusting sheep being led to slaughter. He resumed.

"Say what you like, she's a fighter. Goes

after what she wants.'

"I'm glad you're so open-minded." Eloise bent a mental crowbar over the head of her publicity man.

"Sure. She's just a normal girl with normal impulses. She wanted Roger, so she set out after him."

"And got him."

"You And she'll have on to him."

"Yep. And she'll hang on to him." "But fine. Fine! What do I care?"

Barney grabbed his chop and chewed vigorously on it to hide his emotion. Eloise's voice had dropped noticeably in timbre and had picked up volume.

"Of course you don't care. If I thought you did, do you think I'd talk like this to you? Do you think I'd tell you that Roger

just bought her that mink coat. . .?"

'And was looking at Beverly Hills property for her

"What did you. . .?"

"And was talking to Rudolph about making a picture with her?"

Eloise laid her hand in the salad and

rose from her chair.
"I'll kill her! I'll kill them both!" waitress shied into the air and spilled soup into an executive's ear. "I'll take a scalpel and bone them like a pair of mackerel!"

That noon Barney left a fifteen cent tip-five cents more than he had ever tipped a waitress in his life.

Half an hour later Barney was sitting in his office listening to Eloise fume as she paced up and down the carpet. At intervals Barney tossed in a snappy remark or two to keep the bile flowing.

In the midst of the tirade, Barney opened drawer of his desk in a quiet, matterof-fact manner, drew forth a large mahogany box, and opened it. A dozen or so knives of every variety lay exposed to view. Unconcernedly he selected one with a broad, vicious blade and an intricately carved handle and began polishing it with a cloth.

"I'm telling you," said Barney. oughta have a talk with Gloria."

"I'd like to sing at her funeral!" Eloise turned and hauled up short. "What are you doing with that cut-

lery?"
"This," explained Barney with great deliberation, "is my collection of rare knives."
"Knives?"

'Knives."

"What for?"

"I don't know. It's a collection." Then, by way of making himself clear . . . "Of

"Oh." Eloise's eyes took on a dreamy quality. "It would be nice to work on her with your collection.

"Now, listen to me," admonished Barney severely. "It won't do anybody any good if you try rough stuff."

"You don't think I'd do anything like that do you you idio?"

that, do you, you idiot?"
"Well, I'm just telling you, that's all."

He rose abruptly, leaving the knives on his desk.

T've gotta see a man. Be right back.' When Barney walked onto Stage 5 a few minutes later, they were adjusting the lights on a hotel lobby set, amidst much hammering and shouting. Gloria was sitting in a corner reading a fan magazine. She looked gorgeous in the mink coat. Barney dropped into a seat beside her.

"How's the career going, honey?" Gloria looked up from her magazine re-

Barney smiled . . . a big Irish smile. Just curious. Thought I'd write a little

publicity yarn about you."
"Really?" Gloria closed her magazine and showed her dimples. "That's nice. What're you gonna write about me?"

Barney looked her straight in the eye. "I had in mind something deep down , a searching portrait of the real you. I wanta get beneath the surface. Why don't you come over to my office?"

'Oh, yeah?'

"To talk, I mean. It's too noisy here." "Oh, to talk. Well, okey doke.

As they walked toward the Publicity Building, Barney became confidential.

"It's a relief to talk to somebody human for a change. I'm just about fed up on that Sargent dame."

"You're fed up on her? How about me? That's all Roger can talk about. Half the time he calls me Eloise.

That must be aggravating."

"Aggravating! Do you wanta hear something that'll really peel your skin?" Gloria didn't wait for an answer. "He buys me this coat, see? It comes today with a card-Love to Gloria from Roger-and what does he do?"
"Tell me," begged Barney.

"He says he never bought it and I have to send it back. I'm telling you, he's nuts! Barney glanced around him warily.

"You think he's nutty. You oughta see that Sargent dame. She's whacky!"

'No!'

"Yeah! She's got ideas that folks are out to get her.

'I can't believe it!"

"It's terrible. She's even taken up knifethrowing. Carries a knife or two with her most of the time. I told Rudolph just the other day, I said, 'Rudolph, that girl's a menace'."

Outside his office Barney paused. "You go in and sit down," he told Gloria. "I want to get a photographer.'

Gloria entered and closed the door before she saw Eloise. She moaned imperceptibly and reached for the door knob.

"Oh. Well. I didn't know. I'll come back later.'



Whitney Bourne is supporting Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "The Mad Miss Manton." Her career is bursting into life again!

"Just a minute," snapped Eloise. "I want to talk to you.

"No you don't, honey. There's nothing to talk about. Is there? Well, ta ta."
"Sit down!"

"Of course!" Gloria grunted and sat down.

Eloise looked at the mink coat, and her cheeks fairly sizzled.

"I want an explanation," she bellowed.
"Certainly. Of course you want an explanation. I wonder what can be keeping

"Never mind Barney. What is there be-

tween you and Roger?

Eloise strode over to the desk in the manner of a prosecuting attorney. It was at this moment that Gloria caught sight of the knives. A horrible picture flashed across her mind . . . a picture of herself being carved up like a juicy roast. Her teeth started chattering like castenets.

"Who, me and Roger? Good friends. I would scarcely even say good friends. Just

Eloise picked up a long, jeweled poniard and whirled around.

"Friends?"

Gloria chuckled crazily.

"Did I say friends? We really aren't friends at all. He doesn't care much for me, and I can't stand the sight of him."
"You're lying!"

"I wouldn't lie to you, honey. I wouldn't even exaggerate. He bores me to distinc-

"You mean to extinction, don't you? To death?"

"Oh, honey, don't use that word!"

There was a sudden pounding of feet in the hall. Then Barney's voice yelled, "Don't try to reason with her. Knock the door down!"

Three shoulders hit the door simultaneously, and it sprang open, revealing Roger, a policeman, and Barney. "Grab her!" yelled Barney.

The policeman made a dive and pinned Gloria to her chair. She was too startled to do more than gasp Roger threw his arms around Eloise and held her tight. Then he

took the knife from her hand. "Thank heaven," he breathed. "You got

it away from her!"

Eloise let her lower jaw sag. "Huh?" she said.

"She's too scared to talk, poor kid," said Barney. Who wouldn't be, after being attacked by a nutty dame with a knife?" He looked straight at Eloise and closed one

Sure. Who wouldn't be?" said Eloise with sudden enthusiasm, snuggling closer

"She's dangerous," said Roger. "Tried to tell me I sent her that coat. No telling what she'll do next."

Gloria managed to assume at least par-

tial control of her vocal chords.
"Dirty lie!" she yelped. "Filthy trick if I ever saw one." "Frame-up.

"Careful what you say, young woman," snapped Barney. "I'm not sure that Miss Sargent won't take this to court."

Gloria grew purple.

Why, you double-crosser! I never saw those knives before in my life, and you

For a moment a suspicious look crossed Roger's face. But Barney only laughed.

'Maybe so and maybe not. But they're signed out of the Prop Department in your name!" He nodded to the cop. "Very well, Gerald. You may dispose of her now, if you will."

That evening Barney bought a box of chocolates and went over to see Belva. He had to tell somebody about his Machiavelian cunning in bringing Eloise and Roger back together . . . that and his

supreme sacrifice.

Belva was properly awed. "Barney," she sighed. "You're wonderful. And a real nobleman, too.

Barney blushed and ate half a dozen chocolates. He scarcely noticed the ache in his heart.

At the sneak preview of "Love's a Bargain," Barney and Belva sat close together and held hands. Directly in front of them

sat Roger and Eloise.

"Really, darling," whispered Eloise sweetly, "I don't see any sense in lying about it. The whole episode is closed."

"I guess you don't hear very well," hissed Roger. "I didn't buy her any mink coat, and I didn't price any property for her."

The man in front of them turned around.

"Hey, pipe down," he said.
"The coat came in your name, Roger dear, and you did talk to a real estate

"I'm telling you, they both came un-ordered. And they both went back!"

The man in front turned around again. "If you two mugs don't pipe down, I'm callin' the usher, see?"

"Just keep out of this, brother," re-

sponded Roger warmly.

"How would you like for me to let one go in your direction?" asked the man menacingly.

"I'd like it fine. Why?"

Barney leaned forward and tapped Roger on the shoulder.

"I sent that coat," he said. "And I sent for the real estate man. Now shut up and let us watch your lousy picture.'

Ten minutes later Roger turned around. "You're a pretty handy guy," he said. "How about you and Belva flying over to Yuma with us tonight? For witnesses, you

"Why not?" said Barney, and sniggered. "You can do the same for us."

# Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT. EVERY TIME



Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

I'M OUTDOORS A LOT-THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM -- IT SMOOTHS AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES - HOLDS POWDER AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO



Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

\*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

# The Timal Thing A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



N Bing Crosby's latest picture, he qualified as an actor. Perhaps the reason was that the screen character he was playing came nearer to his own life. (He had to sing and he bought a race horse). Anyway, the evening with Bing was a very pleasant one. You no doubt had the same experience.

The problem for the director in one of Bing's pictures-in fact in any singer's picture—is to get the song in and yet to maintain the swing and forward march ('rhythmic flow') of the story. The clever brains of the studios have thought of everything. One good stunt was in Lily Pons' first picture, "I Dream Too Much," when she was on a carousel with the camera following her around. She remained in the center of the screen, but the crowd whirled past—a perfect scheme. "In Congress Dances" Lilian Harvey rode in an open barouche through cheering crowds of friends and sang. Thus maintaining song and motion. Nelson Eddy, in "Rosalie," sang a serenade and the girls all came to the windows, a pleasant plan that again prevented the song from breaking the story in two.

Few of you fans realize how hard the picture makers strive to reach artistic levels. The double page scene from "Sweethearts' in this issue shows how the movement of the dancers, behind the principals, keeps the story rushing along.

Leaving the problems of picture making to those so competent to solve them, let us marvel once again at the wonder of screen entertainment-and we mean "Boys' Town." You probably have already been one of an audience, as we were, to be swept away from Now and today's shoddy incidents, to the place in Nebraska where a good man found good all about him. If not, you must see this picture.

We came out of the theatre, after seeing it, with wet eyes but no sadness. No harrowing make-believe had moved us to tears. Instead we were filled with pleasant pride.

We were proud that great men perfected the moving picture apparatus, that great writers have shared their gifts with the talented actors and we were glad that we are connected with the great art of the are connected with the great art of the screen, even though our activities are on the very edge of the fringe of the great industry. Our forgotten beliefs were all brightly glowing, for the picture had made us happily certain that everywhere it is shown, people, millions of them, will be in that same mood. Because of this victure that same mood. Because of this picture, and the unequalled spiritual power of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, faith in charity and in kindness will blaze up again across the world.

That evening no panhandler begged of us in vain, but, through the magic of our gratitude to him, our gifts seemed to go to Father Flanagan of Boys' Town.

Elwitor

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-	Service Service	72				73						74				
75					76			(4	77				78			

ACROSS

1 Bibulous agent in "Professor Beware"

8 Publisher in "Four's A Crowd"

14 Famous opera

15 Algerian detective in "Algiers"

16 Instigate

17 Measure of length (abbr.)

18 Comedian in "Zaza"

16 Instigate
17 Measure of length (abbr.)
18 Comedian in "Zaza"
19 Wicked
20 Sun god
21 Star of "Professor Beware" (initials)
22 Uneven
24 Arid
25 Degree (abbr.)
27 Large tropical serpents
29 Period of time
31 Prickly flower-head
36 Heiress in "Professor Beware"
34 Higher up
35 In "Four's a Crowd"
37 To manifest affection
39 Brazilian cuckoo
40 Plant root used for medicinal purposes
41 Taxi driver in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
44 Large covered wagon
45 Young goat
46 Young goat
47 Be seated
48 Feminine name
50 Type measure
51 Find the sum of

48 Feminine name
50 Type measure
52 Find the sum of
55 Speech of hesitancy
56 "Dr. Clitterhouse" himself
59 Russian actor in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"
60 One of the Lane sisters
63 Shirley's dancing partner in "Little Miss Broadway" (abbr.)
65 Radio singer
66 Instruments for opening locks
67 Star of "Marie Antoinette"
70 Flower
71 Indefinitely long period of time
73 Adorn

72 Indefinitely long period of the control of the c

To free Paid publicity Bartender in "Port of Seven Seas"

4 Bartender in Port of Seven Seas
5 Resound
6 Tract of ground enclosed
7 Aged
8 Vat used for bleaching
9 Fleet of ships
10 One of the amusing "burns" in "Professor Beware"

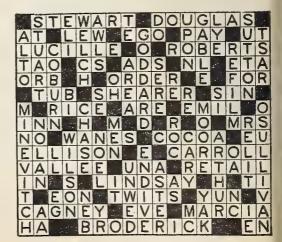
11 Measure of weight (abbr.)

12 Ever (poet.)
13 A well-known comedian
21 Mrs. Hardy in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"
23 Prohibit
24 Rich young man in "Three Blind Mice"
26 Reach one's destination
27 Man's name
28 Roughly built house
30 Soon to be seen in "If I Were King"
31 Hat
32 Large mythical bird

Hat
Large mythical bird
Circus performer in "I'd Give a Million"
French girl in "Algiers"
Troubled father in "White Banners"
In "Marie Antoinette"
Thoroughfare (abbr.)
Fyists

Thoroughfare (abbr.)
Exists
Mexican plant root
Changes direction
With James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"
Offends
In "Gangs of New York"
Native girl in "Algiers"
Star of "Algiers"
Our continent (abbr.)
501 (Rom.)
Famous opera singer
Organ of hearing
Mother in "My Bill"
Head covering
Organ of sight
Shade tree

#### Answer To Last Month's Puzzle







that's why more and more smokers are turning to Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste

They Satisfy .. millions

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A 1939 GIRL



"THREE FLOPS AND YOU'RE OUT!"



# "Well, I certainly did my smile no favor-Neglecting that tinge of 'pink'!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE Foolish, foolish you! The loveliest smile in the world grows dim if neglected. And you neglected yours.

Oh yes you did! Of course you brushed your teeth every day. But you never gave a

thought to your gums, did you? You suspected that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush meant trouble, but you just didn't bother!

Well, today you're going to see your dentist (it's the sensible thing to do)! Today you're going to learn that gums as well as teeth need special care! And if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage you're going to follow his advice—if you want to recapture that lovely, appealing, winning smile!

## Guard Against "Pink Tooth Brush" And Protect Your Smile

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide if there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll say your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work to help keep them firm and strong.

All too frequently our modern foods are too soft, too well-cooked to give our gums the stimulation they need for better health. Understand this—and you'll appreciate why modern dentists so frequently advise the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

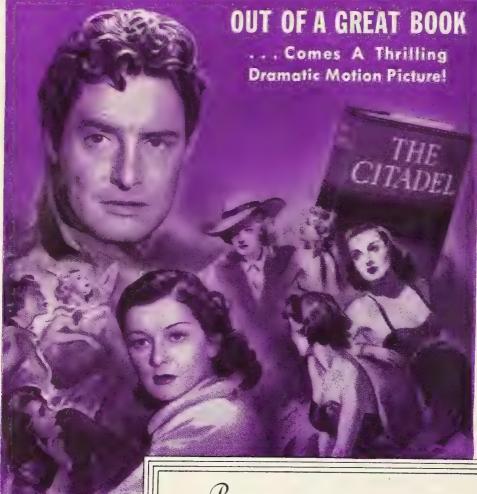
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Don't risk your smile! Get a famous and economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to keep your smile a winning smile!





IPANA TOOTH PASTE



Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT Rosalind RUSSELL

IIIANDE

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with RALPH RICHARDSON REX HARRISON-EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

\* \* \*

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

\* \* \*

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

"Sweethearts" is their first modern musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Fore-



cast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free! Just call me Leo

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

Beautiful Women

will never let you

starve, doctor -

just cultivate a

bedside manner!"

## REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

DECEMBER, 1938

VOLUME NINE NUMBER TWO

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON Western Editor

STORIES AND ARTICLES

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

PAGE

## CONTENTS

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A 1939 GIRL	MARIAN RHEA	16
The New Beauty Specifications FLASHSHOTS	JEROME ZERBE	18
PROJECTION OF MERLE OBERON	LIZABETH WILSON	20
The Girl With The Personality  CAPTURING JESSE JAMES!		22
RADIO TYPES THEM FOR KEEPS	RUTH ARELL	24
"CALLING ALL GHOSTS!" Good Enough		26
The Movie Houses Awaken The Headliners Of Yesterday GAMES TO MAKE YOUR PARTY GO!		28
"THREE FLOPEROOS AND YOU'RE OUT!"L.	AURENCE MORGAN	30
No Career Can Survive Bad Pictures  CHRISTMAS BETWEEN FRIENDS	LOUISE WALKER	32
Gifts That Have A Meaning HEDY'S HERE!	Robert Joseph	34
Hollywood Adores Europe's Siren ANOTHER EAST SIDE GENIUS	S. R. Mook	51
John Garfield Adds His Name To A Famous List PERSONALITY COMES IN ALL SIZESANNABELLE		52
The Conquering Adolescents		
MONTHLY FEATURES		
THE OPENING CHORUS. TIPS ON PICTURES.		5 8
THESE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS!	MARY LEE	10
Make Them Happy By Planned Giving KEEP THIN WITH GELATINE AND ASPIC	RUTH CORBIN	12
Cold Dishes Are Nice For Light Meals TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS		15
PICTURES ON THE FIRE	S. R. Mook	54
Silver Screen's Studio Survey REVIEWS WRITE A LETTER OF CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.		58 62
Prize Awarded To The Best Letter A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE		82
THE FINAL FLING.	ELIOT KEEN	82
ART SECTION		
WE POINT WITH PRIDE.		35
To Mickey Rooney THE GIRLS WHOM HOLLYWOOD IS WATCHING		
SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTURES.		8–aa
Where To Spend Your Christmas Money PERSONALITY PLAYERS		0-41
Is Glamour Taking The Place Of Art? THE BIG PICTURE OF THE MONTH		2-42
Silver Screen's Masterpiece Series TOP-NOTCHERS		
This Season's Hats SWINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT		
Glamorous Evening Gowns PICTURES PLANNED FOR NOVEMBER RELEASES	4	8-40
A Film For Every Mood HOW TO SPEND \$2,000,000!		50
Shooting "Suez"	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	50

COVER PORTRAIT OF MERLE OBERON BY MARLAND STONE

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The Opening From



Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA

EAR BOSS:
Well, I guess you wish I'd stop
playing games sometimes and get hep
to the fact that there are such important
things in this world as work and deadlines,
but we might just as well face it, I am an
escapist, and it's too late to do anything
about it now. When there are drearier
things for me to escape than work and
deadlines, you can be quite certain that I

will escape them.

Lately I have been playing a game in the better poolrooms—I mean playrooms—of Hollywood, which some people call "Geography" and some people don't call at all, being completely mystified by the whole thing. This game is guaranteed to salvage a party fast sinking into the doldrums; the guests who planned to leave at ten-thirty stay on to one and two trying

to figure it out.

Now I shall tell you how to play this game so that you, too, can be the life of the party. If there is no one among the guests who has ever played the game (and always make sure of that in a quiet sort of way) you select one person to be in "cahoots" with you—preferably a mental type. I have chosen Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert with excellent results. Once, however, I chose a Glamour Girl, whom I discovered to my horror couldn't spell, but don't think I'm going to reveal her name—not with Christmas coming on I

Now this is the way the game goes. You use the first letter of the name of a city, town or country for your consonant. The five vowels, a-e-i-o-u, stand for the number of days and weeks. Now, the great mental giant goes into the next room, and all the unsuspecting little guests decide on a name of a movie star—we'll take Tyrone Power for example—and the person in "cahoots" calls to the g.m.g and says: "I was feeling bored last month so I decided to travel a bit. I went to Peoria and stayed four days, and from there I flew to Washington, where I remained two weeks and then took a train for Richmond. There I stayed indefinitely." Immediately, just like that, the g.m.g bellows "Tyrone Power."

Well, you can well imagine, sooner or later some smarty is going to catch on to those consonants anyway, so to throw them off you turn it into symbolic spelling. For instance, the guests ask for Greta Garbo, so the person in "cahoots" says, "Last week I went to Florida where I stayed two days, started to leave but liked it so much I stayed two more days, and then I left and went to Texas." In the language of us mystics that spells "feet," and "feet" in any language means Greta Garbo.

Lija



# love...

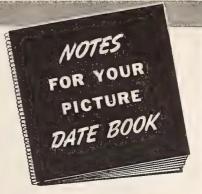
# IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your pearls upon a string

The world a ruby for your finger ring . . . "

Ronald Colman
in Frank Lloyd's

"IF I WERE KING"
with Frances Dee Basil Rathbone
Ellen Drew C. V. France Henry Wilcoxon
Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd
Screen Play by Preston Sturges
From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





"Men With Wings". the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"



"Escape From Leavenworth"...

Paramount's punche packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.

ASK YOUR
LOCAL
THEATRE
when these

Paramount Hits Play

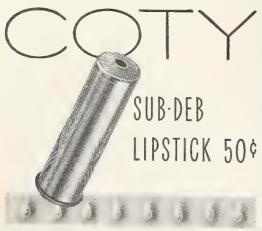


"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft... as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just  $50\phi$ .

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match... Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.



BOYS' TOWN—Splendid. Based on the true life story of Father Flanagan, who founded a little town called by this title out in Omaha, Nebraska, this film should capture the attention of all true humanitarians. Spencer Tracy plays the role of the loveable priest, and Mickey Rooney plays the Town's most unruly boy.

EDGE OF THE WORLD—Excellent. Tales of little known communities in far away corners of the world are always exciting adventures for us. This one, produced on the Island of Foula, off the Northwest coast of Scotland, concerns itself with the daily lives of a lonely group of Island natives and is intensely dramatic in spite of its great simplicity. Catch it at one of your arty theatres.

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Fine. A musical in the upper brackets, with Pat O'Brien playing the hard boiled manager of one of Hollywood's most exclusive night clubs, and Margaret Lindsay cast as his press agent. During a major predicament she unearths a hitherto unknown band led by John Payne and sees to it that her proteges "stay in the money." It has plenty of good songs and plenty of comedy, too. (Johnny Davis-Melville Cooper.)

GRAND ILLUSION—Excellent. This won a prize in France, where it was produced, a prize well-deserved, we think. To us it is superb screen literature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English subtitles make it very easy to follow, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric Von Stroheim.

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Good. Gloria Stuart cast as a very successful modern Portia married to a struggling young architect, Lanny Ross. Feeling definitely inferior to his wife in regard to money matters, Lanny takes a night job as the All-American Crooner at a smart cafe. Here he is accused of murder, on circumstantial evidence, and his wife proves her mettle by getting him acquitted.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE—Good. This inaugurates a new series of films featuring an Americanized Chinese detective (who was given birth in Collier's magazine recently). This characterization does not borrow from Charlie Chan in any way, and stands up right smartly on its own account, especially as portrayed by Boris Karloff. (Grant Withers, Maxine Jennings, Evelyn Brent.)

MAN TO REMEMBER, A—Fine. A simple country doctor is the subject of this truly human story of life as it is lived from day to day and year to year by the rank and file of us. How important a part the family physician had to play

in the lives of the people depicted in this story is only appreciated, unfortunately, after his death. (Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley, Lee Bowman.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Fair. This is a satire on the divorce colony at Reno and has its moments of humor, but they're not frequent enough. Hope Hampton plays the rôle of an opera singer who gets jittery when her wealthy ranch-owner husband demands that she give up her career. Result—a trip to Reno with fairly amusing results. Hope sings several operatic arias and several sentimental ditties, and acquits herself right nobly. Good cast includes Glenda Farrell, Randolph Scott, Helen Broderick.

SHADOWS OVER SHANGHAI—Good. It was inevitable that some company would eventually use war-torn China as the basis of a melodramatic film, and this is it. Good, too. It has all the ingredients needed to keep you interested—action, mystery, romance. And in the cast our old friends, James Dunn, Robert Barrat, Linda Grey.

SHARPSHOOTERS—Good. Beginning another exciting new series of films, to be centered in this case around a group of intrepid newsreel cameramen. This full length episode has to do with a mythical kingdom, the boy ruler of which is in desperate danger of having his life snuffed out by the country's political gangsters. (Brian Donlevy, Douglas Dumbrille, C. Henry Gordon, Lynn Bari, etc.)

STORY OF A CHEAT, THE—Splendid. A witty, extremely entertaining film produced, directed, and acted by the great Sacha Guitry, France's gift to the stage. It is philosophical as well as romantic—in fact has everything to capture the heart of all true lovers of distinguished foreign films. There are English subtitles to make it easy for you to understand. (Jacqueline Delubac-Rosine Dorean.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Good. After seeing this exciting football film, all your routing will go to the Army, especially with John Howard as the star and Mary Carlisle as the Major's pretty daughter. No, we're not telling you the plot. You already know it. But we can tell you that it's never been done better. (Robert Cummings-William Frawley.)

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Fine. The story of this may be pretty old stuff but it's told so spontaneously, and is photographed so beautifully against the natural setting of the gigantic California redwood forests, you'll like it all over again. Especially with Wayne Morris portraying the likeable young hero, Claire Trevor, the saloon owner who reforms, Alan Hale, the loyal lumberjack, and Charles Bickford playing the villain up to the hilt, as they say.

# "ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



# JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky... "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!



# THE DEAD END KIDS

as Themselves... Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!



ANN SHERIDAN as Laury..."I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From
A First National Picture



# PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly... "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"



## **HUMPHREY BOGART**

as Rocky's Mouthpiece ... "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

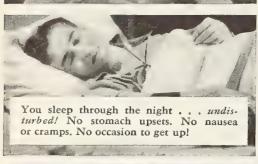


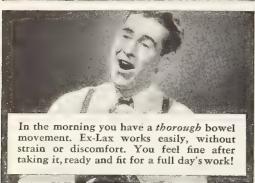
Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!



Directed by Michael Curtiz a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner Presented by WARNER BROS.







Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in  $10\phi$  and  $25\phi$  sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.



# SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC J. CHAS. McNEIL Free Exemination Send Your Pooms To

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To BACHELOR OF MUSIC 4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.



# THESE DAYS

BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

Make Them Happy, Though Hurried, By Planned Giving. Here Are Notes For Your List.



By Mary Lee

RAINS are working overtime. Budgets are stretching like Lastex. But all in a good cause. The cause of giving happiness. In shops and out we go, home with

bundles, and then thinking about it all and wondering if we've bought the right thing. The stars, too, are experiencing this same mental anguish. The stars give and give, family, friends, like the rest of us, and to associates and studio employes. We are certainly all up the same Christmas tree right now. But there are ways of simplifying even Christmas!

A very good way to get the right start for the holiday season is to sit down with paper and pencil.

Make a list of names, beginning with family, then on to friends or others. (To save time, do your card list now, also.) Figure about what you can spend for each, and you're

what you can spend for each, and you're getting somewhere. The sum total usually gives a shock, but this is to be expected.

The A#1 suggestion for the ladies is, of course, beauty. Perfume is a mystery all its own; make-up gives a new slant on life; nothing is more inspiring than a fresh manicure, and the lovely odds and ends that go on dressers, in drawers, closets, bathroom and travel bag have a special niche in each feminine heart.

If you can spend extravagantly, giving is less a problem. The smaller gift, however, takes real concentration, and so I stop there—if you want to spend one dollar, or a little more or less:

a little more or less:
For lovely fingertips, see Glazo's Sky
Tourist manicure set, in simulated pigskin
or black leather. Preparations and implements are of typical Glazo quality, and you
may choose polish in any of the smart

Tropical shades. Compact and complete; ideal, also, for the traveler. There are many other Glazo styles, too.

other Glazo styles, too.

I know you will like the La Cross Observatory manicure set, also, because it is as modern as tomorrow. All you need for a good manicure in a stream-lined plastic case. La Cross also offers many styles.

as modern as tomorrow. All you need for a good manicure in a stream-lined plastic case. La Cross also offers many styles.

Cutex has two bakelite container sets. One is known as Trump, and the other as Five Minute Set. Both are efficient, good looking, good gifts. Compact is a very special idea for the little girl who bites her nails. Give her a manicure set and vanity over her nice nails will urge her to overcome this adolescent habit. Compact is very inexpensive. There are many, many designs by Cutex.

Her Ladyship, in tan or black fabrikoid, holds the cherished Revlon preparations. silk lined, snap [Continued on page 66]

Marie Wilson thinks, and

rightly, too, that Omy Bath Essence changes bathing from

a chore to a luxury.



# GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR "A Star Is Born"

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR "Rupert of Hentzau"



GODDARD In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE "Mrs. Topper"



# GAYNOR

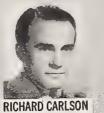
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKSJR.

> PAULETTE GODDARD

THE YOUNG HEART

> with ROLAND YOUNG BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson Directed by Richard Wallace Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. Released thru United Artists









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From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

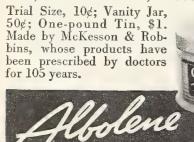


Cleansed radiantly soft, smooth with Hospital-proved

## Albolene Solid

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed with pure, wholesome Albolene Solid—the hospital-proved cleansing cream. (Used for 20 years in many leading hospitals to protect babies' skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate skin, won't grow hair or harden in pores. Gentle cleansing action clears pores of dirt and make-up, protects natural texture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.





or melody writers! Send for Outstand-ing, amazing offer. Seeing is believing.

Be convinced NOW!
Ray Hibbeler, C-19, 2157 N. Avers Av., Chicago, III.



At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

# KEEP THIN with GELATINE and ASPIC



Gold Dishes Are Nice For Light Meals.

By Ruth Corbin

Jacqueline Wells, appearing in "Thoroughbred," likes to serve her guests hot coffee after a cold luncheon.

## (All recipes pre-tested)

SPICS and gelatines . . . what an aid to every day living we can make of them if we use a little ingenuity and imagination. Drab left-over foods are improved and fresh ones made better by their addition. There are several good brands of these packaged aids but, per-sonally, I am more or less partial to Knox Gelatine. It is an old and ever reliable favorite with an unusually high standard of purity, and their new sweetened, flavored JELL is equally dependable. Unflavored gelatines, are, of course their they are colorless tasteless. always best; they are colorless, tasteless, sugar free, with a high protein content which makes them ideal for all food combinations. binations. In the accompanying recipes wherever gelatine is mentioned the brand used is Knox, unflavored, of course.

## MAROON SALAD

- 1 pint deep red beets
  1 cup boiled salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 envelopes gelatine
- 1/2 lemon
- i bunch celery
- 2 canned pimentoes or 1 fresh red sweet pepper

Here is a very new, colorful, seasonal salad, making its first bow in print. Heat boiled beets in liquid adding enough water to make 2½ cups of liquid. Rub beets through sieve. Soak gelatine 5 minutes in cold water to cover. Pour boiling hot liquid into bowl, add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Chill. When almost set add beets, lemon juice, sugar, salt and chopped pepper. Set in individual molds. Cut celery into 2 inch strips and shred into straws. Keep in water in refrigerator until ready to serve. Arrange lettuce on salad plates, unmold jelly, surround with celery straws and put spoonful of dressing at side of jelly. This salad makes a nice luncheon plate served



(Above) Seafood Mold not only makes an attractive luncheon or supper dish, but it is very nutritious as well.

with crackers and cheese balls rolled in chopped nuts, and is non-fattening.

#### CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

Soften 1 envelope of gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water. Make a syrup of 1/2 cup sugar, 2 squares melted Baker's chocolate or 6 level tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup hot milk, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add softened gelatine to this mixture, dissolving thoroughly. Cool. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. As mixture begins to thicken fold in 1 cup cream whipped to thicken fold in 1 cup cream, whipped. Pour into 9 inch baked pie shell and chill. Spread with a thin layer of cream and chill a little longer before serving. If you're on a thinning diet omit the whipped cream, or pass this dessert up entirely.

#### ICE-BOX ROLLS

These are excellent when served with any cold dishes. Dissolve 1 cake Fleishman's Yeast in 1 cup lukewarm water. Add 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup Crisco, 3/4 cup sugar, and 1 cup hot mashed potatoes to yeast cake and water. Let stand in a warm room 2 hours. Add 1/2 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon salt and enough Hecker's flour

to make a stiff dough (6 to 6½ cups). Let stand, well covered, in refrigerator 24 hours. Form into desired shapes and let rise 2 hours before baking. Mixture may be kept in refrigerator a week and baked as needed.

Makes 30 to 36.

Preparing dishes for all occasions with aspic or gelatine as the basic ingredient is becoming increasingly popular with the busy modern woman. She also uses canned and other easily prepared products goods and other easily prepared products to achieve delicious, nutritious, attractive results that win her distinction as a hostess. The following recipes for both old and new dishes will be a boon to any home maker.

#### QUICK ASPIC

Dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 tablespoon gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and white pepper. Strain through double thickness of damp cheese through double thickness of damp cheese cloth. If jelly is to be used for vegetables or white meat use chicken bouillon cube or, in place of cube and boiling water, a cup of either veal or chicken stock. If jelly is for dark meat use either beef bouillon cube or stock. Half tomato juice and a stock may be used for a tomato jelly.

#### CHEESE CAKE

- 1 envelope gelatine
  4 cup milk
  4 cup sugar

- cup cottage cheese
- 1/4 cup whipped evaporated milk 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 egg
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- i tablespoon lemon juice ½ teaspoon lemon rind

Beat egg yolk slightly. Add sugar, salt, milk and cook over boiling water until of custard consistenscy. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot custard; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add cottage cheese, which has been put through a sieve, lemon juice and rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken fold in whipped evaporated milk and stiffly beaten egg white. Make crumbs for bottom and top of cake by crushing 9 slices sweetened Zwieback or 1 cup corn flakes (my preference). Mix thoroughly with 4 tablespoons melted butter a table with 4 tablespoons melted butter, 2 table-



This luscious chocolate pie can be served without the cream if you're afraid it might do things to your streamlined figure.

spoons sugar and 1/4 tablespoon cinnamon. Put part of crumbs in bottom of 8 inch Pyrex pie pan, add cheese mixture, sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly. This cake sounds rich, but it really is not fattening.

#### JELLIED CORN BEEF LOAF

- 1 can Broadcast Corn Beef Hash
- 2 tablespoons each finely chopped cel-ery, green pepper, onion, bread and butter pickles

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs
- ı teaspoon salt
- i cut hot water
- 1 cup cold water 1 tablespoon each vinegar, tomato catsup, Worchestershire Sauce

This is a delightfully new and appetizing recipe which will prove a welcome addition to your files. Dissolve gelatine in cold water. Add hot water, salt and vinegar. Pour small quantity of liquid into mold, add sliced, hard-cooked eggs and chill. Pour remainder of liquid over corn beef hash, add Worchestershire sauce, tomato catsup and chopped ingredients. Mix well and add to mold. When firm unmold and garnish with

parsley. Potatoes, scooped into tiny balls, boiled, dipped in melted butter, rolled in parsley, may be served around dish . . . hot. If you're reducing add this recipe to your diet by all means.

Next time you serve lamb try mint jelly made by dissolving 1 package of Knox Lime Jell in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water and few drops mint flavoring. Allow to set in ice trays of refrigerator with cube compartment left in, or in individual

#### TOMATO SALAD RING

- ı envelope gelatine ı tablespoon mild vinegar or lemon
- Stalk of celery Cayenne or white pepper 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes 1/2 bay leaf, if desired
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- i tablespoon onion juice

Mix tomatoes, celery and seasoning. Boil 10 minutes. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 [Continued on page 64]



TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

HERE's one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!



I It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.

2 Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).



3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoyAmerica'sdoublemellow cigarette.

# Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye...devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do...kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

## You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, without knowing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine

here is what happens.

### Four Benefits

- Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.
- 2. Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- 4. The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

### Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS (Bad Breath) USE LISTERINE



P. S .- IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE . ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!

SILVER SCREEN

#### Topics for Gossips

YOU'LL never believe this, I know, but during the filming of "The Sisters" a dramatic coach was hired to teach the horses how to act. The horses had to be taught to register fear at the sight of an automobile—on account of it's a turn of the century picture.

JEANETTE MacDON-ALD'S reception for the Gold Star mothers during the American Legion Convention in Los Angeles was

held in a garden setting on "The Great Waltz" set. There Jeanette met hundreds of mothers and introduced them to the mothers of Hollywood (Nelson Eddy's mother, Joan Crawford's mother, Jack Oakie's mother and many others). Jeanette served them tea and sang for them, and when she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" there was many a misty eye. She was es-

was many a misty eye. She was especially pleased by the little old lady who whispered to her, "My husband told me I needn't come home without shaking your hand. You're his favorite." Jeanette kissed her on the cheek and said, "Take him that."

HEN Shirley Temple had to ride a side saddle in "The Little Princess" she commented, "I guess when ladies used to ride side-saddle they had much longer legs." And added, "I wonder if it's as uncomfortable for the horse as it is for me."

SONJA HENIE'S Norwegian wardrobe, which she brought back with her from her European vacation, is the talk of Hollywood. Sonja brought back stunning hand-embroidered costumes for every occasion, from inexpensive cotton pique to handsome wools and silks, and is proving her native Oslo should be prominently on the fashion map.

ON AMECHE probably deserves a medal as filmland's only honest fisherman. After a week's fishing trip in the High Sierras Don was asked what he caught. Very few and

very small, he admitted. On three subsequent one-day fishing trips with his wife, Honore, and the Chester Lauckes (Lum of Lum and Abner), off San Diego, Don confessed he didn't even get a bite. On a fourth trip, they nearly, but not quite, caught a HEN Claudette Colbert had to sing the senti mental ballad which concludes her performance in "Zaza," Fanny Brice came to the studio to give Claudette the benefit of her long experience in wringing tears out of the gallery gods. The set was a reproduction of the stage of the Follies Bergere in Paris in the early 1900's. The song is Zaza's farewell to her lover.

to her lover.

"How close to the footlights would you stand,
Fanny?" asked Claudette.

"Right on top of them," answered the woman who
graduated from warbling "My Man" to making faces
as Baby Snooks. "Me. . . . I was always a pig for the
footlights."

T SEEMS to be the consensus of opinion in Hollywood that Marlene Dietrich was one of the few real glamour girls in pictures but that she ruined her career by getting stuck on herself. As Adrian has neatly put it, "Dietrich was too vain—in vain."

BOB BURNS has turned his attention to the new styles for women: "I tell you what," he drawls, "they make the gals look like tintypes. I got an old family picture album that's a lulu. When folks come to the house of an evening I always show 'em my relatives . . . helps to pass the time. [Continued on page 60]

M UFFS, night and day, are the latest craze and Maureen O'Sullivan, determined not to be caught short-handed, has three to start the season. A tiny, powder puff type in white ermine will do evening duty; a tailored leopard skin serves for the afternoon suit, and the newest of new, a fluffy dull green crocheted muff for her tweed suit.





style in mouths. A generous mouth means a generous nature.

Ann Miller has the latest

future. Then I talked to the girls themselves. Some of them, I knew, had been in pictures quite a while, but never until this past year had any of them gotten a real "break." All were representative of Hollywood's future star-trend, not its past.

And then, last of all, as though I had planned a deliberate climax to my research, I went to 20th Century-Fox and saw, among others, young Nancy Kelly! The minute I saw her, I thought: Here she is! She was the single embodiment of all the others. She was completely typical.

others. She was completely typical. Whereupon, allow me to present Miss Nancy Kelly, whose looks, whose personality, whose potentialities qualify her, I believe,

as Miss Hollywood of 1939!

No, you haven't seen much of her in pictures, yet, although if you live in the east you've probably heard of her outstanding performance in the Broadway hit, "Susan and God," starring Gertrude Lawrence. Her first screen appearance (since she was a

child) was in "Submarine Patrol" with Richard Green; only recently finished. Her real triumph will come in "Jesse James," to be released in late December. Out on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, she is all they can talk about—how she won the part of Zarelda James (corposite Tyrong Power) through the excellent

Fox lot, she is all they can talk about—how she won the part of Zarelda James (opposite Tyrone Power) through the excellent work she was doing in "Submarine Patrol," and how the studio will have another new star when "Jesse James" is released.

You'll like her, this Miss Hollywood of the New Year, who, in a larger sense is Miss America. I think you'll like her fine! She is charming (as aren't they all—these girls who make good in the movies?) with a special kind of charm which is apart from beauty. Her hair is dark and soft and shiny from washing and health. She wears it simply. Her skin is olive. Her ing and health. She wears it simply. Her skin is olive. Her mouth is sensitive and not very small; her brows arched gently. She is neither tall nor short—five feet, five inches. She is slender and curved in the right places. She wears her clothes with an air.

and curved in the right places. She wears her clothes with an air. She is friendly; interested in what others say to her; considerate in little ways. She is graceful, but with a sort of young, untried grace—not the slinky, vampish kind. You wouldn't call her a Glamour Girl, because she isn't exactly the type, but nevertheless she has "It." She is very young, but that certain, undefinable Something is there, even now.

She is a trained actress. She has been on the stage or in radio since she was a child, and she knows all the ropes. Her voice is lovely, also her diction. The stage and radio did that. Her teeth are excellent. Yes, she's had some [Continued on page 78]





Left—Dick Merrill, the aviator who flew round trip to Ireland, and Toby Wing, who is now a big Broadway name. Dick is making up for some lone some hours aloft.

When Basil Rathbone arrived in New York he found every newspaper critic had given him top honors for his performance in "If I Were King."

Left—Jack Warner, Lily Damita, Hope Hampton, Mrs. Jack Warner and Anderson Lawlor. Every name rates the front page on any newspaper, along with War Admiral and Don Budge.

Left — Eleanore Whitney and Clifton Webb holding hands.

Johnny Walker and Patricia Ellis. Johnny was a "silents" star. and I both admitted to each other that we really believed in astrology and that Myra had been unfailingly correct about us both.

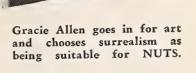
That afternoon I went over to the Julien Levy Galleries where there was an exhibition of paintings by Gracie Allen that

hibition of paintings
by Gracie Allen that
really was something. Just what I don't
know, unless Walpurge's Night in a Madhouse. The titles alone were enough to
scare one's hair out by mittfuls. One garish
hit was entitled "Toothless Mouth Munching On Timeless Melody," a second one
was called "Gravity Gets Body Scissors On
Virtue As Night Falls Upside Down," and

a third was "Eyes Adrift As Wrench A Your Heart Strings." Lots of celebrities, and some celebrity hounds, had collected to see what Gracie's agile handiwork was like. There was author Carl Van Vechten, artist James Montgomery Flagg, Jack Pearl, of course George Burns, Fania Marinoff, and, over in one corner, Gracie herself—with her tongue in her cheek.

with her tongue in her cheek.

Young Wayne Morris breezed into town for two highly successful weeks of personal appearances, and learned to play the saxophone in less time than that, and well, too. As his wide-eyed and awe-struck press representative put it: "Gee, to hear him play you'd think he'd been blowing all his life." Wayne wasn't that good at it, but he was pretty good. Certainly he's one of the nicest and most wholesome kids in the business. From [Continued on page 68]





# PROJECTION OF Merle beron

renting the following Sunday. Merle being one of our most glamorous movie stars, decidedly on of our most glamorous movie stars, decidedly on the feminine side, and always looking as if she had just stepped out of a page of *Vogue* in something too, too thrillingly amusing (clothes used to be merely "exciting," but now the smart people are saying "amusing," thought you'd like to know) I said to myself, I said, "This will be a cinch." I was sure that she would rent the Cecil B. DeMille yacht, nothing smaller, and that she would go casually trolling along the that she would go casually trolling along the Pacific, a rod lightly clasped in one gloved hand while with the other she fairly bathed herself in sun tan oil. If a fish was idiotic enough to grab at that phony bait Merle would probably go "Eeeee-eee," and drop the rod over-board. (You see I've been fishing with movie folk before. Claudette Colbert took a French chef. Merle would probably take a manicurist.)
But it seems I was in for a series of sur-

prises. Surprise number one came when at onethirty I was awakened by Merle's Hilda, who shoved a bowl of soup at me. Those English, they can drink soup any time of day and night. It seems that five o'clock in the cold gray dawn is the correct time for catching tuna (just coming in from a piscatorial party no doubt and ready for an early morning snack) and to get far enough out in the Pacific for deep sea fishing one had to be on the boat by two. At that ungodly hour Merle was actually good-humored, and, in becoming slacks and sailor cap, she had that Riviera look about her: I had the look of a sourpuss, and had decided the whole thing was a mistake. Movie stars I had fished with before, I griped, didn't even get on their boats until lunchtime. "But think of the

lovely fish we'll catch," said Merle, so I just let her think of them while I thought of home and bed.

Once on the boat-and it wasn't a yacht, it wasn't even a yawl, it was a professional fishing schooner with a big tub of wriggling live bait and a decided smell of fish and gasoline about it-Merle suggested that she and I go below to the cabin and sleep until we arrived at the fishing spot. The boys (Eddie and Ralph and Al from the studio) could get the tackle ready, so we wouldn't waste any time.

And that's where I made my big mistake. Through sheer will power I lasted fifteen minutes in that hot stuffy vibrating cabinand then I rushed on deck and lost my prestige. No longer will I be able to boast of my prowess on the seas—I who always

spurned Mother Sills.

But Merle slept like a baby in that reeking inferno until one of the boys waked her up to see the leaping tuna. Then she had a lusty breakfast of more soup (is there no end of that sne had a lusty breakfast of more soup (is there no end of that soup) and a couple of sausage rolls, which are her cook's special delight and recipe, and I admit are most delicious, when there's something solid under you. For lunch she tore into Frances' lunch (Frances is her cook, and grand, too) of fried chicken, potato salad, and cinnamon cake. Ze dainty girl, n'est-ce pas?

While I was trying to decide whether to live or die—and death never looked lovelier—our Merle baited to be or with these

never looked lovelier-our Merle baited her own hook with those horrible wiggly bait and brought in a forty pound tuna. He gave her merry hell all over the boat and fought every inch of the way. But Merle not only landed him, but also brought in his big brother, who weighed fifty pounds. Needless to say, I didn't catch a thing. I have called off all friendly relations with the Pacific. A tub of water is about the most water I can face now. Merle has been deep sea fishing several times since. Off Ensenada, Mexico, the other day she caught a swordfish—the dream of all true fisherfolk. A hearty race, those British. "You should have been there," she said blithely, "The captain said the ocean hadn't been so rough in years. And Frances made the best soup. You would have loved it." That's when I almost bopped her one.

have loved it." That's when I almost bopped her one.

And of course I can't resist telling about the fishing trip she took last summer a year ago. She invited the real fish lovers of Hollywood, the Errol Flynns, the Nigel Bruces, David Niven and Brian Aherne, and took them deep sea fishing off the Coronado Islands. A squall came up, and one by one the guests became green and retired to the cabins below.

"Merle," moaned Brian in the last throes, "those people are sick, they're probably dying. Tell the captain to go back to shore," "No," said Merle. "I came to fish, and Im going to fish." Director George Cukor, who adores Merle, once told me that Merle's greatest fault is that she is too easily persuaded by people. All I ask is that some day George will get caught on a fishing trip with her. "Seasickness," says Merle, "is purely mental." The hell it is. But just in case you've gotten the idea that Merle is one of those frightfully hearty girls who goes in for mannish modes and no make-up I must correct that impression immediately.

those frightfully hearty girls who goes in for mannish modes and no make-up I must correct that impression immediately. Except when it comes to fishing, she is a softie if I ever saw one. She lives in a very charming beach house in Santa Monica, right on the edge of the ocean. Sometimes it barges into her living room, but Merle isn't very keen about going into that ocean. (She'll dunk her toes in it occasionally). She prefers to swim in her unavoiting swimming pool.

her unexciting swimming pool.

When Gary and Rockey Cooper came for lunch, one Sunday recently, Merle suggested a swim in the pool—but Gary had his eye on the breakers which were crashing along the beach. "Come on out and battle the breakers," said Gary, "I'll hold you so they won't knock you down." Merle demurred until everyone called her a sissy. "Oh, I might drown," she said, as coy as a debutante at a college prom. "Well, I hope I don't feel insulted," chided Cary.

feel insulted," chided Gary.

Now, she wouldn't hurt Gary's feelings for the world, so in a cute little white bathing suit Merle, hand in hand with Gary, tripped into the sea. Along came a breaker that went boom, and Merle went down sock-o (somehow or other Gary lost had of how he didn't do it for a replacement of the sea. hold of her-he didn't do it for a gag because he's not that type.)

She swallowed half the Pacific and got two big bruises, and announced rather firmly to her guests that she would finish her swim in her pool.

She's also a softie when it comes to a hard luck story. Just tell her a sad story and she promptly becomes the saddest person in [Cont. on page 72]



In her Paris clothes she is very chic. Allure -without a struggle.

### CAPTURING

JESSE JAMES!

By Edmund Otis

A Picture Troupe Found The Spirit Of The Famous Bandit Still Roaming His Well-Loved Ozark Hills.

ODERNITY in all its phases came with an explosive sud-denness to Pineville and Noel, Missouri, when out of the soft blue sky studded with fleecy clouds, there swooped a sleek, fast cabin plane, piloted by Hollywood's famous flying film director. However, the soft of flying film director, Henry King.

After scouting the Ozark countryside during 1500 miles of flying, Director King found at last the site he had sought for so long for the locale of an historical, technicolor epic of a dramatic character in the nation's history—"Jesse James,"

the nation's history—"Jesse James," played by Tyrone Power.

First scenes filmed in color in the region proved conclusively that the heavily wooded area, with its massive bluffs and crystal-clear mountain streams lent itself to the technicolor process beyond the wildest expectations. The country is rich in the lore of Jesse James and his daring, dashing band of men.

ing band of men.

On location with the company, in addition to King and his staff, were such screen notables as Henry Fonda,

such screen notables as Henry Fonda,
Nancy Kelly, Randolph Scott, Brian
Donlevy, Jane Darwell, Henry Hull,
John Carradine, Donald Meek, Johnnie Russell, Ernest Whitman,
Lon Chaney, Jr., Hal Goodwin, and a score of others.

After enduring dust and swirling dirt from hard-packed clay
streets for generations, the 500-population town of Pineville, Mo.,
proudly opened its new paved streets for general use only last
December. But that was before the advent of Hollywood. This
charming, picturesque little town, with its red-brick courthouse,
so resembled the Liberty, Mo., of the James boys' day that King
chose it as the locale for this sequence in the action-packed drama.

The citizens received their first taste of Hollywood when crews
of men and a horde of trucks moved in to cover under eight inches

of men and a horde of trucks moved in to cover under eight inches of oh-so-familiar dirt the town's proud possession—the new pavement. The swashbuckling James boys, of course, never drove their spirited horses madly down paved streets. Concrete sidewalks had to be covered with boards, wood awnings had to span the sunsplashed plankings.

Although the town's old blacksmith shop long since had been torn down because of lack of business, Pineville witnessed another Hollywood miracle when 46 skilled carpenters and painters erected in toto a blacksmith shop of the period and aged the gol-durn

thing in the space of 18 hours.

The town also saw these skilled miracle-workers erect, as if by some strange magic, an old-time hotel, the Dixie Belle saloon;



The railroads were crude in those days, but there was nothing crude about the loyalty of the James boys, who took vengeance for the death of their mother.

a newspaper office, and a United States marshal's office, and numerous false fronts for already-standing buildings.

The old Pineville courthouse, which is almost an exact replica of the old courthouse at Liberty, required little repair work, although hitching racks and watering troughs were constructed around the lawn to give the structure a picturesque appearance.

As for the other natives of the region, the depression ended

when the 20th Century-Fox company first arrived to begin filming of the technicolor picture. Probably never again in history will inhabitants of the hill country have an opportunity to witness the tremendous crush of visitors attracted to the district to see the stars and watch the actual filming of scenes.

Daily, thousands of visitors from the mid-west flocked in, and during week-ends an average of at least 50,000 persons jammed into the little towns. As a result, more money has flowed into the tills of the local merchants than is taken in normally during

the course of an entire year.

Staff men and photographers from nationally circulated picture and story magazines have found a wealth of material in the area. Meanwhile, work on the picture, itself, has been progressing rapidly.

Opening scenes depict the arrival of Barshee, land buyer for the old St. Louis-Midland railroad (Brian Donlevy), at the town of Liberty.

He and members of his gang begin a campaign to obtain all available farm land for the railroad by hook or crook, and eventually arrive at the farm home of Jesse James (Tyrone Power) and Frank James (Henry Fonda).

There, Barshee is unsuccessful in his attempt to obtain land from the James brothers' mother, Mrs. Samuels (Jane Darwell),



Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly as Jesse and Zee, who, in the midst of hairtrigger alarms, found time for love.

Frank James and members of the outlaw band effect Jesse's

## RADIO TYPES

The Movie Players Who First Got By At A Radio Mike Are Glad To Keep In The Characters That Get The Money.



Kenny Baker

THERE is one single thing that a screen star fears more than anything else about his professional career, it is being "typed." No matter how expertly he can handle the part, he does the quickest kind of intricate and fancy stepping to keep the paying public and the movie producers from associating him with only one kind of role.

You might think it would be fun to be paid to repeat the same kind of a part, but to the performer it's serious

business and one he tries to avoid at all costs. Only recently Barbara Stanwyck made her peace with RKO-Radio after a ten-week suspension without salary because she declared: "I refused to play a part that was too much like the one I did in 'Stella Dallas.' I felt that doing a characterization of that kind so soon again wouldn't do me any particular good and might tend

Having the courage of her convictions cost Barbara two and a half months' pay, but she said it was worth it, for in the end they put her in another picture more

to her liking. Opera singer Grace Moore asked for and obtained a release on her contract that still had several pictures to go, because she said she was tired of doing revamped versions of her first screen vehicle and probably the public was getting tired, too, of seeing her in them.

You can see that this business of typing is no laughing matter to the screen stars. That's why it is so interesting to note that when radio performers sign movie contracts, they invariably pick up the groove into which they successfully ground out their specialties before the microphone and transfer it practically intact to the screen.

a few gestures to their goofy rou-tines, with a toss of Gracie's little blue hat they change from the nitwits of the net-works to the screwballs of the screen. When I asked George to tell me why they stick to the same technique in both places, he replied: "This is nice

work, we've got it, and we're satisfied. But like many another comedian I've often thought

> On the screen, in "Alexander's Rag-time Band," Alice was still a blues singer, but she can do more than that and her next picture proves it.

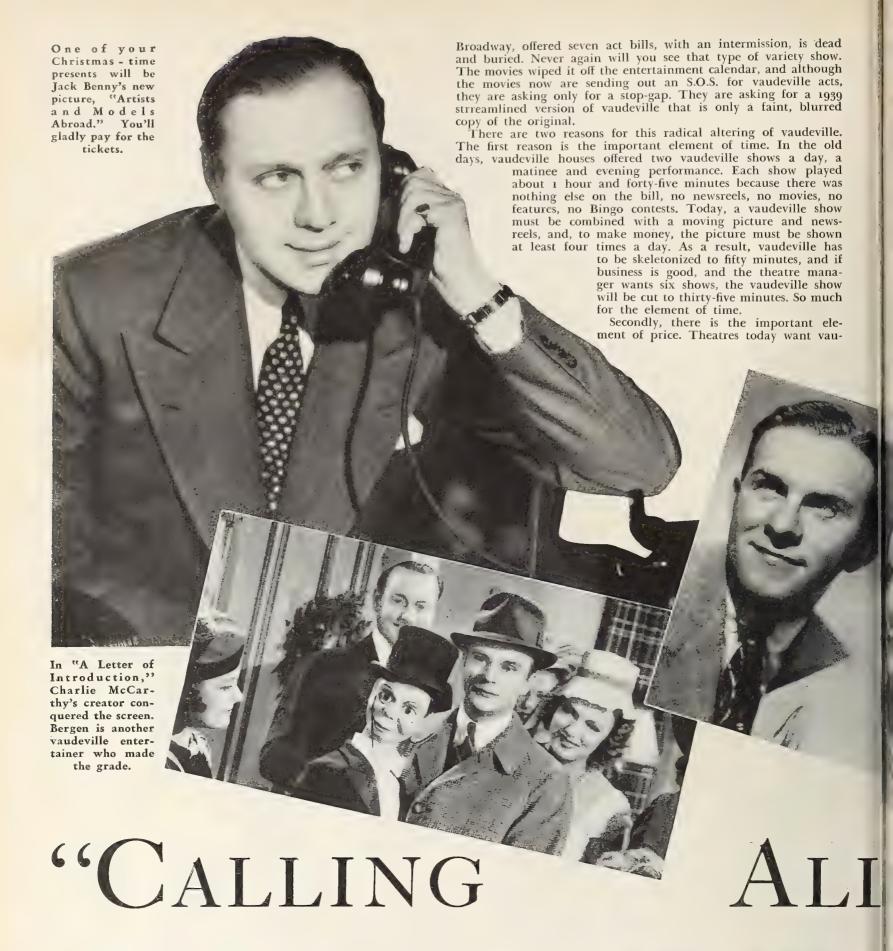


Warner Baxter and Alice Faye in

"By The Dawn's Early Light."

24





The Movie Houses Want Stage Shows But The Old Vaudevillians Can Never Make It.

AUDEVILLE is coming back, no doubt about it. Theatres all over the country are being whipped into line and the Christmas present to performers will be an enlargement of playing time. Yet this writer, after playing forty weeks of vaudeville, would point out that the vaudeville which is coming back is as different from the vaudeville that surrendered the ghost, as night is from day.

Vaudeville, as we knew it in the days when the Palace, on

deville acts, but they want only those acts that have become nationally famous through the medium of the movies, the radio or the newspapers. Jack Benny, in the old vaudeville days, perhaps got \$1,500 a week. Today, Jack Benny demands and gets \$15,000 a week. It is the same with the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice, Bob Hope, Burns and Allen and others who were standard vaudeville acts. Edgar Bergen and and others who were standard vaudeville acts. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy worked in vaudeville for \$350 a week. Today, as a result of radio and screen success, Bergen could demand \$10,000 for a single week. The Ritz Brothers got \$1,500 a week. They played the Chicago Theatre not long ago, and got \$15,000. As a result, theatres have to round out a vaudeville show with two or three cheap acts. If you have engaged the Ritz Brothers for \$15,000, you haven't enough money in the till to buy six other acts, even had you the time in which to present them. In-asmuch as the people have come to the theatre to see the Ritz

asmuch as the people have come to the theatre to see the Ritz Brothers, a theatre manager will give them twenty minutes for their act, and if the show is scheduled at forty minutes, that gives the other acts twenty minutes or less to share.



Gallagher and Shean, (Battle of Bay Rum).

Those were the dear, dead days gone beyond recall when an actor was known by the size of the diamond he wore in his ring. It was an era of flash and polo coats and oversize caps and "ham." Actors all walked into the lobby of the theatre on opening day to see that the manager had given them the correct billing, because all vaudeville contracts stipulated the exact size of type in which a performer's name was to be spelled. That's size of type in which a performer's name was to be spelled. That's how touchy the acts were. The headliner's contract stipulated that he or she was to be billed in 100 per cent type. The act ranking second to the headliner had a contract calling for 85% lettering, and so on down the list. Even the disposition of the

lettering, and so on down the list. Even the disposition of the lobby pictures was not left to chance. The headliner's photos were given preferred space on the left side and right side of the lobby, and woe betide a theatre manager who forgot.

Ben K. Benny (Fun, Fiddle and Funology); Elsie Janis (Sweetheart of the A. E. F.); Blossom Seeley (Miss Syncopation); Clayton and Edwards, in ("It's Your Mother"); Whipple and Huston, in (I Haven't Got the Do-Re-Mi); Johnny Hyman, (Playing Pranks)

#### Ed Sullivan

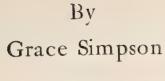
With Webster); Trixie Friganza, in (A Bag of Trix); Ed Blondell, in (The Lost Boy); Rae Samuels (The Blue Streak of Vaudeville); Billy Glason, (Thief of Bad Gags); Williams and Wolfus, (Spot-t-light); Charles Withers, in (Withers' Opry House); Justine Johnson, (The Most Beautiful Girl in the World).

Ben K. Benny today is Jack Benny. Edwards, of Clayton and Edwards, is Cliff Edwards. Huston, of Whipple and Huston, is Walter Huston. Ed Blondell is the father of Joan and Gloria

Walter Huston. Ed Blondell is the father of Joan and Gloria Blondell. Justine Johnston was Mrs. Walter Wanger.

Where, you ask, did variety go? The answer is perhaps that it went on the air, on such shows as Rudy Vallee's program. Vallee's variety presentations are a faint shadow of old-time vaudeville, comedy, a dramatic sketch, a Page 1 personality plus commercial announcements. Vaudeville of old had commercial announcements, too. The acts on the bill always managed to sneak announcements, too. The acts on the bill always managed to sneak in a not too subtle reference to their favorite tailor, or restaurant. The vaudeville curtain was a com- [Continued on page 68]





almost the entire collection of valuables. The price paid was said to be somewhere in the vicinity of \$50,000!

Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland's "kid sis," gave a snow party right in Hollywood!
She had her backyard filled with snow
manufactured by a local ice company and there were toboggan slides, snow-men and everything else to make a real "New England winter party." Incidentally, Joan has never seen "real, genuine snow" closer than the mountains on the horizon back of Pasadena. Born in Tokio, and

brought to Southern California when a baby, she has yet to visit

her first winter resort.

Another unique party was
Ann Sothern's for the christening of a new domicile. The
guests grouped themselves in
rows of three and roller-skated from her temporary abode over to the location of the permanent home, and then topped the excitement off with a treasure hunt for bottles of champagne!

Bing Crosby gave, of all things, a spelling-bee party! Bing thought up a long list of hardto-spell words and announced he

really expected to win first prize himself! But Andy Devine, the numb-witted comic of the screen carried off first honors-in fact, he got more words right than Mary Carlisle,

> Left: Bing Crosby, who organ-ized a spelling bee. Buzz-buzz.

was given a lei of gardenias. However, when they commenced to cluster about the table to find their

seats, not only Mrs. Withers, but everyone else was very much surprised-in fact, as clse was very much surprised—in fact, as a surprise party it was a regular gem! For, instead of place-cards, Jane had placed in prominent positions a very "candid" camera shot of each guest, taken by Jane herself. There was one of her mother eating a hot-dog and trying hard to keep the mustard from spilling! One of her dad in "desperate mood," changing a flat tire! One of an aunt cold-creaming her face! One of a plumpish guest in a very skimpy bathing suit! And several extremely funny poses ing suit! And several extremely funny poses of other guests, "shot from the rear"—as they were stooping over for something!

Jane had the time of her life, as she

usually does!

One of the most exotic dinners Hollywood ever saw was given by Gladys Swarth-

The lovely Anita Louise gave a party and then introduced the "Balloon Marathon." You never can tell what a pretty girl will do.

out. The main dish was baked peacock! It appears they had the bird skinned and baked, then it was tucked neatly back into its skin again and brought to the table in full regalia the table in full regalia—gaudy feathers and all! The guests had hardly ceased gasping when the salad course was placed before them. It consisted of a raw ox-eye on a leaf of lettuce! One ox-eye to each guest. It was quite a novel party!

Now about those latest "parlor games" they indulge in at these Hollywood get-to-

gethers. Mostly, they go in for such games as "Indicators," "Balloon Marathon," "Nudist," "Self-Analysis," "Who Dunnit,"

and the like.

"Nudist" is a popular game. But don't be too shocked—it's only a name. Sam Coslow, the song writer and producer, thought that one up. You bring along one of your baby pictures to a party-a nude one preferred. Your host meets you at the door, writes a number on the back of the toothless trophy, dashes your name offopposite a corresponding number on a list and directs you to wait your fate in the house. Guests are given paper and pencils and the baby pictures are handed around for identification. The one guessing the greatest number of the originals of the pho-

tographs wins a grand prize.

Anita Louise introduced the "Balloon Marathon" at a party, and here is how she

played it:

First, she divided her guests into two sides and gave each side 100 toy balloons. Two contestants [Continued on page 70]

when the party was over!

Jane Withers gave a surprise party for her mother. The table was beautifully decorated by Jane and each feminine guest

"reminiscence," "singeing" and "rarefy."
Beatrice slipped up on "tranquillity," "repellent" and "harass." Andy, himself, couldn't spell "vilify," but he made Bing look foolish on "questionnaire," "embarrassing," "kaleidoscopic," "sarsaparilla" and about a dozen others! Was Bing's face red when the party was over!

Beatrice Lillie and Bing – all put together!



Luise won the highest honor she was given the very average "Candlestick" picture and then Wife." "The Great Waltz" save this wonderful artist?

F YOU were an actor or actress with dramatic ability and a really handsome (or beautiful, as the case may be) face and figure, you'd consider yourself to be one of the chosen few, wouldn't you? To begin with, you'd already have a tremendous edge on your less fortunate brothers and sisters whose talents ran along more prosaic lines. Their struggle for recognition on stage or screen must, of necessity, be twice as difficult as yours.

Then, merely supposing, of course, a film scout grabbed you out of some stock company, little theatre group or the like and arranged for a screen test . . . after which, if you were still conscious and able to hold a fountain pen, a major film studio signed you to a year's contract at a modest but, in your private opinion, staggering salary . . . then, what would you think? You'd think, unless you were a completely daffy personage, that you were sitting right smack on top of the world.

Sure. You have looks, you have acting ability to

burn, you have intelligence and that intangible some-thing called personality. What more armament could a person seeking a lasting film career desire? Nothing, of course. "Watch my smoke!" you'd say, and mean it. "At the end of a year Colbert and Montgomery will be scurry-

ing around playing second leads to me."

Which is all well and good. Only it doesn't work that way. I know it's sad, but it's likewise so, so true. Your personality, charm and dramatic ability have just about as much your ultimate film career as, say, your knack with a Stilson wrench. No, the real menace that stands in the way of your becoming another Hepburn or Tone is a pretty well-defined institution out here in Hollywood known as the BUGABOO OF THE THREE BAD ONES. And it is something with which every newcomer, regardless of genius, has to contend. Watch closely and you'll see how it works. And let the grease-paint fall where it may.

Time was when the phrase, "Three strikes, you're out!" brought only one picture to mind, and that was of a batter in a baseball game throwing down his bat and retiring in huge disgust to the side lines. However, the same phrase, in much the same sense, now holds true in the film colony, from the lowliest bit player to the shiniest star, only the phrasing has been changed to read "Three Floperoo Pictures, You're Washed Up!"

It hardly seems plausible that three poor, or even mediocre

pictures are all that is needed to completely ruin a budding career which had, undeniably, everything to offer. But it's true. Three bad films and a player is automatically relegated to that limbo of forgotten faces. The story isn't a pretty one; there is too much tragedy, too many heartaches behind all the blasted hopes and ambitions.

Why? Because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the player had not one thing to do with the success or failure of a picture . . . no more than an ordinary seaman on a steamship is responsible for the ship springing a leak and sinking at the dock. But somehow, oddly enough, the unfortunate player is held directly responsible for the popularity of a new film and if the



## Players Come To Hollywood With Talents Shining And High Hope In Their Hearts. But Three Poor Pictures Will Put An End To The Brightness In Any Career.

picture sinks in a welter of criticism or indifference the player sinks right along with it. Three of those "things" in a row and the player either goes back to his original job or hangs around town trying to choke down his pride and grief and wondering just what it was that had happened to all the grand dreams. But the real tragedy is that the player WAS NOT AT FAULT! Not one time out of a hundred. Clearly, it is a situation that can stand no little amount of investigation and closet-cleaning, so let's go to it. For very obvious reasons all names and incidents cited, while

authentic, are necessarily fictionized.

First, as a typical example of the consequences of the BUGA-BOO OF THE THREE BAD ONES, we'll take the case of one Pat Barton . . . and remember, that's not his real name. Well, Pat was about twenty-six years old and was six feet two and a half and very dark and lean looking . . . very much on the Cary Grant type. And he had a smile and a certain boyish charm about him that immediately endeared him to all things feminine and made men like to play golf with him. Strictly a swell guy.



"The Texans" did not succeed and Randolph Scott's career is stuck in the mud of mediocrity. This silly still is not Randy's fault.

Pat had studied at a well known and accredited dramatic school, had had private coaching and had played several seasons in summer stock and in two long runs in Broadway hits. So, you see, he knew his way about in the theater and it wasn't as if he'd been jerked out from behind a service station and handed a picture contract. Which, I may add, has actually been done! No, a scout saw him and was convinced that he'd made a find. A test was arranged right there in the New York offices of Gigantic Studios and Pat looked even better than he did on the stage. he did on the stage.

Everybody in the eastern office congratulated everybody else on their remarkable discovery and presently Pat de-dazed himself long enough to find that he had signed a contract and was actually on a train headed for Hollywood and the private swimming pools.

Pat reported at the studio the day after he arrived and was told to take it easy for a few days until they had time to take a look at his tests. So he lolled around [Continued on page 70]

She's pretty and she's a prima donna, but the stories were dull and so Gladys Swarthout fared badly. Perhaps "Am-bush," in which she will not sing, will break the jinx.



Anita Louise wraps her presents herself—it's a lot of fun.

HRISTMAS bursts upon us just as unexpectedly in Hollywood as it does on people in Keokuk or Bangor, Maine. Late autumn and early winter are Maine. Late autumn and early winter are the hectic seasons in the picture industry. Production reaches its peak. Everyone is working at top speed. Cost sheets mount and the end of the fiscal year looms near. Options are considered and professional fates hang in the balance. There is growing nervous tension on all sides. The whole atmosphere is pervous and jittery

atmosphere is nervous and jittery.

And in the midst of all this the poinsettia fields in Beverly Hills are suddenly drenched in crimson and you turn the leaf of your calendar to find that the next one entwined with holly wreaths. Good gracious! So soon?

But despite dismayed gasps at the imminence of the holidays, the tension breaks minence of the holidays, the tension breaks and everyone starts to grin. Everyone hurries even faster than he has been hurrying (if that is possible) but no one seems to mind much, as the last minute shoppers swing into their stride. There aren't as many of these latter among film folk as you might imagine. For Hollywood takes its Christmas shopping seriously. The "old softie" which lurks in every one of us begins to show. begins to show.

Last Christmas time there was a terrific flurry at Twentieth Century-Fox. A crisis of some sort had arisen and important execu-

some sort had arisen and important executives had to get in touch with Jean Hersholt at once. At ONCE. Mrs. Hersholt was gentle and apologetic. "I don't know where I can reach him or when I shall be able to get in touch with him," she said. "You see, he's Christmas shopping!"

"Chrstmas shopping! But this is important. Where would he be likely to shop?"

"I cannot possibly tell you," replied Mrs. Hersholt. "You see, he discovered on his last trip to Callander, Ontario, that his friend, Dr. Dafoe, is as interested in rare first editions as Jean is, himself. Jean has gone to hunt for a very special one. He has been hunting it for days. He may not find it for a week—if he can find it at all. He wants it so much for Dr. Dafoe's Christmas gift! But you don't find rare first mas gift! But you don't find rare first editions in department stores! You have to hunt and hunt in odd places. . . ."

CHRISTMAS

## BETWEEN

RIEND

There's No Publicity Value In Giving Presents To Your Pals—No Glamour—Just Sincere Affection And Lots Of It.



By Helen Louise Walker

When a certain person receives her gift from Una Merkel, will she be delighted!

So the studio chafed while Jean Hersholt did his Christmas shopping. Dr. Dafoe received his special, rare first edition on

the dot of December 25.

At about the same time that the studio was paging Jean so frantically, I called upon Loretta Young in her dressing room. She was almost invisible behind clouds of filmy. filmy, feathery, frosty lingerie. She was starry-eyed.

"Aren't they lovely?" she gloated. "But you must help me! I always have such a time deciding what to buy. It takes days. You see, my mother and my sisters are such practical people. They won't have themselves practical people. They won't buy themselves the really frivolous, frou frou nighties and negligees and slips that all women love. So I buy some for them at Christmas. But I want so to please each one of them individually. Now . . . do you think this peach negligee would be nice on Polly Ann

Olivia de Havilland searched for a certain "something" for someone for weeks. The best presents are hardest to find.





Starting in July, Jeanette McDonald makes her Christmas list. It's her Honor Roll of Swell Fellows. Gene Raymond's special care is to have every present just suit the receiver.

think the blue one with the lace would be better?" Loretta was in no mood for an interview. I feasted my eyes on the frothy things, offered one or two opinions

and went away.

But I felt nice about it. Loretta was so earnest.

And only the other day I saw Maureen O'Sullivan. "You must see my Christmas geraniums!" she trilled.

That one puzzled me a bit. Christmas geraniums? She told me about them. It seems that Maureen, since coming to California, has developed a particular affection for that bright, spicy plant which is looked upon with such contempt by local gardeners (probably because it is easy to grow!). Husband Johnny. Farrow, learning of this, spent hours and hours over a period of weeks, finding out about different varieties of geraniums which might flourish on the terrace at the back of their house. By Christmas of last year he had discovered and ordered thirty different specimens. They are just beginning to show their most spectacular blooms. Maureen is ecstatic. And that, of course, is what she meant by "Christmas geraniums.'

"The only other flowers in the garden," she confessed, "are some that my next door neighbor, Bill Powell, sent me, I was fussing around one day, planting some ordinary geraniums and I borrowed some pots from his side of the fence. On Christmas he sent me a lot of wooden boxes full of tiny plants. The card said that they were to go in the pots!"

In Hollywood, as in other places, Christmas, primarily, is children's day. Fond parents haunt toy shops here just as they do in other cities. Shirley Temple shops solemnly, accompanied by Hulda Anderson, of the Fox wardrobe department (the pair of them accompanied by an armed guard). Shirley's carefully saved quarters and dollars are spent for modest gifts for her immediate family. Jane Withers begins to make presents for her friends along about—say June. She knits dolls and weaves tiny rugs for doll houses. Last year she ventured into carpentry

(which she loves) and produced miniature wooden fire engines and trains which her small boy friends deigned to pronounce, "Pretty nice — and worth playing with!" This year she plans to astound them with model airplanes which Jackie Searl has taught her to assemble. But her real triumph last Christmas was the bath room rug which she wove for her mother on a huge wooden frame, which cluttered up the sets where she worked for weeks and weeks.

Freddie Bartholomew bought Aunt Cissie what he

called a "really comfortable chair" out of money which he had "earned himself." The money amounted to twenty-five dollars. You see, Freddie doesn't count money he earns in pictures as earned by himself. He thinks that Aunt Cissie earned that, too. Yon can imagine his pride in that chair!

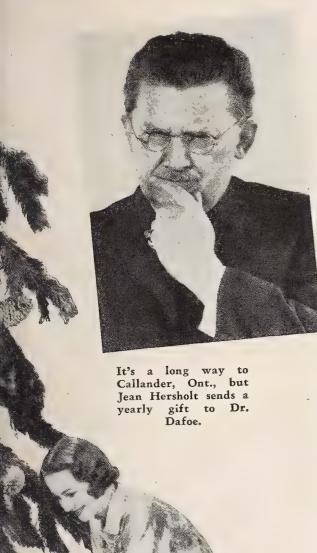
Barbara Stanwyck wasn't to be reached by phone for days before Christmas. Bob Taylor had just moved into his new house and, somewhere, Barbara had glimpsed something that would make a perfect and also an amusing present for him. Only she couldn't remember where she had seen it. So she had to hunt and shop and inquire. She found it, though. It turned out to be—of all things!— a cigaret box. When it was opened, a music box somewhere in its innards tinkled, "Home, Sweet Home!" It probably cost Barbara two dollars. But Bob's chuckles were without doubt worth all the time and effort she spent in trying to find the gadget.

Aside from that sentimental tribute, Barbara and Bob exchanged saddles and horse blankets and other equine equipment in large quantities. Last summer Bob gave her a tennis court for her birthday! A nice present—but a trifle unwieldy.

Perhaps you imagine that your favorite stars are simply swamped with elaborate gifts at Christmas time. This isn't generally true. Most of them have hundreds of names on the lists of people whom they must remember. But the bulk of these are studio employees, servants, hairdressers, secretaries—even head waiters and policemen—people who cannot possibly be expected to give presents to motion picture stars. For, really personal gifts most stars exchange only with their immediate families and closest friends.

Promptly on the first of July, Jeanette MacDonald begins carrying little black notebooks everywhere with her. She makes a note of the fact that an assistant director likes sweaters and that his favorite color is blue. A girl in the wardrobe department yearns for a fluffy negligee and Jeanette connives to find out what size she wears, and writes it in the little book. Now and then there is a slight flurry when Jeanette mislays one of the books—but mostly Christmas finds her neatly prepared with scores and scores of carefully selected, truly thoughtful gifts.

Last year Gene Raymond attempted to be just as thoughtful in his shopping, but he came a cropper at the last moment when he got the packages mixed up before the cards were attached. It was three weeks after New Year's before he unscrambled them and managed to deliver his carefully selected gifts to the right people. But his heart was right, [Continued on page 77]



HEDY'S

## HERE!

#### By Robert Joseph

"You ask that I start at the very beginning? Well, that will be difficult. For you see, there have been so many beginnings that I don't know just what to say first. I remember as a child of three . . . or four . . . I went into mother's dress closet, put on her best evening wear, dabbed my cheeks and lips with whatever makeup I could reach way up on the bureau. And then, as I looked into the mirror, I was an actress."

Hedy Lamarr, the actress who took the critics and the public by storm in her sensational debut in "Algiers," stared into the blue

smoke of my cigarette.

"I like to watch smoke rings. I remember my uncle used to be expert at it. But, of course, he smoked a big thick pipe, and he closed all the windows and doors to keep out the draft."

The actress laughed lightly. "I am sorry. I was so far back that I remembered my uncle for the moment. But you aren't interested in smoke rings. I liked play-acting. I used to do it all the time as a child. Until I was eight the other children used to give me smaller parts. But when I reached that age I knew I was grown up, and I demanded bigger and more important parts."

Acting and the theatre are deeply rooted in Hedy Lamarr's life. There was nothing in her family to suggest a stage career. As a matter of fact, the family looked with cold contemplation on the stage, just as most people did fifteen or twenty years ago. "One day," Hedy continued,

"One day," Hedy continued, "mother promised me a nice present if I were good. The present was a visit, my first, to the theatre. I saw a stage play for the first time. I was thrilled and speechless. I don't remember the play, its title or anything about it. But I never forgot the first general impression.

"School held but one interest from then on. I took part in school plays and festivals. My first big part came in 'Hansel and

Gretel.'

"I think I knew then that I wanted to be an actress. I used to go home and in my own room I practiced and played all parts in the play. I often think of what mother must have felt when she heard me talking to myself, as it seemed, hour after hour."

Hedy was a little girl at the time. But all these were nothing like the impression her first motion picture made on her. This



When She Was
Alone, As A Child,
She Talked To Herself—Playing Parts.
Now The Spotlight
Of Fame Is Upon
Her And The Hungry Cameras Are
Waiting.

was the celebrated "Metropolis," the film about the future, directed by the great Fritz Lang.

by the great Fritz Lang.
"Grandfather was perhaps the only one who ever encouraged me. He could play the piano, and to his music I danced. It was awkward, my dancing. But he said he thought it was beautiful. The rest of the family gave me little encouragement.

couragement.

"Then things began to happen. I must have been a wild, impulsive little girl, because things began to happen quickly. I dreamed of the theatre. During the day as well as at night. And the more I dreamed about it, the

more real it became.

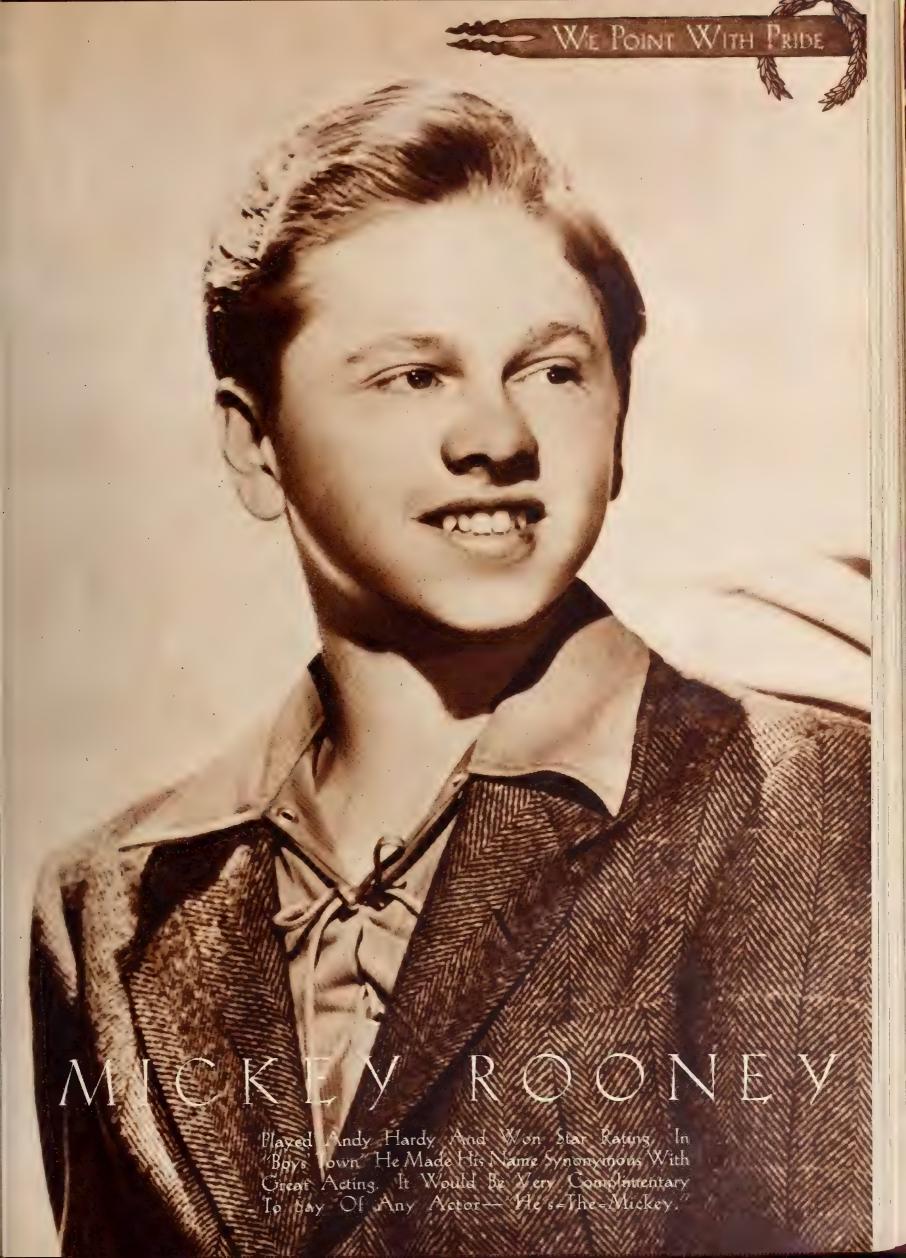
"Everything began to happen when I was just fifteen. You see, at the school I attended, a very respectable and dull school for little girls, we had to have written permission to be absent. For some little matter or other mother wrote a note asking for one hour's absence permission.

absence permission.

"I don't know what seized me, but suddenly I found myself adding a five after the one. Think of it! Fifteen hours of freedom for a little girl of fifteen with amazing ideas all of her own! In Vienna!

"I had heard father and mother speak of the wonderful Max Reinhardt, so I hurried that day to his theatre. I stood in the back and watched his pupils rehearse. Then an elderly man approached me. He said almost gruffly, 'I don't like to have people stare at my work. If you must watch, at least [Continued on page 76]

Just a slip of a girl, but Hedy Lamarr is devastatingly intoxicating. She is a reason for living—if you lack









### SPECIAL JOLIDA Y PICTURES

The Cay Evenings Of Year's End Are Important Occasions And Here Are Films To Fit.



THE studios of the THE studios of the producers have labored and brought forth "B" pictures and "A" pictures and now and then a "Super Feature." These are some of the supers. One is a picture from a "Best Seller" novel, others tell of great historical characters and events, and one is about five moderns who are making history as they go along.

There is always Jean There is always Jean
Hersholt for the five
stars, the famous
"Quints," to fall
back on. They all
appear in "Five of
a Kind."



Anna Neagle, the English actress, who plays Queen Victoria.

Left—A scene in "Sixty Glorious Years." Anna Neagle and Anton Wal-brook (Prince Albert) and C. Aubrey Smith (Duke of Wellington). A Technicolor tribute to a great queen.









Frances Dee, as Katherine De Vaucelles, and Ronald Colman, as François Villon, in the Romantic Atmosphere of "If I Were King," A Paramount Production THE **BIG** PICTURE OF THE MONTH—
SILVER SCREEN'S MASTERPIECE SERIES.





velvet circles and dots.





When Lovely Woman Seeks o Conquer She Slips Into A Glamorous Evening Gown.

# SWINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT





# NOVEMBER RELEASE

Whatever The Month, Romance And Drama Are Always In Season

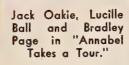
It is the harvest time, when the earthbound toiler piles the yield of garden and orchard in cellar and haymow, against the winter's chill. And now the picture-makers, returning from location trips and emerging from the sound stages, proudly lay before you their harvest of screen dramas.

Mary Morris and Lorraine Clewes in "Prison Without Bars," a London Film Production.



Shirley Temple and Franklin Pangborn in "Just Around The Corner."





Above, right— Charles D. Brown and Glenda Farrell in "Exposed."

Right—Sally Eilers, Cecil Kellaway and players in "Miracle Racket."







Edward Ellis and Dickie Jones in "A Man To Remem-ber."



Left — Joan Craw-ford and Robert Young in "The Shin-ing Hour."



### HOW TO SPEND \$2,000,000!

The canal digg

To Film "Suez" They Dug A Piece Of Canal And The Twentieth Century=Fox Company Had To Dig Up, Too.

THREE hundred men worked for a month digging a replica of the Suez Canal, on the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona. But the canal was not all. Palaces were constructed, the House of Commons built, a mountain blown up and salaries and wages took their share.





The palace at Alexandria, Egypt, in California.

The simoon strikes.

Eddie Cantor, Al Smith, Edw. G. Robinson and Irving Berlin, A Famous List To Which We Add A New Name-John Garfield.

F EVER anyone was born with two strikes against him—and there have been plenty of them—born with the odds all in favor of his turning out to be a gangster or a punch-drunk second-rate pug, it was John Garfield. Yet he speaks with the intelligence of a Yale graduate and the poise of a Rack Bay Bostonian.

the poise of a Back Bay Bostonian.

Born on the lower East Side of New York's seething tenement district, his mother died when he was seven. His father was a tailor, hard-pressed to make ends meet, and John was left pretty much to shift for himself. That he has overcome the handicap of his early environment is everlastingly to his credit.

Others have risen above their surroundings—James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson, for instance. But Cagney had behind him a mother with an indomitable determination that her shild-resulting the state of mination that her children should amount to something. Of Robinson's background I know little, but he does not, in my opinion, compare with Garfield as a character.

Today, only a person in the know can realize that John's early life followed pretty

realize that John's early life followed pretty closely the pattern of that laid down by the bunch of young hoodlums in "Dead End."

He and the gang he ran with were continually being hauled up for swiping "mickies" (Irish potatoes), which they roasted over bon fires. Fruit peddlers blanched as they saw the gang approaching. From the older kids in his neighborhood he learned all the meanness, all the toughness it is possible for boys

ness it is possible for boys of that age to acquire. I don't believe he was ever guilty of any really vicious misdemeanor but he was always in hot water with the police. Expelled from one school after another, he was a source of con-stant annoyance to the school authorities of his neighborhood

neighborhood.

At thirteen he had fallen into casual contact with two criminal gangs, for either of which he was ripe material. The author-ities decided something had to be done about him and he was packed off to Angelo Patri's School for Boys. "And that," declares John, "was the luckiest break of my life. Instead of going on the theory that I was a no-good bum who would end up in



Garfield and Priscilla Lane in "Four Daugh-ters." She was good, but he held the attention of the audience—the mi-raculous power that is the gift of a true artist.

prison, if I didn't wind up in the chair, he reasoned with me, made me feel I could amount to something, showed me I was no worse off than countless thousands of

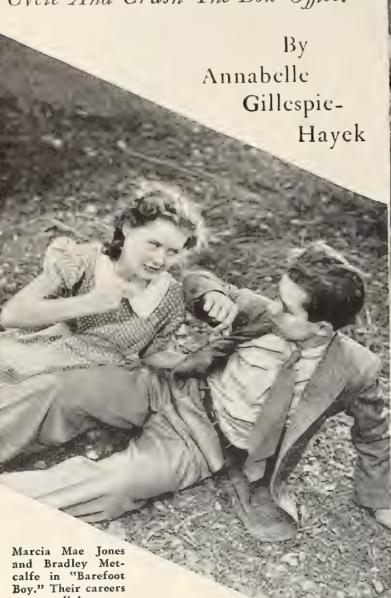
ountiess thousands of others who had later made the grade."

It was Mr. Patri who interested him in dramatics and oratory—who coached him in elocution and diction. It was tion and diction. It was during the first year in this school that John entered an oratorical contest and reached the

semi-finals.

Suddenly, instead of being treated with respect in his neighborhood for his fistic prowess, he was being regarded with awe for his scholastic attainments. Instead of forhiding their children to bidding their children to have anything to do with him, harassed mothers began asking [Continued on page 74]

Youth Has Its Fling—Youngsters Start A New Picture Cycle And Crash The Box-Office.





T LAST the Big-Wigs of Hollywood are awake to the fact that movie audiences are tired of being rocked by the supercolossal, star-studded "special" films of torrid clasp and passion. So, as might be expected, producers are making a complete turn about-face. Naturally, they are looking for something vital and fresh, for portrayals of novel, arresting, vibrant personalities, for drama that is realistic and appealing.

are well begun.

personalities, for drama that is realistic and appealing.

Who can best supply it? The adolescents, of course. Adolescents who have that individual, mysterious, indefinable something which makes for box-office stampedes. Adolescents who can meet the exacting demands of a discriminating public. All of which means that the high school striplings have at last been given a chance to come into their own. Certainly they are now being accepted into filmdom's royalty because they are supplying vivid and lively performances, and as a group are making an indelible impression upon public consciousness.

However, it was not until starry-eyed, golden-voiced Deanna Durbin broke through with her unprecedented success in "Three Smart Girls"—less than two years ago—that anyone in Hollywood believed an adolescent worth his weight in salt at the ticket window. Now, in addition to nightingale Durbin, such personalities as Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Judy

PERSONALITS

"That Certain Age," with Jackie
Cooper and Deanna Durbin, Both
have shown their metal, Deanna is
twice gifted, Jackie played in "The

Cooper and Deanna Durbin. Both have shown their metal. Deanna is twice gifted. Jackie played in "The Champ" and no boy's performance ever has equalled his inspired artistry.

Garland, Edith Fellows, Tommy Kelly, Bonita Granville and the "Dead End" kids are in such demand that production schedules at their respective studios are top-heavy in quest of their service.

Other youngsters of the terrible 'teen age who are plunging to the fore include Marcia Mae Jones, Donald O'Connor, Jackie Searl, Peggy Stewart, Jackie Morgan, Marvin Stephens, and the Jones Family representatives in the persons of June Carlson and George Ernest. Jane Withers is fast approaching this age, having passed her twelfth birthday last April, and with her increasing age Twentieth-Century-Fox is increasing the budget expenditure for her

pictures which indicates that bigger and better things may be expected from her latest features, "Arizona Wildcat" and

"Always in Trouble."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expects much of its new satellite, Mickey Rooney. And well it may, since Mickey is making screen history with his notable portrayal of Andy Hardy in the "Judge Hardy" series of that studio. So far, many critics think his performance in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" as good as anything seen on the screen this year. And it is believed that since the release in September of "Boys Town," in which he shares honors with Spencer Tracy and a group of young people, the irresistible

Rooney has been established definitely as a

top-ranking star.

It is possible that he may ascend to the "select ten" of the year, just as Deanna Durbin may do. With Shirley Temple and Jane Withers already in the ten best listings, and with the adolescents threatening to supplant their elders, the Academy of Arts and Sciences in self-defense may have to establish special awards for the youngsters. At any rate more representatives of the "awkward age" are being raised to fame than any other group of movie players at the moment.

By the end of the year you may be able to see Rooney in "Stable Mates," with Wallace Beery, and in another of the "Judge Hardy" pictures. But Mickey isn't the only important adolescent on the Culver City lot. There's fourteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew whose successes have been many, his last being "Lord Jeff." Also Eugene Reynolds, the youngster in "Of Human Bondage" and "Boys' Town." Eugene is to appear in supporting roles of some of the eleven pictures lined up for Mickey Rooney and is being groomed for stardom in his own behalf.

And on the same lot is pert little Judy Garland—ah, there's a dish for you! What some of our glamour gals wouldn't give to be able to put over a song a la Garland fashion. Judy isn't as strong on looks as many of our Hollywood girls, but when it comes to personality and ability she's there one hundred percent. That's why, after viewing her in "Everybody Sing" and now in her current film "Listen Darling," in which she plays opposite Freddie Bartholomew, her studio has decided to trust her with the important role of Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," a picture designed for Christmas release.

be, for any girl who can become an immediate sensation in a "B" picture and turn it into a top-flight "A" release, as she did in "Three Smart Girls," and run up an impressive box-office record besides, deserves credit beyond mild recognition. Her influence is widely felt at this time for she has helped greatly to create a new demand for screen entertainment since her stardom in "One Hundred Men and a Girl" and "Mad About Music." No wonder her studio lays its cloak at her altar for such adolescent success is rivaled only by that of a story book heroine.

Her producers are so pleased with Deanna's current picture, "That Certain Age," in which Jackie Cooper supplies the young love interest, that they plan to star her in three pictures next year instead of two, as has been the case during her two years of acting on the screen. The first, upon which she is now making recordings, will be termed "First Love," next will come "Three Smart Girls Grown Up," and later a third picture, as yet untitled, to be based upon the life of the great singer, Jenny Lind.

After a long period of free-lancing, Jackie Cooper, the veteran who has been an actor in films for eleven of his fifteen years, is once again very much in the running. In fact, because of his excellent performance in "That Certain Age" Universal has signed him to a long term contract. And if he has the good luck that is expected of him, then Mickey Rooney had better look to his laurels. Jackie is very much in demand, being sought by Monogram for "Gangster's Boy," and also by Republic and a British firm for two other films. Neither is the home lot lagging in its demands since it plans a number of features, including "Newsboy's Home" and a "Boy Scout" serial, the first episode to be released in the immediate future. Cooper's last outstanding role was in "White Banners," in which he wore make-up for the first time, and which picture, incidentally, did much to elevate Bonita Granville to stellar attention. Cooper's goal is that of outstanding character parts, for he prefers screwing up his face rather than succumbing to a romantic mood and a powdered nose.

Warner's are plan-

Warner's are planning a series of "Nancy Drew" detective stories for the dramatic Bonita Granville. In this series she will play the stellar role of a girl detective. In an effort to make her role that of a typical all-American girl the studio is querying scores of famous women, including Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Kathleen Norris, Emily Post and Dorothy Thompson as to whether or not a fourteen-year-old girl should drink cocktails, smoke, have dates, go out at nights unchaperoned, and so on. The character of Nancy Drew will be based on their replies and the result should prove very interesting. Bonita's current picture, "Hard To Get," starring Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell, is a thriller in which she does some neat emoting.

And what of the "Dead End" kids, a rough and tumble crew, out of which have emerged three outstanding prospects, Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan, and Billy Halop? As a group they have already reached great screen heights in "Crime School," "Angels With Dirty Faces" and now "They Made Me a Criminal." Individually, Bobby Jordan, the baby of the group, scored in "A Slight Case of Murder" and Leo Gorcey, the eldest, in "Little Lady Luck" while Billy Halop gave a fine account of himself as did Helen Parrish (the sixteen-year-old meanie in "Mad About Music") in "Little Tough Guy." Halop will soon go before the cameras as the head of a cast of well known players in "Crime is a Racket."

On the Columbia lot is charming little Edith Fellows, who seems to be going places fast. Edith has more than one hundred pictures to her credit though it remained for her to reach the "awkward age" before she achieved fame in a big way. At present she is working on "Thoroughbred," a circus picture in which she rides a trained horse and ends as a race rider. Those who saw her in "City Streets" and "Little Miss Roughneck," with Leo Carrillo, will remember her as a lovable girl. Rumor has it that she is even more intriguing in her current film, which is to be released during the fall season, with a première, no less. That will definitely promote her to the ranks of a first flight star. Columbia is sparing no effort or expense to prepare her for singing roles. She now sings in five different languages and it is claimed that she can reach F above high C. Like Deanna Durbin she hopes for an operatic career. It is indescribably difficult for one to

realize how great is the chasm spanning the gap from obscurity to motion picture fame; also to appreciate [Continued on page 76]

Bonita Granville started off in "These Three"—a hateful part so well played that

she could not be forgotten.

Deanna Durbin is still the darling of the Universal lot.

And well she may

The "Dead End" kids are still working. Billy Halop's success teaches a lesson—"Do not smile off your personality."



Ve Once Were Boys And Girls, Too, And Can Appreciate Their Marvellous Performances.



year for Dorothy.

Eye Of-

Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell in "Unfit to Print," a newspa-per story. Maybe they'll do fan mags next.

JUST received the new SILVER SCREEN," said an acid voice over the telephone at eight o'clock in the morning (which I recognized as coming from Virginia Woods of the Warner Brothers publicity depart-ment), "and there is not even a mention of Warner Brothers in your column.'

Imagine being wakened from a dream of Myrna Loy in such a fashion. But, asleep or awake, my wits are always working. "You've heard that story about the wrong Crosby?" I countered, "Well, you're the wrong studio."

"Wrong studio or right studio," she flung back waspishly, "if we don't get the lead in that department for which you shamelessly collect every month, our stars are going to be feeding you cyanide instead

of cocktails,"

Thoroughly roused to the seriousness of the situation I put Myrna Loy out of my thoughts, hastily substituting Bette Davis, and dash out to-

#### Warner Brothers

As I scan the daily call sheet my heart sinks into my boots. Is seems as though there must be twenty pictures shoot-

though there must be twenty pictures shooting here. And Bette isn't even working!
"You'll take what we have and like it,"
Virginia announces firmly. "Did you see 'Four Daughters'? Well, John Garfield who made such a sensational hit as the piano player in that is working in 'They Made Me A Criminal.' He's super-colossally gigantic and you'd better get on the bandwagon." wagon.'

So out we go to the set of 'They Made Me A Criminal'—without so much as a cup of coffee, mind you. From nowhere the ubiquitous Mushy Callahan (do I have to toliquitous Mushy Callahan (do I have to tell you again he was former world's welter-weight champion?) pops up. "Hi, Dick," he greets me. "Have you met my new protege, John Garfield? Hey, John," without waiting for an answer, "c'm here. I want you to meet a friend of mine." That's one thing about Mushy. Where other people drag you up to the stars, he drags the stars, willy-nilly, up to you. "J. L. expects me to do this," Mushy offers. "He wants me to be an ambassador of good-will where the press is concerned. Of course, nobody pays any attention to what you write but it's publicity and gets our pictures and players

S. R. Mook

The Cameras Are

Noiselessly Turning As Scene After Scene Goes Into The Can Under The

before the public. John, this is Dick Mook."

Mr. Garfield turns out to be a quiet, pleasant young man, not so tough as his parts but with plenty of ideas and no hesitancy about expressing them. You'll read about him elsewhere in this issue.

To make a long story short (who said I couldn't?) John fights his way to the world's lightweight championship, accidentally kills a reporter, is supposed to have been burned to death in an automobile accident, flees to the southwest where he finally reaches a date ranch operated by Muzzy May Robson, with the help of her niece, Gloria Dickson. Naturally, John im-mediately falls in love with Gloria but she, proud beauty, repulses all his advances with a laugh.

Also on the ranch are the five Dead End kids, whom Muzzy May's deceased brother has sent her. The dates don't pay enough and the mortgage is going to be foreclosed. John wants to raise dough to buy a gaso-

line pump to install at the ranch. He learns that a second-rate heavyweight prize fighter is barnstorming and offering \$500 a round to anyone who can stay a round with him. He is going to fight in the town near them and John goes into training. Everyone at the ranch is wildly excited. They have a chair already fixed up for him with "The Champ" painted on it.

But the night of the fight Claude Rains

ON THE

FIRE

(a detective who never believed John was dead) turns up and John decides to call the whole thing off and not fight. The kids and Muzzy May walk out on him. He's told them the doctor wouldn't pass him phys-

"What's the matter with everybody?" he demands when they've all gone.

They know you're lying, Jack," Gloria replies quietly.

'Listen, Peggy," he expostulates, "I told you the doc-

"Cy Kimball was here and told us what the doctor said," she cuts him off, still quietly.

John can't meet her eyes. "All right—so I'm yellow," he mutters.
"That's not true either," she says.

"I'm a liar and I lost my nerve," he



blazes. "Let it go at that."
"Tell me one thing, Jack," she pleads.
"Were you lying when you said you loved

"No!" But that admission was wrung from him. Now he's sullen again. "What's

that got to do with it?"

"Everything! When you really love some-one you don't lie to them—you don't hold anything back. I love you, too-and I know you're not a quitter. There's something

"Yeah," he agrees, turning away from her in torment. "That's right—something else turned up." He realizes she doesn't believe him and that makes him flounder all the more. "Wasn't it my idea in the first place about the fight? Well, I changed my mind.

The guy's too big and too tough. I'm no sucker, see? Why should I get my block knocked off when I can get the dough some other way? That's all there is to it. Let me alone, can't you?"

He ends on a note of hysteria and runs

Before passing on to the next set, let me tell you that is one of the most gripping scenes I've witnessed in many a month. Those two played it for everything there was in it and for once Virginia wasn't being just a press agent when she said Mr. Garfield is going to be the screen's next sensation. How that guy can act!

The next picture is called "Going Places." It stars Dick Powell with Anita Louise prominently among those present, and what do you suppose? The story turns out to be our old friend, "The Hottentot!" That play has been filmed more times than I can remember but it's always good for laughs and there's no reason it shouldn't be good for some more this time. It's all about a gent who is deathly afraid of horses (that's Mr. P) and who is forced-much against his will-to ride one of the most dangerous

horses of all in a race.

"Hey," says Dick as I start to leave almost as soon as I arrive, "where you going?"

"This is where I came in-fifteen years

o," I rejoin.
'Kill-joy!" Dick squelches me. "Scat!"

So I scat over to where "Dawn Patrol" is shooting. This is another re-make and, like "Going Places," it should still be good. Was it eight or nine years ago that Richard Barthelmess made that picture with Douglas Fairbanks and Neil Hamilton lending able support? What a picture that was. It's about the air corps during the last war. And pretty timely, too.

Errol Flynn is playing the part of the major—a flier—who has ben put in charge of a squadron and who doesn't like it a little bit Right now he's on the phone, talking to his superior, while David Niven sits by, sympathetically, listening.

"Well, let the infantry get demoralized," Flynn barks. "I can't put planes over there because I haven't anybody to fly 'em. Six replacements?" with savage contempt. "Replacements!! More kids! Von Richter's squadron has shot us out of the air-killed our best men. Do you think green kids can stop him. He'll kill them off-like the others." There is an angry rattle on the phone and Flynn's face grows grim and resigned. "Right. It'll be done-but I tell you they haven't a chance."

He bangs up the phone and pours himself a stiff drink. "Brass hats! Sitting back there in easy chairs-making excuses for sending up boys they know won't last a week."

Niven is watching him closely. He speaks now, kidding about something that is se-rious to him. "Third little bottle down the hatch today. Pretty pink elephants and polka--dotted mice, eh, old son? And gnomes dancing around the Maypole all over your

"All right," Flynn snaps harshly. "So what?'

This is another you can safely put on your "must see" list. This was one of the really great pictures of all time-and it'll be great again. To borrow from Mark Hellinger, "Don't say we didn't tell you!"

Next comes 'Women in the Wind" which is Kay Francis' last picture for Warner Brothers. This has a touch of Mr. Corrigan's "wrong way" flght in it. Kay has to have \$1,500, because her brother needs an operation. That, too, is an unusual twist because twist because generally when a dame needs money for an operation it's either her mother or her baby. William Gargan and his mechanic (Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom) zoom into New York breaking the roundthe-world flight record and Kay sees her golden opportunity, because she, too, is a flier—or was. Kay sees a ray of hope. She learns Bill is a conceited woman chaser and she is sure she can vamp him into letting her use his plane in the Women's Air Derby-Burbank to Cleveland. So we Air Derby-Burbank to Cleveland. So we pick Kay up in Bill's office where she is patiently waiting for him. To date she hasn't made much progress.

"Hello," she greets him amiably when he bursts in

he bursts in.

Bill stops short, turns and looks at her. Then he walks over to her. "I thought I told you to beat it," he says.

"I knew you didn't mean it," Kay smiles.



Scene from "They Made Me A Criminal." John Garfield and Gloria Dickson and the "Dead End Kids," the lads who were typed early in life.

Ronald Reagan, Anita Louise, Harold Huber, Allen Jenkins, Minna Gombell, Larry Williams, Dick Powell and Thurston Hall in "Going Places."

"I didn't, eh?" he explodes, "Well, I'll prove it to you." With that he grabs her by the wrist and yanks her to her feet.

Kay rubs her wrist and grins. ood," she smiles.
"This way out!" Gargan yells.

Need I tell you that in the end she flies his plane and wins the race and the \$1,500?

When the scene is finished I dash over to say "Hello" to Kay. "Gee, I'm excited," she whispers. "I've got to be through by the 27th or they have to pay me terrific over-time. Can you imagine what it's going to be like to be able to do as you please and not have to worry about calls from the studio?"

Lord knows when I'll see Kay again and I'd like to stay and chat but there are other pictures. One of them is "Unfit to Print" with Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell. The long arm of coincidence is stretched to the breaking point in this one but who cares? With Blondell and O'Brien in a fast-moving, fast-talking newspaper yarn, what more do you want? There is also Bobby Jordan "And besides I don't believe in married women working.

'Are you going to marry me?" Pat screams.

'Maybe," she tells him. "On one condition.

But Pat doesn't wait to hear the condition. He just agrees and rushes her off to the court-house. Of course, the condition is that Bobby come to live with them. And, of course, you can understand when two people are on their way to the court-house to be wed they are in no mood for idle chatter with a writer. So I wish them happiness and trickle on over to the last picture on this lot.

It is "Nancy Drew, Detective" and stars Bonita Granville as the girl detective. Bonita is a pretty sixteen year old girl, more impish than glamorous. She and Frankie Thomas, who plays opposite her, are in a barn where Bonita is unearthing a clue. When Frankie confides that the barn is an exact duplicate of his own workshop back in his New Jersey home, I smile affably, HERE we have two big pictures. One is "The Shining Hour" starring Joan Crawford, with Margaret Sullavan, Fay Bainter, Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas. And it's high time Joan was making

M-G-M

another picture, too, if you ask me.

This was adapted from a highly successful stage play. Melvyn and Bob are brothers and Fay is their sister. Bob and Maggie Sullavan are married, and Melvyn and Joan are married. But Fay loathes Joan. To complicate things and make a plot, Joan and Bob fall in love with each other. And so we find the last two at the house warming Joan and Melvyn are giving. Bob is coming down some steps to the open air dance

floor where Joan is waiting.
"Tell me," Bob
whispers, "why 1s
your heart beating so? And why are you trembling?"

She looks away for

moment, then

forces herself to meet wish them both luck and head for-(one of the Dead End kids) as a bone of Ann Sothern watches Fred March's efforts to remove Joan Bennett's boots. It's in "Trade Winds. contention between them. Joan and Pat are reporters, and both work for the Evening Star. Bobby is a hoodlum who has been sent to a reformatory as the result of a story Joan wrote. She wants to get him paroled and the only way she can do it is to find him a home with a responsible married couple. So she goes to her office and starts packing up her things. Pat enters. "What did you do," he asks sympathetically, "lose a collar button?"

> In "Women In The Wind," Kay Francis and William Gargan.

The titles are getting breezy.

"Guess again," Joan advises him shortly.
"You haven't lost the recipe for that
cocoanut divinity fudge?" he inquires

anxiously. "I've quit my job," Joan informs him.
"Well, it's a nice day for it," he replies,
rummaging through her books, and then
her words sink in. "What??? Why?"

"There are some things about the newspaper business I don't like," she retorts.

his eyes, all her love showing in her own. "Thanks," Bob whispers again. "Now we don't need to talk any more." He takes her in his arms as they prepare to glide off in a waltz but it is more of an embrace than a dance.

It isn't often I've seen a girl do a scene over and over and cry real tears as Joan does in this scene. When it is finished she come over to shake hands.

"Where you been, ducky?" she asks, as

though it really mattered to her.
"Oh, around and about," I smirk, "and

I'm leaving today on a month's trip."
"Well, call me when you get back and we'll have a gang out for dinner and laughs," she orders. "Have a nice trip."



David Niven and Errol Flynn in uniform for "Dawn Patrol," a story for pilots of the blue.

Another picture going on this lot is "Young Doctor Kildare" featuring Lew Ayres. It is almost the opening scene in the picture. Lew is a young interne and the set represents a honky tonk. There is an electric piano in a corner. The tables are covered with checked table cloths. A guy is lying on the floor. He is King Baggot, who used to be one of the biggest stars in the business when pictures were really in their infancy. At a table, watching him, sit a cop (Bob Davis) and a drunk. Suddenly the bartender comes in (Walter Green), followed by Lew and two stretcher carriers (Nat Pendleton and another chap whose name I don't

"There he is, doc," Green yaps, indicating King. "Took a couple of drinks and went out like a light. Bah. There ought to be

Lew has knelt down and is feeling King's

"He had a cut behind the ear so I



"Nancy Drew, Detective" with Frank Thomas and Bonita Granville. The pigeon goes with the wind.

couldn't book him," Bob Davis (the cop)

explains.
"I can tell you what's the matter without counting his pulse," Green goes on angrily. "Booze.

"Or a heart attack," Lew answers. He rises and turns briskly to the stretcher bearers. "Get him in the ambulance and let's take him to the hospital."

But as Nat stoops over to lift King on the stretcher there is a horrible sound and lo and behold, Nat's pants have ripped in a most embarrassing place. Only Nat doesn't seem at all embarrassed and knowing full well my mother would not like me to associate with such brazen people, I leave the set and proceed to still another stage.

"Dramatic School" starring Luise Rainer is shooting here. Luise is poor but brilliant. She wants to be an actress and manages to get herself into a dramatic school. But she has to work in a factory all day to pay her way through school at night, so she is always worn out. She doesn't do a scene to suit Gale Sondergaard (the instructress) and Gale makes Luise take her seat while she (Gale) shows Luise how the scene should be played. She reads the lines beautifully and turns triumphantly to Luise, only to discover Luise has fallen asleep. You can imagine the scene that follows.

The last picture out here is "Topper Takes A Trip," starring the one and only Constance Bennett (and if you didn't hear her on the radio recently in "Let Us Be Gay" you missed a treat). Billie Burke is in Paris to get a divorce, Roland Young is following her to stop her, Alan Mowbray (who played the butler in the hilarious "Topper") is also there and so is Connie (who is still as lovely a ghost as I've ever seen). Young has no money and is about to be put out of his hotel.

But Connie has the idea of betting on the roulette wheel, dematerializing herself and fixing the bail. Know what I mean? So they do just that, Young is going to need a satchel to cart away his ill-gotten gains and it all goes to prove that a ghost in the family is better than a skeleton in the closet. (Not bad, folks, not bad). "Darling!" I shout at Connie when the

scene is finished.

"Hello, Dick," she replies with that restraint for which the Bennetts are noted.

"You ought always wear that cloth of gold gown," I advise. "You look like you're twenty.

"Darling!" Connie shouts. "I haven't heard that since I was twenty. Stick around

Norman MeLeod, the director, doesn't say anything. He doesn't have to. That look he gives me is enough. I don't stick around. I proceed to-

#### Paramount

E NOUGH of this dawdling. Let's get down to cases. There are two pictures going here and we'll have no nonsense about them. One is "St. Louis Blues" (which George Raft walked out on) and the other is "Tom Sawyer, Detective." In a brief, but businesslike manner, we'll handle the first.

Lloyd Nolan owns a showboat, Jessie Ralph is his river-wise "Aunt Tibbie," Maxine Sullivan is a swing-singing negro member of the troupe and Dorothy Lamour is a Broadway star who has wearied of the deceit she has been forced to practice because her Broadway manager has billed her as a South Seas native. The boat is marooned on the Creole plantation of Tito Guizar. Dorothy has run away from her manager to start over. Lloyd is giving a free show for flood refugees. Dottie (It's only professional license, Mr. McCarthy, and not familiarity) has turned up and requested a chance. Lloyd gives her a chance but when she goes on to sing she recognizes a man who knows her of old and, afraid of being recognized, she gums up the number. Lloyd mistakes her poor performance for stage fright and is disgusted. When the show is over Lloyd persuades the audience to lend a hand in floating the boat. As it glides off downstream we

find Lloyd addressing the troupe:
"You were all swell. You got the boat out of the mud. Now we've got to get it out of the red ink. If we make money we divide

[Continued on page 64]

## REVIEWS OF PICTURES

#### **STABLEMATES**

ONE OF THOSE SWELL TEAR-JERKERS-MGM THE People's Choice, young Mickey Rooney, plays a jockey in his newest picture which is decidedly on the sentimental side. Teamed with him is Wally Beery in the role of an alcoholic veterinarian, who is wanted for doping a horse in a race, thereby causing the death of the

horse and jockey.

But when Wally conducts a successful operation on a discarded horse that Mickey loves he promptly becomes Mickey's palwhich, of course, leads to his reform. Mickey rides the horse in a race and wins a lot of money on him, but loses his pal Beery when the law catches up with him right in the midst of their celebrating.

#### THAT CERTAIN AGE

ONE OF THOSE "MUST NOT MISS" PICTURES

-UNIVERSAL

DEANNA DURBIN is really something to write home about. She gets better and prettier in every picture, and though still only fifteen she can act circles around any star in the business. This is her best picture to date (I'm sure I've said that about all her pictures) and it tells the story of an adolescent girl who falls desperately in love with a man several times her age. All the pangs and unconscious humor of puppy love are brought to light in a perfectly charming manner.

Deanna plays the daughter of John Halliday, a New York publisher, who invites Melvyn Douglas, his prize war correspondent who has been shot in Spain, to his home in the country for several weeks of rest and quiet so he can write a thrilling series on the European situation.

His presence is resented by Deanna and her gang because they are rehearsing an opera in the guest house, but after the first meeting she falls hopelessly in love. When Melvyn discovers that his boss's daughter has a "crush" on him he goes to the child's parents and there is much excitement over what to do about Deanna. Nancy Carroll, another reporter, arrives from Cuba just in time and is introduced as Melvyn's wife, and that

cures Deana, but com-

pletely.

The end of the picture finds her very happy to be back in the "opera" with her boy friend Jackie Cooper, and the rest of the gang, including Jackie Searl, Peggy Stewart, and little Juanita Quigley, who, as "Butch," runs away with every scene she has in the picture. Irene Rich is delightful as Deanna's society mother. Deanna's voice is beginning to mature, and is lovelier than ever.

#### THERE GOES MY HEART

A GAY AND REFRESHING COMEDY—Hal Roach-WA

THIS is another of those films which belong to the "It Happened One Night" school, with the traditional reporter on the trail of a madcap heiress-whom he eventually falls in love with. Freddie March plays the reporter this time and Virginia Bruce plays the richest girl in the world who escapes from imprisonment on the family

yacht and becomes a salesgirl in one of her own department stores.

Traditional though it is in plot, the story is full of delicious comedy that makes it as fresh as this morning's newspaper.

We find Patsy Kelly, gayer than ever with her discarded forty pounds, practically running away with the picture, aided and abetted by her chiropractic boy friend, the incomparable Alan Mowbray. Nancy Carroll comes back—and it's time, too, as Nancy



Eleanore Whitney and John Arledge in "Campus Confessions."

Deanna Durbin, Melvyn Douglas and Nancy Carroll in Age."

has been off the screen too long to suit her fans -as a snooty salesgirl. She's in "That Certain Age" too!

And excellent, also, are Eugene Pallette as a fussy editor, Claude Gilling-

water as Virginia's grandfather, and Arthur Lake as a featherbrained news photographer.

#### MICKEY MOUSE'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

BEING A PREVIEW OF SOME NEW WALT

DISNEY "SHORTS"
N HONOR of Mickey Mouse's Tenth Birthday (our little mouse is certainly

growing up) Walt Disney invited the Hollywood press in for a special preview of his eight new shorts which are all ready for the new season's release. We haven't had such a rare treat in ages, and came away fairly drooling over the artistic genius of Mr. Disney.

In this sad old world of ours, with its dismal wars and tragic suffering, we should thank our stars every day that there is such a person as Walt Disney. Too much praise cannot be given him, or his new Silly Symphonies and Mickey Mouses.

In the new crop are "Donald Duck's Lucky Day" (more about that nasty little Duck); "Goofy and Wilbur" (introducing a grand new character, a grasshopper named Wilbur); "Farmyard Symphony" (what goes on in a farmyard when the cock crows); "The Ugly Duckling" (the best of them all, adapted from the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale, and don't think you won't cry); "The Practical Pig" (more about those Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf); "The Brave Little wryly humorous King, who is torn between being a just and witty sovereign on the one hand and a first class scalawag on the other. It's a Rathbone Jubilee.

Ellen Drew is effective as Huguette, the gal who dies nobly for France, and outstanding performances are given by C. V. France (imported from England especially for the role), Sidney Toler, and Ralph Forbes. An entertaining production.

YOUTH TAKES A FLING ALL ABOUT THAT PRECIOUS THING CALLED LOVE—U

HERE's an easy-going little ro-mance about a farm boy from Kansas who goes to New York with the intention of shipping out on a boat. But there he inable to keep her farm boy safely mer helps her out considerably.

Joel McCrea, tall, lean and handsome, plays the Kansas farm

nurse, and very pretty too.

satisfactory ending.

While out on the high seas the freighter

is commandeered by escaping gang leader

J. Carroll Naish and his mob, who were masquerading as passengers. They whack the daylights out of each other to a very

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

A FOLKSY, WHOLESOME TALE-Par.

BOB BURNS fans, and they are legion, will go mad about this one. Bob plays

one of those casual, philosophic hoboes who drops into a small town from a passing

"Youth Takes a Fling."

meets a girl who busies herself with every kind of scheme imagon shore. A good case of mal de

boy, and Andrea Leeds, soft and

The Ritz Brothers and Phyllis Brooks "Straight, Place

and Show."

Tailor" (Mickey Mouse catches a giant and gets kissed by Minnie); "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood" (clever caricatures of Hollywood celebrities, all done in the spirit of good clean fun, though Miss Hepburn probably no like); and the long awaited "Ferdinand the Bull" (adapted from the Munro Leaf-Robert Lawson best seller about the bull who was queer for sweet flowers.) Don't miss one of them.

IF I WERE KING
ROMANCE IN THE UPPER BRACKETS—Par.

LAVISHLY produced, with plenty of emphasis on spectacular grandeur, the highly romantic story of Francois Villon once more comes to the screen. This time it is Repeald Colman who plays the charmit is Ronald Colman who plays the charming sophisticated Parisian scamp who, by a king's whim, is elevated to the high position of Grand Constable of France.

Delightfully the story tells of his romance with Katherine De Vaucelles (played by Frances Dee), of his brash violations of court etiquette, and ends as he rouses the rabble of Paris to drive the Burgundians from the gates of their beloved city.

Ronnie is as charming and debonair and English as ever, but it is Basil Rathbone, as King Louis, who wraps the picture up and takes it home. As fine a bit of picture stealing as we have had in many a day.

But too much praise cannot be showered on Basil for his excellent portrayal of the lovely, plays the New York girl who falls in love with him. Dorothea Kent and Frank Jenks contribute the muchly needed com-edy. Girls, you'll go mad about Joel in this one.

GIRL'S SCHOOL

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A POOR GIRL IN A SNOBBISH ATMOSPHERE-Col.

SIMPLE little story of life in a girl's A school, without any pretentiousness about it at all. In fact it shrieks simplicity and charm. Anne Shirley plays the poor little girl in the rich girls' school by virtue of a scholarship, and it's Anne's schoolgirl tragedies that interest us most. Nan Grey plays the very snooty rich girl who makes life miserable for Anne.

Outstanding in the cast are Heather Thatcher (her lecture on "charm" is a highspot), Gloria Holden and Cecil Cunningham. Kenneth Howell plays a moonstruck lad who writes poetry, and Noah Beery, Jr., is excellent as a plumber boy who fights for his Anne.

KING OF ALCATRAZ

THE MONTH WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITH-OUT A GANGSTER FILM-Par.

ERE'S a story that packs a punch and HERE'S a story that packs a principle is good entertainment without any fuss or feathers. Lloyd Nolan, who is one grand actor, and Robert Preston, a newcomer who looks good, are ship radio operators who are always feuding over women in the rowdy Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt manner. Assigned to a freighter the feud continues over the affections of Gail Patrick, the ship's Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea in

freight train just in time to clean up the place. Widow Fay Bainter (you'll like her)

is vainly trying to carry on the ideals established by the founders of her husband's newspaper, but what with Lyle Talbot, an ambitious small time politician trying to manipulate votes and silence her presses by cutting off advertisers, she is having a pretty hard time of it. But Bob forsakes the pleasures of the hobo jungles to come to the aid of the widow.

He becomes a tramp printer and manages to stack the cards against the politicians, even going so far as to enlist the aid of a nearby hobo camp. Jean Parker and Dickie Moore play Miss Bainter's children, and John Beal, with Jean, looks after the interest and does some first class straight trouping besides.

Irvin S. Cobb is good as the town's constable, and so is Porter Hall as its weakling of a mayor. One of those homespun pictures, but you'll like it if you aren't too, too sophisticated.

> STRAIGHT, PLACE AND **SHOW**

A FIELD DAY FOR ALL LOVERS OF THE RITZ BROTHERS-20th Century-Fox

THE Brothers have never been funnier, and never had a better picture to back them up in their zany pranks. When Harry Ritz becomes Big Chief Running Deer to tangle with the Terrible Turk in a rasslin' match, you'll probably laugh yourself into a fine case of hysterics. The preview audience did.

The picture begins with the boys running a pony concession. They acquire a horse named Playboy, owned by Phyllis Brooks, and in quite the maddest merriest



Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery in the unusual picture, "Stablemates." It has no love interest, but that won't stop you from liking it. "The Champ" is still warmly remembered. This story has a similar appeal.

## MORE GOSSIP [Continued from page 15]

George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, who wrote "Stage Door," have done another play, which Joan is looking forward to

Some of the pictures in the album were lost and I was kind of worried how to replace them till I got to noticing these here new styles. Well, sir, I took some kodak shots of my wife and a couple of her friends in their new fall outfits and I stuck them in the album. Nobody knows the difference. They might be Grandma Snazy and Aunt Posey fixed up for a church sociable. Only trouble is people are getting so used to seeing funny get-ups, they don't laugh at my album any more."

T TAKES more than million-dollar success to change kids' tastes. When Deanna Durbin finished "That Certain Age," her director told her he wanted to give her a party and asked what sort she'd like. She promptly voted for a horror party, meaning a special showing of those old blood-chillers, "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

In the intermission she and Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl and the other young guests had ice cream and popcorn.

CHESTER MORRIS, on a personal appearance tour in the East, turned the tables on the candid and movie camera fans. In the midst of his act, Morris had the theatre house manager douse the stage lights and he photographed the entire audience with a sixteen millimeter camera. Audiences got a colossal kick out of it, and Chet's box-office soared.

JOAN BENNETT is convinced she should do a play on Broadway after she finishes "Trade Winds" at the Wanger studio. Last season she appeared in "Stage Door," but only on the road. "I felt I needed to brush up on my stage technique," she explains.

A SOUND stage at United Artists studios was barred to all except those whose work actually demanded their presence during the filming of scenes for Walter Wanger's "Trade Winds," in which two deadly snakes were used. Fredric March and Joan Bennett worked in terrifying proximity to a hooded cobra six feet in length, a native of India, and its strange "stand-in," a hoop racer captured in Texas, while two armed

racer captured in Texas, while two armed guards and a Singhalese snake charmer stood just outside the camera lines, ready to give any needed assistance. The entire company gave a sigh of relief when the scenes were completed without accident.

ROSALIND RUSSELL's farewell present to Robert Donat at the party which celebrated completion of "The Citadel," at Denham, England, was a miniature doctor's bag containing a baby doll. But the "gag" present which delighted the crew was a mechanical monkey which, when wound up, began combing its hair. It's a standing joke between Donat and the crew that he can't read his lines unless his hair is combed. He accepted the "gag" gift in good spirits and joined in the laugh as heartily as anyone.

BAT-WING silhouette formed by the dolman sleeve which has once again come into popularity, features Norma Shearer's black, finely-ribbed wool crepe topcoat. The pinched waist, slim skirt and wrist and jacket front clips of rhinestone make this coat ideal for dressy afternoon wear.

way possible discover that he is a jumper. So they enter him in a steeplechase, with Richard Arlen to ride him, and they sew up the race for Playboy by riding the competing nags themselves—and that, you may be sure, is plenty riotous.

Between laughs Ethel Merman sings two grand songs, "Why Not String Along With Me?" and "With You on My Mind," and Phyllis Brooks and Dick Arlen make love.

#### CAMPUS CONFESSIONS

GUARANTEED TO MAKE A BASKET-BALL FAN OUT OF YOU—Par.

JUST as you suspected—a college picture! And a pretty good one at that. Poor Middleton College is in the doldrums because the head of the college, Thurston Hall, clamps the lid on all athletics. They've never had a winning team and they're sore as a boil about it.

When William Henry, the son of the money bags, enters as a freshman they take out their spite on him too—but he finally proves, after much heckling, that he's an all right guy and he proceeds to turn out a grand basketball team.

of course there is much excitement when Hank Luisetti, the Hank Luisetti, is declared ineligible for the championship game by sour old moneybags, but the entire campus finally convinces him that basketball is too important to be trifled with.

The story is a natural for Hank Luisetti from Stanford University, who has been muchly publicized by sportsdom as the world's greatest basket ball player. Outstanding in the cast are John Arledge and Fritz Feld, who do a swell bit of comedy. Betty Grable and Eleanore Whitney are the gals.

A GOOD sense of humor helps Hollywood's stars regain their self-confidence and mental poise when they "blow up" or make a mistake in their stage lines. Each of the screen favorites has a different way of letting off steam to relax tense nerves when they have been guilty of some mistake that spoiled a camera scene.

Deanna Durbin, who has a great deal

Deanna Durbin, who has a great deal of poise for her age, is visibly upset when she makes a mistake on the set. She explodes with the words "Fuzz," "Bats," and "Fooey." If she is extremely angry with herself, she blurts out all three words together.

Universal's vivacious French star, Danielle Darrieux, often does a week's shooting without making a single error. Her newly acquired English is so perfect fellow players consider her almost infallible. When Miss Darrieux does blow up, however, she strolls to the edge of the set and starts singing the song "Heigh, Ho!" After cooling off with the song, she steps before the camera to do the scene correctly.

the scene correctly.

Charlie McCarthy is always ready with a scathing remark whenever his pal Edgar Bergen dares to spoil a scene. "Why don't you study your script, Bergen?" he cracks. Or, "Well, I got it right, Bergen, we can't both be dummies!" When Charlie himself is guilty of an error, he lets out a whole string of double talk that nobody can understand.

PARTMENT of Tempus Fugit: In the foyer of the main entrance to the Administration Building at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios there are four photographs: Shirley Temple, Simone Simon, Eddie Cantor, and Loretta Young. Simone and Eddie no longer work there, and Loretta checks out after her next picture.

## WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

-More Like a Honeymoon!





CRE

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days..."Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream



helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skinvitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.





\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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liant SILVER SCREEN read-

er trying for the \$50 prize.

# RITE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM—TRY TO

## A LETTER OF

## WIN A MONEY PRIZE!

Money Makes The Movies Go. Big Pay-Big Costs-Big Profits. Money—Money—Money!

HARE in the fabulous figures. Enjoy a handful of movie money. If you will write a letter about some movie that met with only average success and that you too, did not care for, telling WHY the public turned against that particular picture, you may win a prize of \$50.00. Only 150 words needed, but they must express a real criticism.

The producers get reports from the theatres and know quite well when a picture has been turned down by the public. Many explanations are given by the movie critics, but it is the every day sort of person who really knows why he didn't like a certain picture and he's the one that the producer wants to hear from. Movies are not made for the aesthetic few, the exotic stragglers or the ignorant mob. Movies are made for men and women who know life and love, family and friends, trouble and joy. And

when a picture misses this goal, Hollywood wants to know WHÝ.

You do not have to tell the producer how to fix the fault which you discover. He knows more about his clever asso-ciates and their functions than you possibly can. What he does not know, and what you can tell him is:-

> What It Was About A Certain Picture That You Did Not Like.

#### CONDITIONS IN THE \$50.00 LETTER CONTEST

- 1. Letters must not be longer than 150 words.
- 2. No letter will be returned.
- 3. Contest closes November 30, 1938.
- 4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
- 5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER  $\begin{array}{cccc} CONTEST, & Silver \\ SCREEN, & 45 & W. & 45th \end{array}$ St., New York, N. Y.

The Best Letter Received Will Be Awarded The First Prize-\$50.00

M OVIE audiences are broadminded and for-give many errors of the technical staff-little things do not matter. It is a fundamental fault that you perhaps resent and which the producer does not see. He cannot, as they say, see the forest for the trees.

Suppose that a picture made you feel angry. For example, the lawyer in "You Can't Take It With You" had a nervous contraction of his eyelid. He was hateful, but linking the nervous twitch to hatefulness is unfair and perhaps it made you feel annoyed. It would have aided the producer, in this instance, if he had been informed through the means of a letter in this contest, that the public resented the suggestion that such a trivial affliction is an indication of a mean disposition. Anyone who has a friend similarly afflicted will like this picture less.

Do Not Unload The Usual Compliments. This Is A Request For Letters of Criticism. Write Your Honest Opinions.

Address your letter to

#### PRIZE LETTER CONTEST

Silver Screen 45 W. 45th St. New York, N. Y.

ANOTHER LETTER CONTEST NEXT MONTH



# HIMDS GIVES 7765

without extra cost! A good-will gift to your chapped hands!

MONEY BACK ON THIS IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS I SAW HINDS HINDS HONEY AND MONEY-BACK OFFER. ALMOND CREAM IS TRIED THEIR WONDER-AN OLD FRIEND FUL LOTION....NOW OF MINE. SO THIS MY HANDS FEEL SMOOTH GOOD-WILL BOTTLE NO MATTER HOW MUCH IS A BONUS TO ME. HOUSEWORK I DO! NEARLY 20% EXTRA LOTION!

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money-if you are pleased. You win-either way. This offer good for limited time only.

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size-get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK-where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now-at no-risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel smoother!

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds-when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

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HONEY &



FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

#### Keep Thin With Gelatine and Aspic

[Continued from page 13]

minutes. Add to hot mixture. Stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and onion juice, extracted by grating onion. Strain, turn into ring mold rinsed in cold water; chill. (Double recipe for 9 inch mold). When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill center with potato salad, cold slaw, cooked vegetables marinated in French dressing, or cold leftover meats mixed with dressing. Tomato juice or diluted tomato soup may be used instead of tomatoes. This is a versatile little dish. It may be varied by adding combinations of vegetables, seasonings and meats to the mold; or jelly may be cut in various shapes and used as a garnish for cold meats or salads. Another good dish to reduce on.

#### SEAFOOD MOLD

1 envelope gelatine

1 cup crabmeat, salmon or tuna fish

2 tablespoons chopped olives

3/4 cup mayonnaise

Few grains cayenne 1/4 cup cold water

1/2 green pepper, chopped

i/2 cup celery, chopped

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon paprika ı tablespoon mild vinegar

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over boiling water; stir until gelatine is dis-solved. Cool; add mayonnaise, fish separated into flakes, and remaining ingredients. Turn

into a mold rinsed with cold water. Chill; unmold when firm.

At this season when cranberries are at their best you will not want to overlook these two grand recipes. The salad is a fine diet dish.

#### CRANBERRY MOUSSE

Cook 11/3 cups cranberries until soft in 11/3 cups boiling water. Strain; add 11/3 cups sugar; bring to rolling boil. While hot add 1 envelope Knox gelatine softened in cold water. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1/8 teaspoon salt. Cool. Whip 2 cups cream and add cranberry mixture. Freeze about 3 hours in refrigerator trays.

#### CRANBERRY ROYAL

Put 3 cups raw cranberries through coarsest knife in a food chopper. Add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup diced celery, 1/3 cup chopped English walnuts or pecans and 2 cups hot lemon gelatine (use Knox's #3 or blue package). Turn into individual molds; when firm serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

#### Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 57]

it. If we don't-we shouldn't be in the show business. What we need is more novelty in

"I can sing," Dottie puts in hopefully. "Yes, Miss Malone," Lloyd rejoins patiently—sarcastically, "I believe you've mentioned it before.

Jessie Ralph is licking her chops. She looks as though she just wants an 'in" in this set-to and there's one dame I don't want to clash tongues with so I journey to another stage.

"Say It In French" is supposed to be shooting. This is the story that was bought for Marlene Dietrich or that Dietrich wanted to do, or something. There are a lot of taxis cruising about and there's a traffic jam. There is one taxi with a hole

cut in the top and in this one rides Mr. Ray Milland and Irene Hervey. You know by now-or you should know-what these outdoor scenes are. Nothing ever happens. People are either running in and out of buildings or else taxis are chasing somebody in another taxi or-oh, what's the use. This scene is no different from all the others. When the scene is shot I just say to Irene, "Good day, Mrs. Jones (because she is Mrs. Allan Jones in private life) I'll see you at the riding academy on Sunday next (because Allan owns the Bel Air Riding Academy—in partnership with Robert Young) and to Ray I say, "This is a helluva dull set. I'm leaving and I'll interview you on your next picture (and this last remark) on your next picture (and this last remark is inspired by the fact that when you visit a lot the studio is supposed to buy you lunch, but whenever I visit Paramount the young lady who drags me around always has a previous engagement and says, "Well, you can have lunch with Ray and interview him"). Not even a free lunch could compensate me for sticking around and watching Miss Hervey and Mr. Milland wade through two hours of traffic jams so I decline the interview and the free lunch and proceed to-

#### United Artists

O VER here we find Mr. Walter Wanger O producing a picture written and directed by Mr. Tay Garnett called "Trade Winds" in which Miss Joan Bennett "on a sudden impulse" (that's what the script says) kills a man she knows has driven her sister to suicide. She flees to the Orient, has her hair dyed black (whoever heard of a Bennett with black hair?), flees to the Orient where she meets Ann Sothern (ah, there's a dish!) and Fredric March. Despite my persiflage, this really has a swell plot and it will be an equally swell picture. Ann has been Freddie's secretary (do I need to tell you-there really seems to be an ungodly number of things I have to tell you -that he is a detective), but now she is no longer Freddie's secretary. She is out for the reward offered for Joan's capture. She gets herself engaged as Joan's maid.

A third of the way through the picture, Freddie and Joan meet. Their first glance is electric. Love is in a fair way to conquer all again. They go horseback riding. Joan has sent Ann (whom she has engaged as her maid, not having an idea in the world who Ann really is) out to try to hock a little jewelry and a few knick knacks. Joan and Freddie are returning from the horse-

back ride.

"I've got an interesting proposition to make to you," Freddie begins. (I can remember the time Miss Bennett gave me a neat call-down for saying "I've got" instead of "I have"—and right she was—but we'll let that pass). "I'll help you off with your boots if you'll buy me a drink" (and

Joan down to the hocking stage).
"Sold!" cries Joan gayly, "to the gentleman in the riding clothes." She places one foot against Freddie's-er-rear and sticks

the other out for him to yank at.

"You drive a hard bargain," Freddie pants as he tugs. "Two drinks is barely a living wage for this work."

"Take a rest," Joan laughs. "My maid will do it when she comes in."

Freddie stors in surprise and looks

Freddie stops in surprise and looks around. "Maid? I thought you were travel-

Joan: "I was. But this girl asked me for work. Her mother and father were mission-aries and died of cholera and here she is." Just then the door opens and Ann comes in. "Oh, you're back, Jeanette," Joan remarks.

"Yes, Moddom," Ann admits, giving a

bad curtsey.
"This is Mr. Wyne," Joan offers, although when ladies started introducing their maids to their gempman friends is something I don't know

Fred glances up and sees Ann smirking in her maid's outfit. "How do you do. Jeanette," he says blandly. "Miss Holden (that's Joan) and I were just saying what

a frightful thing cholera is."
"There are worse things," Ann mutters, wondering if he's going to give her away

About this time Freddie gets the second boot off and Joan rises. "Thanks. You've earned your wages. I'll go change my clothes and (to Ann) Jeanette, order Mr. Wyne anything he wants, will you?" With that she exits.

"May I order you a large case of small-pox, Mr. Wyne?" Ann offers when Joan is safely out of the room.

You can see for yourself that this is pretty snappy dialogue and that, coupled with a swell plot and such a cast, this should be put on your "must see" list.

Ann and I chat awhile and I sip the Coca Cola her maid thoughtfully brings up. But the sun is sinking and my spirits are sinking with it. That is, they're sinking until I consult a production chart. Then, just as the sun sinks over the horizon, my spirits brighten. Universal, R-K-O and Columbia are deader than door-nails. So there is only-

#### 20th Century-Fox

A<sup>ND</sup> if you don't think we're going through this studio like a rabbit through a cabbage patch you're crazy. There are three pictures here-"Hard To Get" featuring Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher, Alan Dinehart, Robert Allen, Slim Summerville and Phyllis Brooks; "Kentucky"; and "Mr. Moto Takes A Vacation" starring Peter Lorre with a whale of a supporting cast.

In the first named Mr. Foster is a sort of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford with his henchman (Mr. Treacher). Mr. Dinehart and Mr. Allen, on the other hand, are another pair of Gyp artists. In the scene I see, Mr. Foster (with a Ku Klux Klan outfit and a mask, is laying down the law to Mr. Allen and Mr. Dinehart and scaring the living daylights out of them. No, I'm wrong. It isn't Mr. Dinehart at all. It's Sidney Toler. "An' I'm warnin' you swindlers," Mr. Foster warns them, "git goin' while the goin's good. Don't let the sun rise on you in Springdale.'

This film is being directed by Mr. Alfred Werker, Mr. Werker, in case you haven't heard, directed me in the first film I ever participated in. It as also next to the last one I ever participated in. Despite the one I ever participated in. Despite the doubtful honor of such an achievement he is still a swell director. He directed George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild," among other things. With such a director and such a cast this is another "Must see." And so we come to "Mr. Moto." This, as usual is being directed by Norman Foster.

usual, is being directed by Norman Foster. Perhaps Mr. Foster doesn't rate with Cecil DeMille as a director but he's a darned sight more human, he's a helluva lot younger and he gives you pictures you can enjoy without feeling you have to be impressed because two million dollars has been spent on the production. (No offense, Mr. DeMille. I just happen to like Mr. Foster and think he is an excellent director).

The last picture of the week (no, that's Jimmie Fidler)—the last picture of the month (that's me) is "Kentucky."

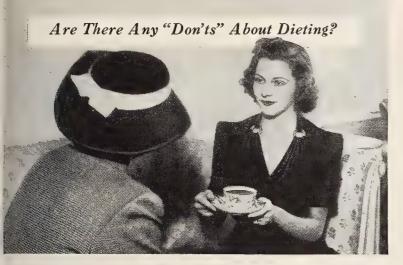
Dick Greene and Loretta Young are involved and it's almost Romeo and Juliet in modern dress. Loretta isn't working today and when anyone gets as middle-aged, fat and bald as I'm getting he resents (but bitterly) anyone as young, as slender and good-looking as Dick Greene. So we'll skim lightly over "Kentucky" and—until next month-Good-ni-ight.

## Jacqueline Mells!

COLUMBIA STAR Featured on Page 12 of This Magazine

#### WHAT HAS HOLLYWOOD TAUGHT YOU ABOUT KEEPING SLIM?

An Interview With Jacqueline Wells Who Next Appears in "Thoroughbred," a Columbia Picture



"One of the first things a talent coach tells a newcomer isdon't diet strenuously. It is too weakening. Instead, order a meal carefully, and select dishes that give pep without pounds-like the delicious new protein salads."



"That's a mistake many people make. The answer is 'no.' Flavored gelatine desserts are 85% sugar. Knox is pure gelatine -contains no sugar. For a non-fattening salad, for any salad with a natural, fresh flavor-use Knox Gelatine every time!"



"Heavens, no! I'd love everybody to try them. The only 'secret' is that you must use Knox Gelatine. Knox is practically all protein. And protein, I've learned, is non-fattening. But it gives the pep you need to succeed in any career."

#### KNOX NON-FATTENING COMPLEXION SALAD\*

Use ¼ package—serves 6
1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water

teaspoonful salt tablespoonfuls mild vinegar

2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley or raw spinach

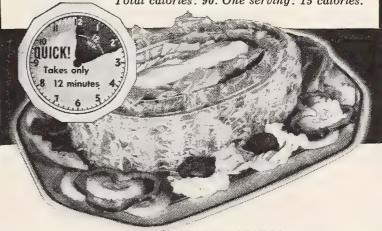
% cup carrots, grated fine or shredded

1 cup hot water % cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded

1 tablespoonful lemon juice 2 teaspoonfuls onion juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt, hot water; stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice, onion juice (extracted by grating an onion). Put in tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control; do not freeze. Prepare parsley or raw spinach, carrots, cabbage. When gelatine mixture begins to thicken, combine with prepared ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Total calories: 90. One serving: 15 calories.



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Knox Quickies...tested time-saver recipes for easy salads, desserts.

Entertaining Round the Calendar...a host of exciting recipes for parties, holidays and socials.





• Put your eyes in the holiday mood-liven them up with Kur-LASH'S flattery! Curl your lashes up from your eyes, show off their size and brilliance-and sing carols with the wide-eyed, angelic look that only Kurlash gives!

Learn what shades of eye makeup are becoming to you—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. C-12; receive free-a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!



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## These Days Before Christmas!

[Continued from page 10]

fastened, and an efficient and dainty affair. A style by Revlon may be had to suit almost any taste.

A manicure set is always welcome, and you can find almost any style at any price

you want to pay.

For lovely hands, give hand lotion or cream. Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, that great favorite, has just emerged in a truly beautiful Christmas package, green, gold and red bells. The large size means hand beauty for a long time. The dime size also is dressed up for Christmas, and is a grand idea for the little gift to be slipped in stocking, package or for tree. Campana's Italian Balm would make a

lovely gift. It is newly bottled in a classic white column with a Wedgewood blue top, an ornament to dressing-table or bath. In

a giant size that is a real gift.
Then, something new-Jordeau Hand Cream, whipped to a froth, and in a low, white bowl with a rose-colored lid. Beautiful and different and all that you'd expect in a fine hand cream.

If you want to give something very, very different, how about a black lipstick? Girls would adore one. These sticks are black but turn red on lips. Black Magic by Tattoo is as black as its name, but you may safely give it, regardless of the recipient's natural coloring, because its tone varies according to how it is applied. It is a fine lipstick, lovely tone and a smart fashion accessory, as well. The surprise element of the black

makes it very gifty, too.

Very, very much less than our dollar is
Debutante, cosmetic case of the carry-all type, by Glida. It holds those odds and ends, and comes in rich colors, so you may substitute it for your bag, on occasion.
The perfect small gift idea.
Coty has an "Air Spun" Loose Powder

Vanity that is one of the best looking, long wearing and efficient devices I've ever owned. Not brand new, but a beauty, in gold-like finish with a center disc of colored enamel. Looks double its modest price.

'Have more Paris in your life," says Coty, and you'll want it, too, when you see those lovely, new beauty aids all scented with Paris. Paris perfume, let me remind you, that fragrance of coquetries and surprises, may be had within our budget as well as in more costly presentations. Among the Paris scented lovelies, you will find "Air Spun" face powder, dusting powder, talc, toilet water, sachets, bath salts and soap. The bath-size soap is ever welcome. All newly and charmingly packaged. Don't let Paris switch you, however, if you have other Coty scent preferences. They all seem world favorites.

Eau de Cologne by Ciro, especially Surrender and Reflexions, are scents so rich, so lasting and romantic that they are truly unforgettable. These are so masterfully blendid that they have almost the strength and depth of real perfume, though they actually are not the concentrate, or full strength. The perfumes, naturally, are higher, but, oh, so lovely!

Bourjois' lilting Evening in Paris, in those deep blue flacons with silver touches, always looks like Christmas. There are lovely assortments to please every taste and budget, among them perfume, eau de Cologne, talcum, bubbling bath essence, bath powder and all kinds of things to make one look and feel beautiful. Lovely things to give and to receive.

presents, don't pass up the Bathasweet gift packages. These are very holiday looking, and contain Bathasweet for the tub, in garden bouquet or forest pine, with matching soap. If you want to give a number of small

Bouquet Lentheric is just one of those things you can't do without, once you've used it. There are a great variety of fragrances, but the newest is A Bientot (meaning so long, until we meet again, or some such casual parting sentiment). This is a dry, mellow fragrance after the perfume of that name that flashed on us in the Spring. A Bientot comes in flacons or decanters, with a French flair to the package.

A pat on the back about tells the story of an original idea—Prince Matchabelli's Talc Mitt. Slip it on your hand, pat your body and out flows just the right amount of bath powder. It's made of gay terry cloth, and a rubber lining prevents the powder getting damp. Hang it up after use, and powder doesn't go drifting all over your bath. It's smart and new. Enough powder, too, to last a long time. The Prince Matchabelli perfumes are ever welcome and come abelli perfumes are ever welcome, and come from those lovely, tiny crowns to crowns de luxe.

Within our price range, Max Factor offers a combination Parfum Cologne and Talc box, in either "Trocadero" or "Cocoanut Grove" fragrance, very, very nice and very, very Hollywood.

Corday offers eau de Cologne in the loved scents of Toujours Moi (always me), Orchidee Bleue (blue orchid), and Voyage a Paris (trip to Paris). You can buy the perfumes, too, by the dram, including the new Tzigane (gypsy).

DeVilbiss, maker of fine atomizers, makes a lovely little affair of crystal and gold-finished top to take care of your dram of precious perfume. It is a little jewel of a gift. If you want to double up, you might

fill it with a favorite perfume.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Pine Bath Oil is a whiff of pine forest, softening and soothing besides. This comes in a festive carton of silver and white, dotted with red stars. A combination package of the oil and Sonota Cologne is also a good idea. There are some attractive combination

sets for both women and men by Wood-bury. There is always interest in the package that contains a variety of preparations-new things to try and things that go together.

Beauty Caddy by Harriet Hubbard Ayer is a most attractive box containing the essentials for re-doing your face, plus face powder and a vial of that lovely Pink Clover perfume. All bath accessories, too, come in this field fragrance, as well as other floweds. Incorpositive but exquisite florals. Inexpensive but exquisite.

As you increase the budget, you might think of an Eastman Kodak, that lasting gift that helps others remember high moments in fine, clear pictures.

Stationery is always a good idea, and Eaton has done beautiful things with papers, from the very thoroughbred, perfect taste boxes for men to almost gossamer sheets, designed especially for the air mail letter. Children love their own stationery, and there are cunning designs for them, too. And of course, there are lingerie and the feminine foibles, or maybe someone is even getting a diamond bracelet.

Whatever you give, do this. Give it in a very festive Christmas spirit. And that means artistically wrapped with care. One of the stars uses tiny gold and silver bells tied to the package bow. These bells jingle. Another uses real pine cones, while the spray makes a decoration par excellence. There are all kinds of ways to make a simple gift carry that happy message, "Merry, merry Christmas."

P. S. If your problem of gifts is really too much for you, maybe I can help. Just write a few details.

# GIFTS THAT SPEAK A LANGUAGE Every woman loves!



Evening in Paris Bourjois



## THE MODERN IDEA FOR Teminine Hygiene

Lygenes...when your doctor advises femi-nine hygiene...a dainty, white, antiseptic suppository; ready for instant use ... melts promptly at internal body temperature, to form a soothing antiseptic film ... freshly scented; no other odor ... individually sealed; untouched by human hands until you open ... scientifically prepared by the makers of "Lysol" disinfectant...box of 12, with full directions, \$1.00.

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Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, rese sootning, nealing, cushioning, protective pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. THIN and THICK for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



## Dr Scholl's Zino pads



Without Calomel-And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

### Calling All Ghosts

[Continued from page 27]

mercial announcement all by itself, with the local printer's ghastly reproduction of stores and restaurants that paid for this curtain advertisement.

Vaudeville, beside going to radio, also went to the movies, and found employment in comedy pictures and in musicals. Vaudeville also went to the comparatively new field of cabaret and hotel entertainment. The Casa Manana, at New York; the Chez Paree, at Chicago; the Club Mayfair, at Boston; the Adelphia Roof and the Arcadia, at Philadelphia; Ben Marden's Riviera, at New York; the Rainbow Room, in Radio City—all of these have substituted for vaudeville by engaging big floor shows headed by stars like Sophie Tucker or Harry Richman.

At perhaps 200 night clubs and hotel rooms throughout the land, and at Jubilestas, such as Kansas City features, vaudeville veterans have found sporadic employ-ment. Others have drifted into small radio stations where they double in brass.

Radio, even more than the movies, changed the vaudeville pattern. In the old days of vaude, where an act could play 23 solid weeks in New York, or sign a 52week contract that would carry it right across the country and through Canada, an act could use the same material for years. Singers could use the same songs. Radio, which demands a new act once a week, put a lot of the old-timers out of business and washed them up. Radio demands new ideas, new songs, new sketches. Only those vaudevillians who could adapt themselves to this necessity have survived.

Radio smarténed up national audiences. Once upon a time, for instance, Al Jolson could hold down the Winter Garden stage for a solid hour-by himself. Today Jolson is on the radio, but he must be surrounded by Martha Raye, Parkyarkarkus, a name band and a guest star. Perhaps the greatest single change has been in material. Radio and the movies put a lot of vaudeville acts out of business overnight by banning double entendre jokes and situations, the type of thing that vaudeville termed "blue" mate-rial. There were many vaudevile acts in the old days which relied on dirty material to win laughs, and, when that was denied them, they were through because they didn't have great talent. They had gotten by for years on a dubious raincheck.



Donald O'Connor's success in "Sons of the Legion" carries on his initial triumph in "Sing, You Sinners."

In this article, I've tried to give you a complete picture of what happened to vaudeville, and what it will be when it returns, as it is returning. I'd like, for the purpose of the story to say that it sums up to this: "Hooray! It's come. We're going to work again. They fired us and left us to starve, and now we are going back behind the footlights again." That, unfortunately, is not the picture or the promise. The ones who will be benefited by vaudeville are not the old troupers, but those who have won added acclaim via the movies and radio. These acts will get all the money; the veterans will continue to live precariously on slashed salaries, because the vaude-ville that is coming back is not the vaudeville that your Dad knew and loved. It is a 1939 version of the ancient and honorable variety act, and while it is better than nothing at all, it falls far short of a Monday matinee at the Palace Theatre, when that house was the No. 1 vaudeville house of show business.

#### Flashshots

[Continued from page 19]

New York he was off to Baltimore, Washington, etc., for more appearances and then back to Hollywood and work.

Mary Brian is another who has been doing a lot of stage work. She dropped into the apartment after lunch, all done up, I thought, in Cellophane, but Mary assured

me it was a raincoat.

The day I went to see Wayne Morris in his dressing room a man in the theatre said: "Don't you think you'd better take a photo of Johnny Davis?" And I allowed as how I didn't know who Mr. Davis was. And if ever a guy was kidded for swing ignorance I was that guy. Anyway, I finally did get a shot of Mr. Davis just as he was

about to go on the stage.

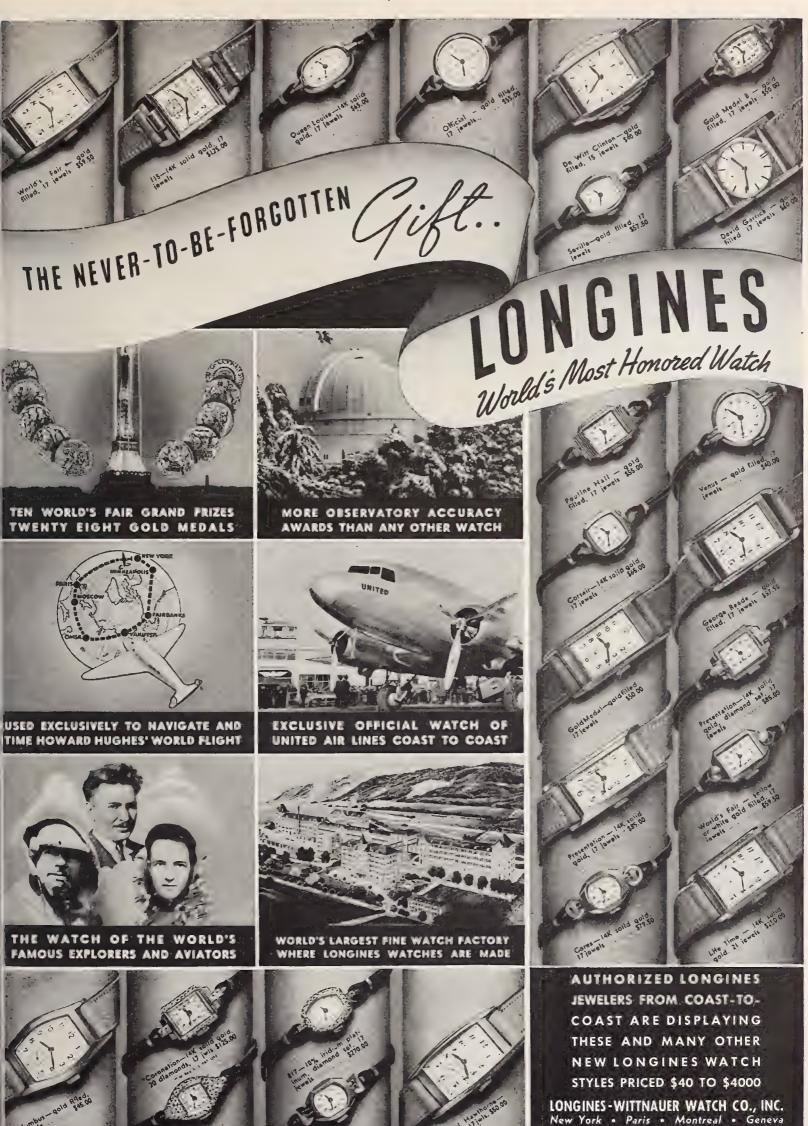
Few things in New York's night life causes more excitement than an opening of importance. The girls spend long painful hours to achieve the right hair-do, they worry if the color of their dresses will be right for the lights if their boy friends right for the lights, if their boy friends will look their best and if the columnists will write them up and thus reward them for all their trouble. Certainly the reopening of El Morocco for the winter season brought out all the glamour boys and girls, and celebrities of all types, sexes, and talents. By midnight, frantic police were trying to unsnarl traffic for blocks near the entrance and columnist Lucius Beebe stood in amazement on the curb as car after car, filled with magnificently dressed people, were assured there was absolutely no more room, and were waved on by an exhausted policeman towards other night clubs which were only too grateful for the sudden windfall.

Inside, in the room famous for its zebra striped benches, its white palm trees and its twinkling stars, and mixed in with the society celebrities, was many a Hollywood runaway. Jack Warner and his beautiful wife were with Hope Hampton, whose hair has been made so blonde it looks like pulled taffy, Lily Damita, whose dress sent the fashion reporters into rapturous swoons, and Anderson Lawlor, who is often said to be one of the funniest men in Hollywood. The Warners and their friends left, after an hour, for newer pastures and within

an hour, for newer pastures and within another hour were pushing through the crowds to get back in. "Another time we'll learn to stay put," laughed Ann Warner, flashing those enormous eyes of hers.

Lanny Ross and his wife, the former Olive White, arrived very late and had the distinction of being the only people admitted not in evening clothes. But then, as Lanny said: "You can't let an old friend down." And well I couldn't, for Lanny and

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I had been friends for some years before we graduated from Yale together in the class of 1928.

Somewhere scrambled together in the crowded room were Patricia Ellis, dressed in shades of mauve and rose, with Johnny Walker, once a star of the silent pictures, Arline Judge Topping with her handsome playboy husband. Arline was wearing gold leather gauntlets with her crepe dress which

had a gold lame bodice.

Eleanor Whitney was almost buried under silver fox. She and Clifton Webb had quite a chat out in the hall. Clifton is the brilliantly successful actor dancer who, several years ago, spent two years in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M at a reputed thirty-five hundred dollars a week and never made a picture. This year he is in Cole Porter's new musical, "You Never Know." Certainly in Hollywood you never know.

Rudy Vallee was around with Judy Stewart. In fact you rarely see one without the other these days, and there, over in another part of the room, was famed aviator Dick Merrill with blonde, and how, Toby

Wing.

Harold Young, the young dancer who made his picture debut in "Gay Divorcee" and has been in many of the big musical numbers like "Broadway Melodies," "Born to Dance" and "Pigskin Parade," came in to see me the day after the El Morocco opening. When I asked him if he'd had a good time the night before he replied: "Damn it, no. I like to dance and no one could dance in that mob unless they could dance under a table."

#### Games to Make Your Party Go!

[Continued from page 29]

were then matched and they blew into the balloons—for all they were worth! As soon as one balloon popped, another contestant stepped up and into the game. This kept on until one side had used up all its balloons. That side, of course, won the game and each player a nice prize. Anita says you can speed the game up by matching more people at one time, but half the fun is in watching and heckling from the sidelines.

But to really see something, you should witness your favorite movie stars playing "Indicators," the game that took Hollywood by storm. Glamour folks crawling, feet first, from under furniture, ducking their heads under water taps and sewing on imaginary socks is nothing unusual, when they're acting out "A rolling stone," "A stitch in time," and the like. You'd have died laughing at Loretta Young, who is one of the foremost "Indicator" fans of the colony, tossing imaginary loaves of bread into a bathtub, doing "cast your bread upon the waters" at a party given for Claudette Colbert. And speaking of Claudette, she even went so far as to actually stick her beautifully coiffured head under a kitchen sink water faucet (turned wide open!) to act something out!

#### "Three Floperoos And You're Out!"

[Continued from page 31]

for five weeks drawing his pay and trying to keep from going nuts and wondering if anybody at the studio really knew he was in town, or cared, even. But at last he got the call and was told to report the next morning at seven-thirty. Pat was there champing at the bit. Oh, sure, they had a swell picture all picked out for him. Yes, he had the lead and it was something colossal, a knock-out of a story . . . everything!

And Pat Barton, being what is known as a very "quick reader," memorized his lines, along with everyone elses, in practically no time and, although he wondered vaguely at the story idea and at most of the lines, he decided that, after all, he was a newcomer and maybe that was the way they went about making one of those super

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productions.

The story the Gigantic producer had chosen to launch Pat on his career was a tasty little tid-bit entitled "Love Under The Magnolia Blossoms," or something just as bad. Pat and everyone else in the cast struggled heroically to make something presentable out of the impossibly puerile lines and situations. They might as well have saved their time and energy, for Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, with all their established popularity, couldn't have saved that picture. When it was finally released, and why it ever was still remains a mystery, it met with such a storm of criticism that after a few weeks it was finally recalled.

By this time Pat had learned all about the old Hollywood BUGABOO and that first flop threw a pretty bad scare into the poor kid. It wasn't as if he couldn't act (you can't play in two long-run Broadway hits unless you can act) and it wasn't as if he had buck teeth and bow-legs. He had every requisite tool of a successful actor, was highly ambitious and anxious to learn, and still his initial effort had met with

horrible failure.

In a couple of months Pat was handed the working script of what was to be his second attempt at celluloid fame and told to learn his lines. Pat took the script home, read it through a couple of times, threw it under the bed and headed for the bathroom in an advanced stage of nausea. It was even worse than the "Magnolia Blossoms" opus. The next day he called on the producer and, according to Pat, the conversation went something in this manner:

PAT: I don't like to kick or anything like that, but couldn't you find a better part for me than this thing you're about to

shoot

PRO: What's the matter with the part, Barton, old man? This is going to be a smash hit, mark my word!

PAT: Well, maybe so, but I'm banking my future on the next two pictures and if you don't mind I don't think I'll take the part.

PRO: Suit yourself, Barton. You'd like your contract renewed at the end of the

year, though, wouldn't you?

Well, that was the general trend of things and of course Pat had to take a long chance and accept the part rather than virtually sign his resignation then and there. And the picture turned out to be another "smeller" and so did the last and other "smeller" and so did the last and fatal third one. I saw Pat the other day on Hollywood Boulevard, still anxiously determined, still ambitious to succeed. But behind the engaging grin I could see the terrible hurt to the boy's pride, could sense the resentful bewilderment of the thing that had smashed his hopes of doing the one thing in the world he most wanted to do. Maybe, sometime, Pat will get another chance at a part to which he could do credit or that would do him credit. Maybe. But chances are he won't. There are so many in Hollywood with Pat's same story and they live in a perpetual land of "maybe." Maybe today, perhaps tomorrow.

The natural supposition is that there

The natural supposition is that there must be an answer to a situation of this kind. Why must a half-baked, unintelligent condition like this be allowed to exist in one of the country's leading industries?

That it actually boils down to is: Why iould any company be content to offer ne market an inferior brand of product? oesn't it stand to reason that a manucturer, no matter if he is producing moon pictures or lawn-mowers, should try is darnedest to make the very best merlandise his money and working materials ill allow?

But, conversely enough, it seems that the rces that guide the picture making in-ustry are as unexplainable, as ephemeral the Aurora Borealis. Pat Barton's case is pical. Here is a major studio, not a fly-y-night "quickie" company, mind you, that ought and paid good money for a story nat would be rejected in a hurry by the litor of any pulp paper magazine in the puntry, regardless of what brand of tripe e had heretofore published. I don't know ho wrote the story and I'm quite sure ou don't care. Possibly it was bought as 1 original after the story editor had recnmended it during a moment of depreson or indigestion . . . perhaps it was an laptation of a best-seller of the early 'go's, ., as seems most probable, possibly the fice boy dashed it off one day during his inch hour. However, the person responble for the purchase of that masterpiece as likewise responsible for the ruined caer of a boy who had something tangible nd talented to offer the public, which, ter all, is the sole judge of what is good ad what is bad in motion pictures.

Picture, if you can, the dilemma of a oy or girl who is a newcomer to the screen. fter all, they are hardly in a position to ictate as to the pictures in which they nall or shall not appear. That right is reved for the old established stars, and times it still gets them into plenty of ot water, as witness, Raft and Cagney and ozens of others too numerous to mention.

No, they must string along docilely while producers and directors pick stories to film that would tax the credulity of an Australian bushman, not to mention our own theater-going populace. I've often wondered just what the average mature American I. Q. is in the opinion of one of these cinematic geniuses. Possibly the shoe is on the wrong foot and the average American often wonders the same thing about the producers.

Unless the newcomer's first picture is an out-and-out hit his toboggan has already started down the slope that leads to film oblivion. His second picture then must be just twice as good to make up for lost ground. If it is no better than the first he is well on the way to being washed up, and the third bad one amounts to nothing more than the formality of reading the obituary of another hope that was "killed in action.'

. The thought of these young actors and actresses having to stand mutely by and watch impotently while their life's ambi-tions go a'glimmering, the sight of all the fine talent going to waste, is truly tragic, but until that time arrives when you, and you, and I are willing to r'ar back on our hind legs and demand better quality in films, it looks as if things are likely to go on much as they are.

It has been suggested before this that one major cause of poor pictures is the double feature bill, and it seems as if that might be true. Naturally, every picture can't be another million dollar production; no one could expect that. But surely there must be enough good stories, enough good writers and directors around every studio to turn out pictures which, while not necessarily sensational, will leave an audience with at least a pleasant taste in their mouths.

Producers, directors, writers, cameramen, continuity and dialogue directors, electricians, actors, all go into the making of a film, good or bad, and it is nearly inconceivable that companies can turn out such fine entertainment as "The Hurricane," "It Happened One Night," "Dead End," "A Letter of Introduction," "Night Must Fall," etc., and at the same time, and right on the same lot, be making a film that wouldn't draw a dozen people per that wouldn't draw a dozen people per performance if it had to be shown alone. It seems that if a story is worth filming at all it should be worth the best efforts of everyone concerned in its making.

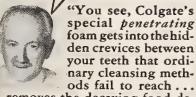
Here is a suggestion, though, that might tend to raise the picture standard a bit. If you see a class "B" picture and, although it may reek to high heaven of amateurishness, if there is a new face in the cast whom you believe might have possibilities if given something decent to work on, then write a letter to the studio who made the picture. Tell them you thought the story was a lemon but that so-and-so, whoever it was, seemed to have something on the ball and that you'd like to see him or her in something better. It to see him or her in something better. It might work. I don't know. However, I do know that something drastic should be done about pictures that ruin the careers of promising young actors and actresses and the dispositions of the people who pay their thirty cents or so at their neighborhood houses.

THREE BAD ONES AND YOU'RE OUT! Sure. The poor unfortunate screen aspirant is out in the cold nursing his grief, and the public who paid to see his career steered onto the rocks is out on the sidewalk about eleven thirty at night wondering why in the name of all that's holy he ever had to sit through anything like LOVE UNDER THE MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.





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#### Projection of Merle Oberon

[Continued from page 21]

the world. She loves to bring a little happiness into the lives of poor tired souls—and that happens to be where the Oberon money goes, that and the governments (having to pay income taxes to both England and America she keeps pretty well stripped.) She is generous and kind-hearted to a fault and you must never be surprised to find a stray dog, probably without pedigree, or a stray person, definitely without pedigree, in the Oberon house.

pedigree, or a stray person, definitely without pedigree, in the Oberon house.

It's a toss up as to whether Connie Bennett or Merle is the most chic person in Hollywood. Simple and smart in her clothes, Merle has that devastating French allure about her and 'tis said that at the mere sight of her men long to throw their domestic security to the winds. (Wives aren't her best friends, for some weird reason, well, maybe not too weird. Thank goodness I'm not a wife so I can like her in peace.)

Her wardrobe is from Paris, of course, as she only spends a few months of the year in Hollywood, and she likes black for evening wear. She's feminine enough to know that men are helpless before black when white skin glimmers through it. In her sports clothes, yellows and whites and blues, she looks like a sixteen year old. She adores odd and expensive slippers, provocative perfumes, and Parisian nighties.

vocative perfumes, and Parisian nighties.

Well, now, I've got to correct another impression. You probably think that with all this Schiaparelli finery and this decided feminine flair, Merle spends her evenings dining, dancing, flirting and making pretty talk with the Upper Crust of Hollywood, who are just too utterly bored by it all. But not Merle. If you want to find her in a hurry some evening don't bother to look for her with a dull party of the Right People sipping champagne at the expensive night clubs in Hollywood—no indeed, you're far more likely to find her devouring, but daintily, a dish of fried shrimp and hot mustard sauce in a Chinese restaurant, or swinging into a merry shag at the Palomar. (The Palomar is a big dance hall in Los Angeles where the jitterbugs hang out. There's no cover charge, and no silver fox. But there's the best swing orchestra in town.)

Merle loves to dance. I've never seen anyone who enjoyed it more. When someone says to her, "I do want you to meet dear So-and-So. May I bring him over some day for tea?" Merle always asks, "Does he like to dance?" If he doesn't like to dance dear So-and-So stands a very slight chance of being invited for tea, or anything. She's mad about Chinese food and has been in every Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles and Hollywood. She collects names and addresses of Chinese joints with the same eagerness as some actresses collect antiques. She doesn't drink or smoke and drives headwaiters crazy in swanky places by ordering water.

In a place where rudeness grows on trees (they call it an inferiority complex out here and it covers even more than a multitude of sins), Merle simply can't bring herself around to being rude. She wastes a lot of valuable time by being polite, her friends tell her, but she goes right on, day after day, being faultlessly polite.

Only once in Hollywood has she been rude and she was scared into it that time

Only once in Hollywood has she been rude—and she was scared into it that time. She has a holy horror of the radio, and just the thought of an open mike can bring out the goose pimples. When the publicity department told her that she would have to take part in the broadcast

held in the forecourt of the Carthay Circle the night of the gala premiere of "Marie Antoinette" she became so ill she could hardly finish the day at the studio.

"But Norma is one of my best friends," she kept saying to herself. "Why, of course I want to say nice things about Norma over the air. Why, this is silly of me. I wonder—just suppose I didn't go to the premiere? No. No, Norma would never forgive me." So she made up a beautiful speech about Norma and Marie Antoinette—and prepared to mount her own guillotine, there in the forecourt of the Carthay Circle.

Doug, Jr., arrived to escort her to the premiere, and for the first time since he and Merle had been dating she suddenly went very feminine on him and kept him waiting for ages. "You'd better hurry," Doug, Jr., called upstairs, "we'll miss the first reel." "Oh, that would never do," Merle called back, "and I must get there for the broadcast." Well, it's a little hazy here. Merle says Doug's chauffeur was slow, and Doug's a gentleman and can't say much. But imagine Merle's sorrow (yes, just imagine it) when they arrived just two minutes after the broadcast had been taken off the air. The picture had started in the meantime and Merle and Doug had to climb across Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur and Norma herself, and Norma glared something awful. "I did expect my riends at least to be on time," she said during intermission. Rather than annoy any more stars by being late to their previews and premieres Merle has decided in

Little Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson was born February 19 on the Island of Fasmania. Her father, who died of pneumonia three months before her birth, was in English army officer and her mother was English on the paternal side and French-Dutch on the other. When Merle was seven her mother accepted an inviation to visit in Bombay, India, and two ears later went to join her brother and

he future not to go at all-if there's going

ister in Calcutta.

o be a microphone.

Merle has a lot of pictures of herself aken when she was a little girl in Calutta—in which she shows definite traces of the Pola Nigri influence. Movies were the regreatest pleasure then, as she found and a life very boring and army people ery stuffy, and time and again she would be romise herself that some day she would be to England (Hollywood was just too such to wish for in those days) and try of get into the cinema. She lived in Calutta for the next eight years and was ducated in the La Martinere College there. When she was sixteen she became a memer of the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical ociety and danced in the chorus of "Sinad the Sailor" and "Aladdin." (When sob Benchley saw these pictures of her in ostume in her scrapbook he turned to laywright Sam Behrman and said, "Think hat we missed, Sam, by going to New ork instead of Calcutta.")

When she was seventeen her uncle got my leave for a trip to England and as special treat took Merle along with him it would be a nice visit, he told her. But Ierle had other plans. When it came time return to India, Merle rebelled. "I shall ay here and become an actress," she said, robably in just the same tone she said, I came to fish, and I'm going to fish." nyway, the poor uncle had no way of ealing with this unexpected problem child he have her the equivalent of \$100 and er return ticket, and washed his hands of 100 uncle whole affair.

Merle promptly altered her name to lerle Oberon (Oberon, she decided, being bit more theatrical than O'Brien or

hompson) and started her heart-breaking

She won College

Honors

... but
"Flunked"
as a
Wife!



One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

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They have designs on each other - Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Designer Magnifique!



hunt for a job. The money and the cash on the return ticket didn't last long in London, as you can well assume, and Merle more than once was pretty near the verge of starvation. One day she heard that the H. M. V. Film Company was holding an audition for players at the Cafe de Paris in London, so she answered the call along with fifty other girls. She was not pickedbut she did get a job to dance in the cafe. It paid rather well, and gradually she bought herself a new wardrobe and began to bluff her way into the agencies.

Her first movie pay check was for extra work in "Alf's Button" for British Gaumont, and she got \$10 a day for three weeks. So elated was she over this that she sent for her mother.

While lunching in the studio restaurant one day, Merle suddenly looked up from her chicken curry to see a man standing over her. "My name is Alexander Korda," he said. "I would like to discuss a test with you." Merle thought it was another one of those cruel studio jokes but, sure enough, two months later, she re-ceived a call to report at the Wembly Studios for a Korda picture.

After various tests it was decided that Merle was the siren type, and her unusual features were made to look quite exotic. She played the feminine leads in "The Battle" (her best dramtic picture, with Battle" (her best dramtic picture, with Charles Boyer), "Broken Melody" and "The Private Life of Don Juan" with Douglas Fairbanks. (Doug, Sr., and his new wife, Lady Ashley, became Merle's close friends.) But it was Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" that brought her the most fame in America.

While she was working in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Leslie Howard, Darryl Zanuck arranged to borrow her from Korda for his "Folies Bergere de Paris" and Merle, at long last, made Hollywood. The picture was not well received here-Merle was just too exotic for words-but she attracted the attention of Sam Goldwyn and she was immediately signed on one of those fiftyfifty contracts where she makes pictures in Hollywood for Goldywn part of the time and for Korda in England the other half. Sam Goldwin, smart man that he is, immediately decided that Merle was not the siren type (she certainly isn't in real life) and made her take all that vampish make-up off. She emerged a wholesome and beautiful modern young woman, which she certainly is in real life. He starred her in "The Dark Angel," "These Three," "Beloved Enemy," "The Cowboy and the Lady," and soon will hand her the piece de resistance of the year—"Wuthering Heights" Heights.

Yes, she's doing all right.

#### Another East Side Genius

[Continued from page 51]

their offspring: "Why can't you be like

John Garfield?

"Being treated as a sort of hero was something new," he grins as he tells it. "It felt pretty good. It was better having kids come up and ask your opinion about things than have them duck out of sight when they saw you coming because they thought you were a bully."

He began writing and producing plays in his neighborhood. By the time he finished the Patri school there was no doubt in his mind what he wanted to do. Noth-

ing interested him but acting.

My first meeting with Garfield was more or less accidental. I wandered on the set of "They Made Me a Criminal," and, after a casual introduction, we chatted a few moments.

At the time, all I knew of him was that he had scored a big hit in "Having Won-derful time" on the New York stage, had left the play in the middle of the run to take a small part in "Golden Boy," had repeated his success and had then signed by Warner Brothers for the male lead in "Four Daughters" in which he scored a success that even eclipsed the other two.

Talking to him-listening to his easy flow of conversation-I was amazed on returning to the office, and reading his biography, to discover what his background had been. Grabbing the biography, I rushed back to the set. "Is this stuff on the level?" I demanded.

"It's my biography," he countered.
"Yes, I know," I exclaimed impatiently,
"but have you read it? Is is right"
"Sure it's right," he muttered defensively.

"I wouldn't let them write it that way if it wasn't."

"Well, where'd you get your education?" I shot at him. "What college did you go

"I got my education at the Patri School and I never went to college. The only subjects I ever passed in my life were English and dramatics."

"Why, this is sensational," I chortled. "There isn't one person in a hundred on the screen with the colorful background you've had. Tell me about it."

"No!" said John. "I'm sick of talking about myself. As a person, I'm unimportant.

If I'm of any consequence it's only for what I represent. My past is dead. It doesn't matter. All that matters is what I do with my life—what I make of myself from this point on.

"You talk about color! What's colorful about not having enough to eat when you're hungry, shivering in winter because your parents are too poor to buy you—or themselves—enough clothing or bedding to keep warm. Why do people only want to read sordid things?" he went on heatedly. "Possibly time does tint hardships with a rosy hue as those things slip back down the years into a haze of memory. But there's nothing colorful about it to me. If you want to talk about current events or

philosophy I'll talk to you all night."
"No!" I flung back stubbornly. "The people who read this don't care what you think about current events or philosophy.

They can get that from the newspapers
They want to know about you."
"I've had too much publicity," he contended. "I can't live up to it. Nobody could. Out here everything is superlative. I thought I was fair in 'Four Daughters.' The critics said I was very good. Suppose somewhere between the two opinions lies the truth. Suppose I was competent. Because everything in Hollywood has to be superlative writers credit me with being better than I am. Even if I was better in that part than I thought, how do I know, in my next picture, that I can live up to the reputation that has been given me? It isn't fair. If I am any good the public will find me out. I don't want to be foisted upon them.'

This was rank heresy. In all my years set-trotting and interviewing I have of set-trotting and interviewing never before heard an actor complain of getting too much publicity-never before heard one admit he was sick of talking

about himself.

John was not through. "When I finished the Patri School I racked my brains for some way to get some dramatic training. I finally wrote to Jacob Ben-Ami, one of the really brilliant actors of the theatre. He wrote back suggesting I try the Hecksher Foundation. I went to see them, equivocated, deliberately misled them into believing Ben-Ami had sent me to them. I got a scholarship and sold papers to make enough to see me through. I averaged about \$6 a week and Mr. Patri lent me another

\$5 as long as I was at the school.
"When I finished, I got work with the
Le Gallienne Repertory Company. It was
good experience but I didn't get any parts.
I wasn't discouraged or discouraged but I do I wasn't discouraged or disgusted but I decided I needed broader experience. I thumbed my way across the continent and spent the summer in California picking fruit. Early in the fall I started back to New York—and this time I rode the freights. In Nebraska, one of three bums with whom I was traveling fell between two cars and

was crushed to death.

"I finally reached New York with a swell case of typhoid. When I recovered I went back to the Le Gallienne company for a time and then got a part in 'Lost Boy'-a story of life in a reformatory. It was a little gem of a part. Anyone with any imagina-tion could have made it stand out. Then I got a bit with Paul Muni in 'Counsellor at Law.' I've been in 'Johnny Johnson,'
'Waiting For Lefty,' 'Awake and Sing,'
"Weep for the Virgins,' 'Peace on Earth' and the other two I mentioned.

"I've been getting picture offers for four years and turning them down because I didn't feel I knew enough to come to Hollywood. So finally I do come and what happens? I make one picture and am led to believe I'm the last gasp—that I've arrived. I haven't arrived. I've only started.

"I have a clause in my contract stipulating I'm to have the privilege of returning to the stage any time I want, providing I give the studio sixty days' notice. I can learn from pictures-but I can learn more from

He paused for breath and I seized the opportunity to get in my two bits' worth. "You may go back to the stage for one play possibly two-and then you'll sink back into the desuetude of Hollywood life." I challenged him. "I've seen others come out here with the ideals and ambitions you have—but none of them go back—Muni, Spencer Tracy, Robinson, John Beal. This life—and the money—gets them."

"It's not going to get me," he averred positively. "I only want a little money enough to live on. Money is never going to run me—or my life. The acquisition of it is never going to be the alpha and omega

of my existence."

"Yeah," I jeered, "if you should make another hit in this next picture and another hit in the picture after that, how

long do you suppose it would be before you'd be striking for more dough?"

I was half kidding but there was nothing light or kidding in John's face as he answered. "I'll never strike for money. I would strike for parts or conditions—but not for money. If they give me good parts I'll stick here until I feel I'm beginning to stagnate. But if they try to type me or cast me in pictures that don't mean anything I'll be long-gone from here before they realize what's happened."

His rugged face was lit up-fired-with an

inner enthusiasm as he spoke.

I left him, mulling over in my mind many things he had said that lack of space prevents my giving you. I've thought of him often since then-of a little East Side arab, working his way slowly and tortuously up from the gutter to the heights-carrying, not guns but White Banners! I look at him and see a rough looking mugg who talks tough and cracks wise because people expect him to talk tough and crack wise. But, underneath that shell I see an idealist and a dreamer.



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## Hedy's Here! [Continued from page 34]

join in with the rest.'
"I was petrified. Too scared to move. But I did. I was assigned several lines. Later I asked who he was. He was the celebrated theatrical producer, Max Reinhardt, him-

"When my fifteen hours was exhausted, and I could no longer get away from school, I had to tell the family the truth. They were indignant, of course. The title of the play was 'The Weaker Sex.' I am sure the title did not refer to me. There was nothing weak about my daring then.

A year was to pass before the theatre and I were to join hands again. And this time I left school and decided to make my way in the theatre. Quite as boldly as before I tried to get a part at the Komödie [Comedy] Theatre in Vienna. And to my complete astonishment they assigned me one of the leading roles in 'Private Lives.'

"I signed a contract at a magnificent and them I went

salary of \$5 a day . . . and then I went home. I had enough courage to get the part, to rehearse for it, and to impress my director. But it took more than simple courage to face my family.

"I told them a week after I was hired. Father appeared angry, but I could tell that he was secretly proud of me. Mother gave her consent immediately. It took a lengthy family conference, with me pacing up and down waiting for the decision. And it arrived. Father came out of the drawing room and said, 'Hedy, if that is what you want to do, then do it well."

After the stage the screen caught her imagination. Her youngish appearance was somewhat against her, so she applied for a job as a script clerk at one of the studios in Berlin. She knew that studios in Vienna would check her references and turn her down. Overhearing one day that a girl was needed for a small role as a secretary, she applied for the job. She got the role on the spot.

After her first experience before the camera she was assigned a more important role in a picture titled, "They Don't Need More Money." It required some persuasive talking before the executives of that company, but Hedy succeeded in getting the part. It was this performance which really established her as a player of outstanding merit.

At that time she decided to try her

chances with Hollywood. She sent some of her stills from Germany to the film capital. The answer was routine. "We are sorry, but we are not considering applications at this time." Her rejection was but a carbon copy of a thousand and one others that come out of Hollywood annually.

While Hedy and her mother were in St. Moritz enjoying a winter vacation, Mrs. Kiesler (that's Hedy's family name) saw the French film "Pepe le Moko."

"Hedy, my mother told me, 'that is a picture you must see. And there is a part in it suited exactly for you.'
"I met Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Louis B.

Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while they were vacationing in Europe. Mr. Mayer signed me to a contract and I was bound for Hollywood. That was in the summer of 1937. At the time he told me that he had a good role in mind for me in a play called

'Pepe le Moko.'
"When he returned to Hollywood and we discussed a part suitable for me, he was informed by the Scenario Department that the script had been sold to Walter Wanger.

"Then I met Charles Boyer at a party given by Lady Castlerosse. We talked for a while discussing a thousand and one subjects. Finally, he thought for a while, and then said, You know, Mr. Wanger has given me the role of Pepe le Moko in a picture he plans to call 'Algiers.' And I know there is a part in it for you.'
"I thought no more of it until I was

called over to Mr. Wanger's studio for a test of the role of Gaby.

Her role in "Algiers," for which she has

received acclaim from one end of the coun-

try to the other, is but the first step in what promises to be a meteoric career. At present MGM, the studio to whom she

is under contract, plans to co-star her with Spencer Tracy in "A New York Cinderella."

"Right now," Miss Lamarr concluded, "aside from living up to the confidence everyone has placed in me, I have one driving ambition. That is to play the role of ing ambition. That is to play the role of that romantic, colorful figure, Lola Montez, a celebrated European actress of the last century.

And no wonder. There is much in the bizarre adventures of Lola Montez' career that are almost a counterpart, in color, of the experiences of Hedy Lamarr.

## Personality Comes In All Sizes

[Continued from page 53]

the rigorous training that most of these young people must undergo. There's plenty of learning that goes on in their lives. They have to attend school three hours per day, must learn the lines for each new picture, must learn to dance, to sing, to ride horseback, to swim, to play tennis or badminton or baseball, to row a boat and to paddle a canoe, or any other activity that's required for a picture. And most important of all is the fact that they must learn considera-tion for others, take exacting orders without a murmur, and interpret and execute them intelligently, even if they are playing the roles of such homelike kids as Lucy or Roger Jones (June Carlson and George Ernest, respectively) members of America's Number One Jones Family.

Reflecting in sincere and human fashion the joys and sorrows of a typical American boy will be the theme of a new series of pictures produced by Sol Lesser, starring Tommy Kelly. "Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus," the first of the series, will be released early in the winter. Tommy will be

remembered for his impersonation of Tom Sawyer in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," in which he co-starred with eleven-year-old Ann Gillis. Ann will again play opposite him in the series. Incidentally, Colonial pictures, a new organization, will soon put Ann in "Little Orphan Annie" before the cameras. Later David O. Selznick will star Ann and Tommy together in "Heartbreak Town."

So the producers are definitely looking to the adolescents for starring material. And, who knows but that from this roster of young players will come more box-office champions. At the moment a number of them, who have so far had little opportunity before the cameras, are being considered for important leads. The chances are that the various studios won't go amiss in entering them in the current "adolescent

Somehow right down the line these youngsters are filling a "close to the heart' place in entertainment that has been vacant far too long.

#### Christmas Between Friends

[Continued from page 33]

you must admit!

All the good shops, of course, have a corps of professional people who will wrap your gifts in the newest and most glittery doodads. For a nominal fee one of these experts will come to your home and con-coct packages which will make your mouth water. But sentimental Anita Louise will have none of this. She wraps each one of her myriad packages with her own hands and licks the silver stars which adorn them with her own tongue. It takes her days to do it, and destroys her appetite, besides. But she feels better about it.

Olivia de Havilland is another careful

shopper. She has had such a time here lately because she has a friend who is particularly fond of Persian designs-has her house filled with Persian rugs, screens and so on. Olivia was determined to find a compact with such a design for her friend's Christmas gift. "I don't even insist that it be a compact!" she said. "It could be a cigaret case or something. But I want something small that she can put in her purse and carry about with her, and it must be really beautiful. If she enjoys those things so much I want her to have something which she can have with her all the time!" Olivia was radiant when she found "the very thing" at an obscure shop far off the beaten path. But she had spent her spare time for weeks in the search.

And Una Merkel has been working hard trying to memorize the names, breeds and sizes of Madge Evans' five dogs. Una wants to give her five harnesses with brass name plates attached. "But—to get the right name



Olympe-Bradna. "She's Mademoiselle from Paramount, Par-lay-voo!" (Go on from there).

on the harness of the right size for the dog that has that name. . .!" she sighed. "It's quite a task.

Joan Blondell treasures a gift from her small boy, Norman. He heard her complain one day when she found a spot on her frock just as she was leaving the house and there was no cleaning fluid on the pantry shelf. So when Christmas came he proudly presented her with a can of solvent, announcing, "I knew it was sumpin you

Joan didn't do so badly, herself, with her Christmas shopping for Dick Powell. "He's always losing ties," she said. "He is in a

constant fret because he can't find just the right tie for the suit or shirt he is wearing. I thought I'd fix him up for a while—so I bought him three hundred ties—every material, color, pattern, shape I could find. That should hold him."

Pat O'Brien buys things for his wife that he likes himself. Last year it was the fluffiest of trailing negligees in the soft blue which he loves to see her wear. Pat, by the way, likes to shop for femining gadgets-compacts, costume jewelry, dressing table accessories and other pretties. Eloise shops for their men friends! But there is a rule at the O'Brien's. The people they like best are invited to come to see them during the holidays, and if one of these fortunates doesn't show up some time be-fore the Christmas tree is dismantled, he simply doesn't get his present and that's all there is to it.

Jack Haley was a bit nonplussed when his thirteen-year-old daughter developed a desire to write, and demanded a typewriter. Her room had been newly decorated in the Louis XV period and a typewriter didn't seem to fit in. The child was extremely proud of her room. It took considerable ingenuity on the part of Jack and a furniture designer to contrive a desk which could conceal a typewriter and still fit the Louis XV mood. But they finally accomplished it.

So you see, other reports to the contrary, a prominent screen star doesn't yawn and instruct her secretary to order two gross of wrist watches to be delivered on Christmas morning to other screen stars who already own grosses of wrist watches. Hollywood loves presents and values them with an almost childish delight. Screen stars take their Christmas buying as strenuously as they take up new games. And they dramatize Christmas just as they do every other event in their lives.

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## What It Takes To Be A 1939 Girl

[Continued from page 17]

of them straightened. There are few stars in Hollywood who haven't.

She is without illusions as to her own importance. "I know that I am here partly because I have worked and partly through luck. I know that if I stay, it will be for the same reasons. There is nothing to get a swelled head about," she told me.

She is not temperamental. "It doesn't get you anywhere," she said.
She is ambitious. "You have to work, to

make good. You have to study. You have to apply yourself. You have to live and breathe career, at least a screen or stage career, if you want a real one," she confided seriously. You've no time for anything else.'

"Not even for love?" I said.
"Not even for love. At least, in the beginning. Of course," she added. "I am only seventeen. Maybe I don't know what I am talking about. But I am pretty sure I sha'nt fall in love for years and years."

But so much for "Miss Hollywood of the company of the rest of Hollywood's fem-

1939 . . . " The rest of Hollywood's tem-inine "white hopes of 1939" whom Nancy The rest of Hollywood's fem-Kelly typifies-those twenty-seven other outstanding girls, whom, their studios insist, are the Big Names of tomorrow-are:

At Warner Brothers, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan, Ann Sheridan, Marie Wilson and Jane Wyman; at Twentigth Century Foy besides Nancy Kelly tieth Century-Fox, besides Nancy Kelly, Arleen Whelan, Phyllis Brooks and Amanda Duff; at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Lana Turner, Lynne Carver, Virginia Grey and Ann Morriss; at RKO-Radio, Lucille Ball, Ann Miller and Joan Fontaine; at Paramount, Shirley Ross, Betty Grable and Ellen Drew; at Universal, Nan Grey, Dorothea Kent and Helen Parrish; at Samuel Goldwyn's, Andrea Leeds; at Selznick International, Margaret Tallichet; at Columbia, under contract for the "Dagwood and Blondie" series, Penny Singleton; and at Walter Wanger's, Louise Platt.

Considering them collectively, several characteristics, physical and temperamental, stand out as completely typical. In the first place, all are young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-three, with the teens predominating. All are slender, in accordance with the camera's inexorable demands. With the exception of Priscilla Lane and Dorothea Kent, who are only slightly over five feet, all are between five feet, four inches and five feet, six inches tall.

Almost all have broad foreheads and

with a few exceptions, an extraordinarily attractive hair-line. All have luxuriant, healthy hair, worn for the most part, simply. All are full-lipped, the once-upon-a-time vogue for the small, thin mouth having gone the way of the bustle and the

ing gone the way of the bustle and the "perfect thirty-six." Most of them have at least slightly arched eyebrows and at least passably good legs-which, incidentally, are a screen prerequisite. There is, in fact, only one ranking woman star in pictures, today, who has not.

Of the twenty-eight listed, twenty-one have brown hair, in the majority of cases fairly dark. The era of the blonde-at least the synthetic blonde—is pretty well passe by now and even the big stars, Bette Davis, for instance, are forgetting the peroxide bottles and again allowing nature to take its course. Of the brunette players, sixteen have brown or hazel eyes and the other five grey eyes. The blondes, with the exception of Marie Wilson (whose eyes are brown) have blue eyes. Arleen Whelan has red hair-a beautiful mop-and sea green eyes. Ann Sheridan's hair is red and her eyes hazel.

All of these studio "white hopes" have had extensive theatrical training, either on the stage, in dramatic schools or in a series of minor screen roles. Every director will tell you that no matter how talented a newcomer may be, she (or he) must learn screen technique-the "tricks of the trade"-before any sort of success is forthcoming.

Several of the girls I interviewed have special talents, such as singing and dancing, but with the exception of Ann Miller, who wants to be a dancer first and an actress afterward, the others have gotten where they are as actress-personalities.

Even Shirley Ross, rated high as a singer (especially since "Thanks for the Memory"), became more valuable in the eyes of her studio after her dramatic performance in "Prison Farm" than she had ever been before.

Talking to these twenty-eight girls, listening to them and watching them, I learned another thing about the Ideal Girl of 1939. She lacks the old "dramatic temperament" favored of yesteryear, and, in lieu of that, she has a good deal of rock-

bottom common sense.

As winsome "Pat" Lane put it: "I am not kidding myself that I am another Bernhardt. In fact, I am not sure what another Bernhardt would do here in Hollywood, where you make pictures in pieces . . . where you have to turn emotions on and off something like you do a spigot. To me, a career in Hollywood is a job. A good job and an interesting one. A job to be done seriously and as well as I can, but not one which calls for dramatizing myself

twenty-four hours of the day.
"I think, too," she confided, "that the more an actress does what her director says, the better off she is. Me—" she finished with a grin, "I am not one to tell William Dieterle or Michael Curtiz or Busby Berkeley how a scene should be done. Me-I try, at least, to do as I am told.

A dozen more had the same sensible idea about this and other things.

"Does it bore you to be signing autographs every time you appear in public?" I asked Lucille Ball, who is so very popular since the first of the "Affairs of Annabel" series.

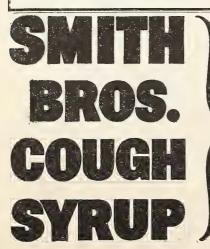
"Bore me? Heavens, no!" she protested. "I'm flattered that any one wants my auto-

"Looks like you may be going places," I said to young Ann Miller, whom you have recently seen in "You Can't Take It With You.'

"How do you like being famous?" I added.

'Famous? I wouldn't now about that," she said, seriously. "And," she added, "if and when I do, well, if I get to liking it too much, I hope some one gives me a good push in the face!'

Like Nancy Kelly, all the young players I talked to are ambitious. You have to be,



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in Hollywood. You have to work and try and hope and work and try some more. You have to forget everything but the career you hope for You have to forget even love

At least, that is what most of the girls I interviewed believe. Also like Nancy, most of them think there isn't time for love, es-

pecially at first, when the going is hard.

"Love and marriage must wait," Andrea
Leeds said to me. "I don't think the two can ever mix. A career demands all of the effort, the strength, the interest a woman has to give. I also believe that love and marriage are a full-time job for any woman. And so—" her gesture was expressive, "in my case, career must come first, while op-portunity is here . . . love, later."

Of course, that day, Andrea talked in generalities, but I knew the story back of what she said. I knew that time was when she and Ken Murray meant much to one another-and that career had interevened. I knew, too, that she and Jack Dunn, the handsome youth who was Sonja Henie's skating partner, and who died a few months ago, had been in love. But again, Andrea's career bested romance. She had to work too hard. Her time was completely filled. She didn't have time for love and so Jack, like Ken Murray, faded out of the picture.

She is a fine, sensitive girl-Andreaone of the gentlest and most charming I know in Hollywood But she's ambitious, too. And she'll make love wait a long time -I think.

Ann Sheridan tried to combine love and career-and failed. Her divorce from Eddie Norris, the actor, was only recent. Ann, herself, doesn't say much about it, but those who know her best, say that, try as she would to fulfill them both, the demands of wifehood and career were too much for her.

Her only comment to me was: "Perhaps an established star, with wealth and at least a certain amount of leisure at her command, could combine the two, but an actress who is still striving for success must

give ambition all she has . . ."
"Pat" Lane thought much the same thing, too. No, she didn't want to come out and say that career contributed to the break between herself and Wayne Morris. She didn't want to talk about him at all. But again-well, there are those who hold that Wayne, a jealous, exacting youth, wasn't satisfied with a girl who had so little time and thought to give him. For jealousy in a man is not, alone, of other men. A man in love often resents anything that claims the time and interest of his adored. That's the way they are. . . . And that's the way Wayne was-or so

I am told.

Several of the other girls, especially those still in their 'teens, hadn't given much serious thought to love.

As pretty Lana Turner at M. G. M. said: "Of course, I have boy friends, but as for serious love and marriage—I don't give them a thought. Why, I'm still in school! And besides," she added, just like most of the rest, "I'm too busy!"

Of course a few—notably Shirley Ross (and now I know why, for she got married the day after I saw her) believe quite

the contrary.
"You can't work all the time," Shirley said.

Ellen Drew feels that way, too. She's married.

So does Betty Grable, married also, to Jackie Coogan, as everyone knows.

But, as I say, they are the exception. On the whole, Miss Hollywood of 1939, not only is unmarried, but is heart-whole and fancy free-ready for the present, at least, to give all of her time and all of herself toward winning and keeping the fame and fortune which the New Year promises to bring.

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## Capturing Jesse James!

[Continued from page 23]

(Henry Hull), delivering a eulogy over the outlaw's grave.

Director King spent several days directing the important train robbery using an ancient train, which, until a year ago, operated between Dardanelle and Russellville, Ark. Filming of the jail delivery scenes also required much detailed effort, since action by several hundred extras garbed as soldiers or townspeople is required in the sequence.

The stars, themselves, have been leading a busy life, but have found some leisure time to enjoy the many facilities for sport and recreation in the region.

Their favorite pastime is fishing in the numerous crystal-clear streams which abound in the region. His first day out, which Henry Fonda caught a seven and one-half pound catfish, and he and Tyrone Power have made frequent expeditions since then.

Even Miss Kelly, who isn't exactly an enthusiast, succumbed to the fishing fever, and went out with Randolph Scott to try her luck. The young actress did not have the usual beginner's luck, but Scott snagged a big bass and landed it after a battle.

Handsome Tyrone is enjoying himself "roughing it," in the rugged hill country, and has found that the homespun trousers, old checkered shirt and leather boots he wears in the picture are ideal attire for fishing trips or horseback rides.
"Those James boys had the right idea

about comfortable clothing," he told Direc-

In a more serious mood, the young star has confided he is particularly happy over being given the coveted role of Jesse James because of the opportunity to portray on the screen the life of a real individual, whose name has been a by-word with every school boy of the country for years.

Hearing the two stars tell about the thrill they experienced riding on the surfboards, comely Miss Kelly decided to try the sport. An hour later she returned, drenched to the skin, but enthusiastic.

"Nothing to it," she boasted. "I only fell off three times."

Miss Kelly, incidentally, has become about the busiest young woman in picture business. Two days before the young actress left Hollywood for the Ozarks she had just completed her first starring role for 20th Century-Fox in "Submarine Patrol." As soon as she completes her work in the "Jesse James" picture she will have to rush back to Hollywood for another leading role in "Tail-Spin," in which she will be co-starred with Alice Faye. Such an onrush of fame, however, has

not made the young star conceited, and Miss Kelly, one of the most level-headed and even-tempered actresses in the business, would be the first to laugh at the mere suggestion of such an idea. The first thing she did when she arrived in the Ozarks was to pack away her frilly dresses and done was to pack away her frilly dresses and don a pair of blue overalls.
"When in Rome do as the Romans do,"

quoth Nancy, and set out to make friends with all of the natives living in the vicinity. It is hardly necessary to add that there isn't a native in the Ozarks who has met the young actress but who thinks she is a rather wonderful person.

Nancy's mother, once a stage star of some renown, and her father, Jack Kelly, are spending their vacation with their talented daughter in the Ozarks.

In the evening she dances with other members of the cast at a summer resort dancing pavilion. Her principal partner on such occasions is Randolph Scott.

"I've danced more since I've been in the Ozarks than I had for ages," she said. The dancing pavilion also is a favorite hang-out for Tyrone and Fonda, who have been giving the local belles a thrill dancing with them. Hull and Carradine have been improving their marksmanship at a Noel shooting gallery, Carradine laughingly pointing out that "if I'm going to have to kill Jesse James, I'd better get in a little practice.'

Presence of the stars has had a profound effect on the natives, and the native boys have begun to wear slacks and polo shirts in the traditional Hollywood manner. The girls have begun to fix their hair "just like Nancy Kelly's.

During the filming of the technicolor picture, the fall term of school opened at both Pineville and Noel, and teachers have been having a problem on their hands attempting to keep their young protégés from playing hookey. School officials, however, are lenient, and

are excusing students who work as extras from classes.

For the first time in the history of the Pineville school, a study of the life of the outlaw, Jesse James, was added to the curriculum, and the art of making motion pictures has been included in the general science course.

'All anyone talks about anymore is the 'Jesse James' picture," said genial John Turner, superintendent of the Pineville school, "and we decided the students might as well gain some practical knowledge about the making of motion pictures while the company is on location here."

## Radio Types Them For Keeps

[Continued from page 25]

When Joe Penner asked: "Wanna buy a duck?" and a radio network carried that question all over the country, he became prospect for movie material. As the delineator of the down-trodden, clumsy oaf his actions are held strictly within the bounds of what radio has made of him. While most other actors are trying their best not to get typed by radio, I'm doing my level best to stay in that rut, if you must call it that," he explained to me. "Here's why. If I had ever played such a role as an irate father or a dumb detective to the exclusion of all other parts, so that

I got to be known only for these parts, I'd object to such typing because such parts aren't always available and producers wouldn't think I could play anything

"But the thing I try to be, on the air and in the movies, is a sort of universal fall-guy. I'm the well-meaning fellow everybody picks on because no matter how I try to do a good turn, something always happens and things go wrong. Everybody knows someone like that. And because they do, I don't think that, given the proper material, such a character can go stale. I want to

become the screen specialist of the underdog, as I was in radio. When I shout, 'I'll smash you!' in a shrill falsetto, everybody just has to shake his head sympathetically at the little fellow with the squeaky voice who wants to roar like a lion. And out of that sympathy comes acceptance of my radio sponsor's product and the pleasant tinkle of coins that are shoved at the cashier for tickets of admission to see my pictures. Say, it's smart to be the dopey type, some-

It's also smart to be the timid type, too. When Jack Benny tacked the nickname of "timid tenor" onto Kenny Baker, he gave him a shove into a gold-lined rut. Radio and the movies have many tenors. Some are worse, a few are better, and many are just as good as Kenny. But when his ether acting and singing earned for him the designation of "bashful," that meant that he was immediately typed as a special sort of tenor. No acting of ordinary juvenile roles for him, after that. He could never pinch-hit for Tony Martin, Dick Powell or Rudy Vallee swashbuckling valiants who pinch-hit for Tony Martin, Dick Powell or Rudy Vallee, swashbuckling valiants who get the girl with a minimum of struggle. No, for the way radio has tagged him for the movies, poor Kenny gets the girl in the end but only after he's scored a double victory for, poor guy, he not only has to fight the villain, he's also got to overcome the awkward misunderstandings created by his shy and backward ways—which is cerhis shy and backward ways-which is certainly placing love's sweet dream in double jeopardy.

Even that tried and true turfman and troubadour Bing Crosby, has been typed by radio. Bing rolled up such a terrific fan following by his chores in front of a radio mike it seemed natural to cash in on this overwhelming appeal by giving him a job in front of the movie sound cameras. So they did. And found that the customers liked him even better for being able to see as well as hear him. Scenario writers make certain things will stay that way by giving him stories that are expertly tailor-made to fit his bag of tricks. Bing will probably never haul home the Academy Award for acting. But his public won't mind because he gives them just what they want. And that is, no matter what the setting may be they can rely upon a lot of glib gab, some light romancing, and a double order of tinkling Tin Pan Alley tunes served up with the special tantalizing Crosby quiver in the region of the tonsils. Just what they get on the network.

Lovely Dorothy Lamour, another product of radio, gave out with such a sultry voice that movie makers immediately put her down as a producer of hot vocal music. To set off her figure to best advantage, her principal costume has been a sarong. Although she has occasionally worn more covering, Dot's smart enough to stick to the beaten path laid out for her, for she says: "For years the common talk in Hollywood has been that 'typing' is fatal to a player's career. But there are just as many instances of stars who were successful only as long as they remained 'true to type' and lost out when they tried to change. It seems to me that a good character or type is something worth keeping. Change for its own sake means nothing. I don't see why making a jungle or outdoor picture should hurt or type me if I can get a different pace in each portrayal."

Martha Rayé, however, doesn't agree with Dorothy. Despite the movies' effort to keep her true to her radio type, you have probably by this time made the acquaintance of the new Martha Raye who is doing her best to unwind herself from this typing. For years she has screamed, sprawled and guffawed in front of the microphone with slapstick technique that made her a favorite with the armchair audience. Although they couldn't see her, the size and shape of her mouth was pointed out plenty by her associates on the program and publicized in grotesque pictures in newspapers and magazines. There was no doubt about it; everybody got to know the size of Martha's mouth. When the movies graphed here force made known their grabbed her, her fans made known their appreciation by crowding the houses where her pictures were playing and by storming the theatres where she made personal appearances. There was no mistaking that they enjoyed wide-mouthed movie-actress Martha as much as they liked her on the radio-and for the same reasons.

Then Martha had a change of heart. She just decided that she didn't want to be a lady roughneck any more. She wanted to be glamorous. In other words she wants to exploit her sex-appeal and um-m-ph! The lady may care to be known as "legs" Raye instead of "mouth-a" but it is still up to the fans to decide whether they want her in the Dietrich or the Joe E. Brown class.

Stepping out of line is risky business, never doubt that. Because when you look at the roster of film luminaries and come across such names as Alice Faye, Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Milton Berle, Ethel Merman, Don Ameche, Frances Langford and Parkyakarkus, and recall that they came to the screen from the airwaves, you'll have to admit that these boys and girls are doing all right because they do in the movies those things that they know are sure-fire and that the public has come to expect from them—the specialties by which they have been strictly typed by radio.

After all, success is not so easily, achieved that anyone, either actor or office worker, can afford to scorn the good old rut that keeps the bills paid and the belt reasonably tight. Let's all be typed—
The Success Type.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program,

Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



\*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon

medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

## The Timal Thing A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Basil Rathbone

OU know that the critics are far above being influenced. Their opinions fairly and without rancor. That's what you think! We'll tell you. The critics are ambitious to succeed in the unstable game of writing and self-expression. Since somebody said that the critic lays bare his own soul when he measures the heart of another, critics are timorous in attack and prefer to "damn with faint praise."

But when they meet a great motion picture player, they catch fire from his sincerity and in the glow of his personality they gladly call out, ready for his next screen appearance, the precious superlatives

they have been hoarding. This is to tell you that we saw several newspaper critics meet and listen to Basil Rathbone, and it was dramatic indeed to see him isolate each one and then win them to his standard. He is a great actor and he will fare better in certain reviews in the future. Rathbone talked with genuine enthusiasm, but he knew where he was and who listened and touched glasses with him. Therefore, what we are leading up to is this: Go to every personal appearance that you can take in. Get acquainted with the players and you will enjoy the movies more.

IN THE Loy-Gable picture, "Too Hot To Handle," we tried to find what was so warm and found it. It wasn't Gable, although we did not see how anyone could do the part better. Nor Walter Pidgeon, who was surprisingly good. Nor Myrna, who even could be criticized, but not by us. No. The picture was wonderfully made and was a triumph for the technicians. The burning ship scene especially, which we viewed from our seat on a cloud while Gable and Loy roared around in their plane. We know it must have been illusion but it was grand illusion. Jack Conway, the director, may take a bow.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get our wish? What wish? Why our wish for a Gay and Smiling Christmas for you.

Elwo Ceen

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	42		j.	43	44			Ó			45			46		İ
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ACROSS

1 Mickey Borden in "Four Daughters"

8 Publisher in "Three Loves Has Nancy"

15 In addition

16 Tony Kirby in "You Can't Take It With You"

18 Hungry baller master in "You Can't Take It With You"

19 Biblical pronoun

20 To perch

22 Ever (poet.)

23 Label

25 Regarding

26 Head of the rackets in "I Am the Law"

27 Feminine name

29 Cast coquettish glances

31 One who peddles

36 Resound

38 Educates

40 Fugitive in "Algiers"

41 "Guard-waiter" in "Gateway"

42 Preposition

43 Toward

40 Fugitive in "Algiers"

11 "Guard-waiter" in "Gateway"

42 Preposition

43 Myself

46 Speech of hesitancy

47 Title of respect (abbr.)

48 Tom Hamilton in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

51 100 (Rom.)

54 Grow old

56 Form a knot

57 Commit a fault

58 Disfigure

59 Color

60 In "Frontiersman" (initials)

61 Orb

62 Suffix

63 Collection of facts

64 Pronoun

66 Near

Vegetable
Officer of the law (slang)

Pronoun

Pronoun
Whether
Artist in ''Desperate Adventure''
Man's name
Creed
Perform
The ''Army Girl'' herself
Vexation
Tellurium (abbr.)
An insertion

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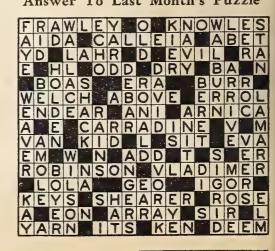
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The bride in "Three Loves Has Nancy"

1 The bride in "Three Loves Has Ivancy
2 Beverage
3 Trapper in "The Texans" (initials)
4 Captain in "Army Girl"
5 To bar
6 Army officer (abbr.)
7 In "If I Were King"
8 Distant
9 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
10 Oil from rose petals
11 One of the scenario writers in "Boy Meets Girl"
12 Chinese measure

13 Over (poet.)
14 Co-starred with Wayne Morris in "Valley of the Giants"
17 Ex-newspaper woman in "I Am the Law"
21 Neuter pronoun
24 Indefinite article
26 Patron saint of Norway
28 Highest point
30 Shirley's dancing partner in "Little Miss Broadway"

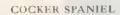
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49 Exist
50 Tommy, as a boy, in "The Crowd Roars"
51 Direction of compass (abbr.)
53 Star of "The Shining Hour"
55 Masculine name (abbr.)
58 Month
65 Any definite period of history
66 The bazooka player
68 Hollywood's most famous sisters
70 Entomology (abbr.)
71 Social group
72 One of the "Four Daughters"
74 South American wood sorrel
75 Mental conception
77 Parent
78 Friend (Fr.)
79 Meshed fabric
81 For example (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





What every woman should know about her nerves



Spanyell family dates back to 1386. Cocker is smallest of family. Most popular pure-bred dog in U.S. Standard colors range from solid blacks, reds to shades of cream; liver red and combinations. Versatile in field. Lover of human family.

HE'S GIVING HIS NERVES A REST.

> AND SO IS SHE

YOU and the cocker spaniel have something important in common. A complicated nervous system, highly strung! But the cocker is kinder to his nerves...he stops frequently to rest. And you??? All day, you probably go without a real letup...household duties, social activities, each with its own contribution to nervous tension. So, when you feel yourself getting jumpy, ease up and smoke a Camel. You'll find Camels so mild—pleasantly soothing and comforting to the nerves. Notice the difference in the way you feel at the end of the day. Nerves smooth—unruffled—your daily life far more enjoyable ...when you "Let up...light up a Camel."

These happy busy people find more joy in living because they "Let up—light up a Camel"



"A NEWSPAPER JOB is one rushed assignment after another," says Estelle Karon, writer on a New York daily. "Honestly, I'd feel like a wreck if I didn't let up now and then. I ease up frequently and smoke a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. A bit of rest with a Camel helps me work better!"



RALPH GULDAHL, U. S. Open golf champion, reveals a bit of the "inside" story of his steady nerves. "I don't have to worry about my nerves. I've learned to ease up now and then—to take time for a Camel. And I've discovered that Camel is a cigarette that is actually soothing to my nerves!"



A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic.

## LET UP\_LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

OAN CRAWFORD'S "UMPH" IS CLICKING AGAIN! January 10° Joan Crawford dancing with Tony De Marco. A scene from "The Shining Hour."



#### "LET THERE BE A GREAT LAND, BRAVE

#### WOMEN-AND BOLD MEN TO GUARD THEM!"

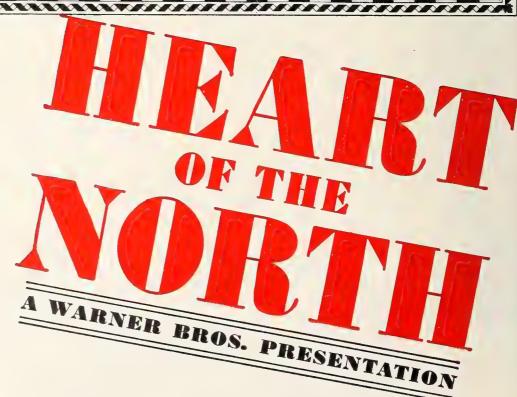
From the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the western slopes of the Yukon—sweeps a wild-hearted empire of rushing rivers, plains and towering peaks. Guarding this vast dominion—a handful of red-coated heroes maintain their tradition, "Get your man!"... Now, for the first time, the epic story of the Royal Canadian Mounted is

told in living colors ... told in the beat of love-torn hearts and glory of brave rash deeds!





With a big cast
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Lee Katz and
Vincent Sherman • Based on
a Novel by William Byron
Mowery • A First Nat'l Picture





Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. (He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)





Play Safe with your Smile.

### Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

How important a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—

gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is

aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums -brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

#### TRY THE NEW D. D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new **D.D. Tooth Brush** with the twisted handle.





Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn Leroy METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Watch for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.



It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...



You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.



As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS", latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

- Leo

#### REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY, 1939

VOLUME NINE NUMBER THREE

ELIOT KEEN Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL Art Director

#### CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	PAGE		
SHE'S DANCING AGAIN! ELIZABETH WILSON	10		
MOVIE PLOTS COME HOME TO ROOST!	12		
We're In For A Cycle Of Home Folks Stories FLASHSHOTS	14		
Shots Of Picture People On Parade AT 122 DEGREES!  A Sizzling Location Troupe A Sizzling Location Troupe A Sizzling Location Troupe	16		
THE CLIMATE THAT GOT A PRESS AGENTTAGE RAKEE	18		
Southern California Gets A Boost RETAKES FOR LUCK	20		
Perseverance Sometimes Counts GLENDA'S CASTLE	22		
WHAT NEEDLE IN WHICH HAYSTACK?Julian Ralph Walkley	24		
The Research Departments Look It Up VOICES IN THE NIGHT	26		
The Men Behind The Voices You Know  BEHAVE OR ELSE JEANNE DE KOLTY	28		
Hollywood Rules With An Iron Hand HOMES AMONG THE GADGETS	30		
Novelties In Hollywood Homes LIVING UP TO HIS NAMEJulia Gwin	47		
But John Howard Payne Depends Only On Himself			
MONTHLY FEATURES			
THE OPENING CHORUS	5 6		
TIPS ON PICTURES. TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.	6 9		
PICTURES ON THE FIRES. R. MOOK	48		
The Studios Get A Once-Over	52 56		
THIS NAIL-SPLITTING QUESTION MARY LEE  Take Care Of Your Health For Your Nails' Sake PARTY MENUS FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE RUTH CORBIN	56		
TI Now You Wish Cood Things To Est	57		
\$50.00 FOR YOUR VERDICT	59		
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE	74 74		
THE FINAL PLING	, .		
ART SECTION			
WE POINT WITH PRIDE	31		
THE STAGS WITH NEVER A DULL MOMENT	32-33		
YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM THE MOVIES	34 <del>-</del> 35		
LIKE GOING TO COLLEGE.			
Hollywood Teaches Some Lessons THE "BIG" PICTURE OF THE MONTH.	38-39		
Silver Screen's Masterpiece Series LOOK LIKE A PORTRAIT			
ON DECEMBER SCREENS			
A Forecast Of Coming Films SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL WINNER FOR 1938.  Spencer Tracy Takes Highest Honors	46-47		
COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY MARLAND STON	E		

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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## The Opening 6 hours



Claire Trevor A LETTER FROM LIZA

EAR BOSS: Well, here's another New Year practically upon us so I suppose I just as well give out with a few might New Year's Resolutions-after all, who am I to spurn the seasonal traditions? Why I even stand under mistletoe.

After thinking things over seriously I have compiled the following Resolutions, come New Year's 1939. I have resolved not to take any more cracks in the magazine at Katharine Hepburn, and boyoboy I'll miss those cracks, because only a few weeks ago Miss Katie had the gumption to stand up in front of Will Hays—plus a crowd of biggies—and tell him what she thought of censorship in the movies. And Miss Katie didn't mince words. You gotta like a gal with gumption.

I also resolve never again to pick on a Rathbone—on account a Rathbone always manages to top me. When I got all sulky at the "Jezebel" preview because Basil sat in front of me and kept pointing hysterically at the screen, I couldn't wait to write nasty things about his bad manners in the magazine. So what? So Basil sends me a picture (clipped from a national magazine) of Queen Elizabeth pointing away like mad at the cricket matches in England. It's not for the likes of me to belittle I also resolve never again to pick on a land. It's not for the likes of me to belittle finger-pointing when a Queen can do no wrong.

As a third Resolution I resolve never to take it seriously-and certainly never to print a word about it-when an actress says she is retiring from the screen to get mar-ried (Kay Francis). Or when an actress rushes back to dear old Europe, intimating that Hollywood is just too utterly, utterly boorish (Simone Simon). They are only angling for new contracts. It's easy enough to leave the screen, the trick is to stay on

I further resolve to give every "break" I can (oh, I know I'm not the editor) to such swell actresses as Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Margaret Lindsay, Claire Trevor and ZaSu Pitts. They might not be top flight glamour girls—but they're a lot more fun. And talented.

For my final Resolution for 1939, I resolve not to rave more than three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year over Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Bette Davis' dramatic ability, Claudette Colbert's humanness, and Clark Gable's sex appeal.

Tips Om Picture

Words To The Wise. A
Few Hints On Where To
Spend Your Evenings.

ANNABEL TAKES A TOUR. — Amusing. The second in a series of fast-moving snappy feature films woven around the bizarre publicity stunts inflicted upon a prominent film star (Lucille Ball). Finding Annabel's prestige sagging in favor of a hated rival, her press agent, Jack Oakie, organizes a breezy personal appearance tour which provides a bit of romance as well as some side-splitting complications for her.

CIPHER BUREAU— Interesting. A film story that will capture your interest because it deals with today's headlines concerning the spy situation in

today's headlines concerning the spy situation in America. It is based on the actual existence during the World War of a bureau in Washington maintained for the decoding of spy messages. Of course the actual plot dramatized here is entirely fictional. Don Dillaway, Leon Ames, Charlotte Wynters, Joan Woodbury.

DARK RAPTURE—Excellent. One of the most absorbing travelogues ever filmed. It is casually presented in a very charming manner that absosolutely holds your attention from beginning to end. Without delving into hokum for effects, it depicts in exciting pictorial fashion the strange life of two fascinating native tribes in the Belgian Congo. Don't miss this. It is unusual, colorful, and withal, true. It was produced by Armand Denis and his wife, Leila Roosevelt.

DOWN ON THE FARM—Amusing. The latest Jones Family opus, with three new characters added, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Collins and little Doris Bowdon adding to the general enjoyment. As the title indicates the Joneses go on a rural vacation and, in their sylvan retreat, are heckled by a group of city slickers whom they finally get the best of. (Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, etc.)

EDGE OF THE WORLD—Excellent. Tales of little known communities in far away corners of the world are always exciting adventures for us. This one, produced on the Island of Foula, off the Northwest coast of Scotland, concerns itself with the daily lives of a lonely group of Island natives and is intensely dramatic in spite of its great simplicity. Catch it at one of your arty theatres.

GRAND ILLUSION—Excellent. This won a prize in France, where it was produced, a prize well-deserved, we think. To us it is superb screen it erature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English subtitles make it very easy to follow, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric Von Stroheim.

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Fair. Jane Bryan is the small town young lady who gets herself prosecuted because of a torn gown borrowed by her from the cleaning establishment in which she works. This step from glory leads to another, more serious one, and soon Jane by gradual steps is released from prison on probation, another innocent victim of circumstances. The film contains a fair amount of action, melodrama and, of course, romance. (Donald Reagan.)

GREAT WALTZ, THE—Splendid. This is a truly beautiful film, a treat to the eye, to the ear, and to the imagination. It tells the somewhat fanciful tale of Johann Strauss the 2nd, and his adventures in the world of music, and is accompanied by some of the most exquisite, lilting waltz m-lodies ever written. The setting is Vienna, many years before the World War, when it was a truly gay and fascinating place to live in. Superb cast includes Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus, Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert.

HARD TO GET.—Good. Light as air is this little tale of a gasoline station attendant (Dick Powell) whose great ambition is to establish a



Lovely Olivia de Havilland talks over life, love and what have you with Dick Powell on the roof of a New York skyscraper, while millions of electric lights blink at them like stars.

chain of auto trailer camps. Olivia de Havilland is the heiress (oh, you guessed it) who kindles his wrath and in retaliation she plays a practical joke upon him that eventually lands him in the upper brackets figuratively and literally. There's music, of course. (Charles Winninger.)

IF I WERE KING—Excellent. The highly romantic story of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, who created plenty of havoc in the street cafes of Paris during the reign of King Louis the 11th. By the King's whim Francois becomes Grand Constable of France for a period and his love affair with a lady of the nobility is delightfully told. (Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, Frances Dee, Ellen Drew.)

ILLEGAL TRAFFIC—Good. An expose of a new racket, having to do with the illegal transport of wrong-doers and their ill-gotten loot beyond the reach of the law. J. Carrol Naish is the principal conspirator, with Judith Barrett his pretty girl friend. On the side of law and order are Robert Preston and Mary Carlisle. Larry Crabbe is in the cast too.

I STAND ACCUSED—Fair. This story is not exactly a new one, but it is handled cleverly and has a fresh and novel twist to the cops and robbers theme. It concerns two pals, who become partners when they graduate from law school, and whose ambitions and ideals eventually clash during a melodramatic sequence of events. (Robert Cummings, Thos. Beck, Lyle Talbot, Helen Mack.)

INSIDE STORY—Fair. Again Michael Whalen is cast as the roving reporter. This time, when drunk, he inserts a "Lonely Hearts" item in a paper asking for a similarly lonely girl to join him at his uncle's farm. Jean Rogers, a cheap night club

hostess, desiring to hide for a while, answers the ad in person. After a number of melodramatic situations, Michael has the girl's name cleared and all ends happily.

LADY VANISHES, THE—Fine. Alfred Hitch-cock, the celebrated English director, filmed this engrossingly told mystery yarn which has you hanging on to your seats there for a moment or two. We won't give the exciting plot away, except to tell you that most of the action takes place on a train speeding across Europe, and has to do with international politics. There's plenty of comedy, plenty of chills, and also plenty of romance. Excellent cast is headed by Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas and Dame May Whitty.

PYGMALION—Fine. Made in England, this stars Leslie Howard, who has been off the screen too long to suit us. The picture is smartly produced, with very amusing dialogue, and if you don't mind the British accent when it gets off to a bit o' cockney, then you're due for a good time when you see this modern comedy. Recommended to all Leslie Howard fans. (Wendy Hiller, Marie Lohr, Wilfred Lawson.)

60 GLORIOUS YEARS—Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. This should be ranked as a genuinely artistic, dramatic achievement, beautifully directed and acted. Topnotch cast includes Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey Smith.

Minnie Dupree confronts her newly made friends in "The Young In Heart." They are Janet Gaynor, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young and Billie Burke.



STORY OF A CHEAT, THE—Splendid. A witty, extremely entertaining film produced, directed, and acted by the great Sacha Guit, France's gift to the stage. It is philosophical as well as romantic—in fact has everything to capture the heart of all true lovers of distinguished foreign films. There are English subtitles to make it easy for you to understand. (Jacqueline Delubac-Rosine Dorean.)

TARNISHED ANGEL—Fair. This is a story more than vaguely reminiscent of "The Miracle Man," that outstanding film of silent days. Sally Eilers plays the sordid night club hostess who turns evangelist and, with the aid of several pals, demonstrates her "healing powers" on fake cripples. The denouement is quite dramatic. (Ann Miller, Paul Guilfoyle, Lee Bowman.)

THAT CERTAIN AGE—Delightful. Deanna Durbin again chalks up another winner to her credit. She is altogether charming in this story of the adolescent daughter of a big publisher who thinks she is madly in love with one of her dad's writers, but discovers, after all, that a boy her own age suits her better. Perfect cast includes Melvyn Douglas, Nancy Carroll, Irene Rich, Jackie Cooper, John Halliday, etc.

THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE—Poor. Our neighbors across the sea flunked badly on this bit of labored whimsy with music. However, the music is lilting enough and may have you whistling when emerging from the theatre, but the English humor—that's something else altogether. Cast includes the popular Jack Buchanan who does what he can to lift your spirits.

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Good. After seeing this exciting football film, all your rooting will go to the Army, especially with John Howard as the star and Mary Carlisle as the Major's pretty daughter. No, we're not telling you the plot. You already know it. But we can tell you that it's never been done better.

TORCHY GETS HER MAN—Good. Once again Glenda Farrell takes over the character of Torchy Blane, reporter, working alongside of Barton MacLane, detective, although he finds that her intuitive mind puts his to considerable disadvantage. This episode (full length) has to do with counterfeiters, and the action principally takes place at a race track. Good on a dual bill.

YOUNG DR. KILDARE—Fine. Starting out as a B picture this suddenly turned into the A class, much to the surprise and pleasure of the producers. Lew Ayres plays a hospital interne who, while trying to protect a would-be suicide from being consigned to an insane asylum, solves her case and also commands the attention of an eminent physician. Excellent cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Lynne Carver, Samuel Hinds, Jo Ann Sayers.



In "The Lady Vanishes," Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood pause in their peregrination through the train for a moment's absorbed conversation.

YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Charming. One of those rare pictures that come around so seldom, with a theme that just touches the spot so far as your sentiment goes. It concerns a very young, very hardboiled, or so they think, family that willingly sponges on the elderly spinster who adores their youth but whose sweetness gradually works a change in them all. (Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Minnie Dupree, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Roland Young.)

VACATION FROM LOVE—Good. If you're in the mood for love and frivolity you'll get your share of both in this fluffy little comedy of marriage. Florence Rice and Dennis O'Keefe are the couple who promise to love, honor and obey, but when Florence finds Dennis philandering she runs over to Paris for a divorce. After an hilarious courtroom scene they decide to go back together again with "periodic" vacations from love, as prescribed by the French judge.



\*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

## Overcome "Winter Dryness"\_help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Result for careless girls—is coarser,

JERGENS LOTION

NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin – helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. harsher hands. Wiser girls supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 at beauty counters.

### FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2349 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.) I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name	(PLEASE PRINT)	_
Street		-
City	State	_

## I was averaging \$4500 a Week as a Saleswoman...



I At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging \$45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.



2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.

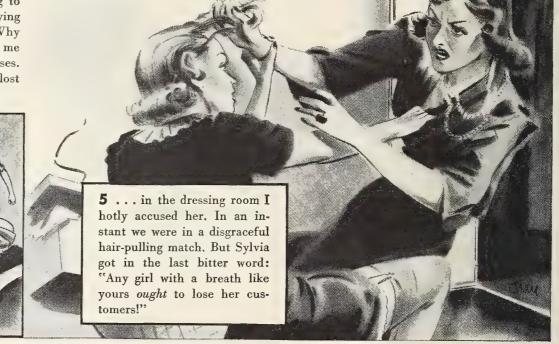


3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still . . .

## I suspected dirty work...

4 I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and . . .





## winning back my Business and my Boy Friend ...



6 So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.



7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—— and Mrs. J——; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."



8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.



USE LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

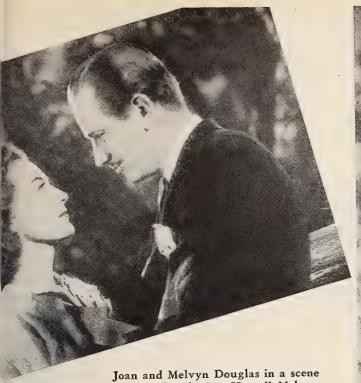
(BAD BREATH)

## SILVER SCREEN

#### TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS







from "The Shining Hour." Melvyn goes from one success to another, and in this picture he is one of a distinguished cast including Fay Bainter, Robert Young, Margaret Sullavan and Frank Albertson.

## Jancing 1 Again By Elizabeth Wilson

licity department dreamed up for the Sunday supplements. If you drop in on Miss C. unexpectedly at her Brentwood home it's a safe bet that she will be dusting the knick-knacks in the living room, putting away the laundry, or running up new draperies. The egg-beater she leaves to the cook-though, caught in an emergency, she knows what to do with it, too.

Well, anyway, whatever it is that attracts men, Joan seems to have it. Ever since she and Franchot broke up, the Hollywood boys have been desperately trying to date her. Cesar Romero, Randy Scott and Dick Cromwell seem to be making pretty good

And just to show you how universal this Joan Crawford phobia is a couple of weeks ago Hymie Fink, local photographer, discovered that Charlie Rhodes, another local photographer, was about to have a birthday. "What do you want for your birthday?" Hymie asked. "Joan Crawford," said Charlie, just as you and I and any other gal would say "A million dollars." So Hymie said he would settle for a party, and invited Charlie and his wife and two other photographers, Jack Albin and Bob Wallace, with their respective wife and girl friend to dinner.

Well, when Joan heard that Charlie had asked for her for his birthday present you couldn't keep her away, and so when Charlie walked in that night expecting only the gang, there sat Miss Crawford grinning away like mad. "Here I am," said Joan. "Everything but the ribbons and Cellophane."

Now there is something like five thousand dollars or more

Now there is something like five thousand dollars or more difference in the weekly paychecks of Joan Crawford and the poor photographers who have to chase around Hollywood all



Joan's dancing aided her in her fight for stardom. She keeps in the bloom of health and her lovely figure should be listed among the screen's riches.

hours of the day and night getting pictures of the stars for magazines—and so quite, quite naturally there came that long awkward pause when no one could think of a thing to say. But Joan, a swell person (or did I say that before?) took matters in hand and soon had all the wives gabbing away as if they had known her for years. After dinner (cooked by Hymie's sister) Joan poured the coffee, cleared the table and helped dry the dishes. dishes.

The boys were so pleased over Joan coming to their birthday dinner that immediately they invited her and Cesar Romero to dinner that immediately they invited her and Cesar Romero to a party to be given in her honor at the Cocoanut Grove. "I never ate such a good dinner," said Joan, "and when the cake came on all inscribed to me I nearly cried." Joan danced with the boys to the tunes of Wayne King's orchestra, swapped knitting secrets with the wives, and had herself a grand time.

During the evening Don Ameche, at the next table, leaned over to Joan and said, "I think this is the sweetest tribute I have ever seen in this town." It certainly is the first time anything like it has happened in Hollywood. There must be something awfully swell about a star when such [Continued on page 72]

awfully swell about a star when such [Continued on page 72]



HE close-up shows 1939 in big letters, and, offhand, I'd make the prediction that the movies will find the twelve months ahead the most profitable in cinema history. The reason for your reporter's firm prediction is that the movie magnates, as a result of the experiments of 1938, have made a lot of New Year resolutions that will rebound to the advantage of you fans. The experiments of 1938 were widespread and varied. The threat of war exerted economic pressure, and the sagging box-office receipts forced the movies to take themselves apart, figuratively and literally, and learn what, exactly, made them go 'round. The lessons learned from that soul-probing will make for better pictures in 1939.

The most emphatic lesson that the movies learned, as a result of the hectic and frantic experiments of the past twelve months, was taught to them by the phenomenal success of the Judge Hardy series of pictures. This series of unpretentious, homespun flickers proved to everyone in Hollywood that movie-goers prefer lamb chops and chuck steak to caviar and champagne. They proved that simple, familiar problems and simple emotions, skilfully portrayed, could do more to revitalize an industry and the country's box-offices than anything else. Judge Hardy, in 1938, taught Hollywood the value of simplicity and sincerity; he taught Hollywood that good movies today are about ordinary people and

ordinary lives. Up to the appearance of Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland and Cecilia Parker in the Hardy series, the movie-makers had wandered away from the path. They had experimented with screwball comedies; they had vied with each other in inventing hurricanes, fires, snowslides, one attempting to drown out the other with sheer noise. Pictures costing \$2,800,000 were the rule, rather than the exception to it. In the midst of this, along came the Judge Hardy series to prove that the joys and tribula-tions of an ordinary small-town American family commanded a greater audience than any of the expensive epics.

However, the most important fact that was hammered home in 1938 was the proof that the movies had reached such a point of organization that not even a war threat could demoralize the

industry. The movies proved that they could take a savage hammering without going down for the full count, and the climax of that hammering arrived in early October when the world stayed

The sun of 1939 strikes warmly on Mickey Rooney. He has had a big year. Lew Ayres, working again, has found a hearty welcome. Hedy Lamarr has the strange gift of Allure -Glamour-S. A. You'll have to look into this.

away from theatres to hear Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini and Benes in daily radio deliveries affecting the lives of millons of people. If you prepared a 1938 graph, the lowest point the movies touched was in that week in October, but the recuperative powers

of the industry were demonstrated immediately. They bounded back from that lowest point to new

box-office records.

There is nothing visible in 1939 that will test the movies as cruelly as they were tested during the war crisis. The next twelve months should be a record of unparalleled prosperity. Even the labor situation and the union situation in Holly-wood is in happier condition The indications are all fortui-









# At 122 D

T IS early morning in a tiny green oasis set in a vast expanse of dull gray desert in Southern California. The sun's first pinkish rays are slanting across the terrain from the east. They illumine a spot of rare beauty.

We are in the center of a thirty-acre grove of magnificent date palms. Immense, wide-spreading palms—at least, they are at their tops. They have thick, grayish trunks that extend without branches for an altitude of twenty-five or thirty-five feet. Then the branches reach out and drop for a dozen or more Then the branches reach out and droop for a dozen or more feet in each direction, and at the end of each branch, pulling it groundward, is a brownish mass of the heavy, semi-solid dates. On a good tree, we are told, there will be at least fifty pounds

in each mass. Indio is the name of this place, we're informed. At least, Indio is the name of the nearest town, and that's eight miles away. It's a hot, lazy Southern California town, with 3500 population. Fourteen miles away in another direction is the world-famous oasis of Palm Springs, gay and glamorous in its season, because it is the resting-spot, loafing-spot, romancing-spot of the well-to-do movie folk. But its season is Winter and this is Summer,

and no one is over there, as we are to learn.

Speaking of movie folk, this is a movie company we're with. Speaking of movie folk, this is a movie company we're with. We're on location, making a picture called "They Made Me A Criminal," for Warner Bros. Now, location trips are no especial novelty to us. We have been on them in the snows of Truckee, the hot sands of Yuma, and various other places, including a battleship in the gently rolling Pacific. But this is about as strange an experience as we have ever encountered.

Moving about in a dozen or more different occupations are about one hundred men—grips, electricians, cinematographers and their assistants, a director and several aides, and, yes, some actors. Each wears a wide sun helmet and from the brim of this hangs a veil of tightly woven black netting. This covers his face and is tied about his neck. The men look like members of some sin-

ister and mysterious secret society.

Why are they thus clad? The answer needs only one word—gnats! Thousands of them. Millions of them. Maybe billions of them. It seemed like the latter. Tiny, black, winged creatures no larger than the head of an ordinary pin, striving constantly to get into the eyes, the ears, the nose, and the mouth of each

human. That's why everyone wore a veil, except, of course, the actors when engaged in the making of a scene. But they worked under the constant flow of air from giant fans-airplane propellers whirling

The famous "Dead End" kids, Bernard Punsley, Billy Halop and Leo Gor-cey, picking dates in "They Made Me A Criminal."





at 1,750 revolutions a minute. This kept the infinitesimal pests away.

These date gardens are considerably below sea-level. The land on which they grow must be highly fertilized, and the decaying fertilizer

breeds the gnats.

It is only a bit after 5 o'clock, yet the temperature already has climbed above 90 degrees. A little later in the day it will reach 120. There was one day when the mercury touched the 124 mark. Cameras are kept under bits of awning. The rolls of film, until ready for use, are kept in an air-cooled compartment in the camera car. You can imagine the difficulties of picture-making under conditions like these. Yet all hands carry on!

We have been awakened at 4 o'clock, had a hasty breakfast in our hotel, the picturesque Del Tahquitz over at Palm Springs (which had to be opened up for us, since it always re-

mains closed in the off seasons) and then have driven over here to the home of

Gloria Dickson and John Garfield, who plays a young pugilist.



"They Made Me A Criminal" Troupe Working At Fever Heat.

The camera and crew on an improvised track and car, as Garfield tramps along alone in the desert inferno.

tary; another, Leo` Gorcey, has accumulated seventeen speeding tickets and is about to take unto himself a bride! But they're great little actors, every one.

Removing their veils once they're under the airstream from the fans and are clear of the gnats, the six climb ladders that reach to the fruit-clusters, cut away great bunches of dates and drop them into gunnysacks slung from their shoulders. When they have as much weight as they can comfortably carry, they come to the ground again and place the fruit in boxes. Garfield is doing the same sort of work.

Two not-to-be-neglected figures are in the group underneath the palms. One is the chief cameraman or cinematographer, James Wong Howe, the only Chinese in the picture-making business. He's one of the aces of it, too.

business. He's one of the aces of it, too. Jimmy smokes huge black cigars and drives a \$15,000 car. He's an American, San Francisco born. He's known as a master of lights and shadows, and this location is perfect for his art.

Another interesting personality is the man who owns all this date land and from whom we have obtained the privilege of

Another interesting personality is the man who owns all this date land and from whom we have obtained the privilege of working here. He's the only one in sight without a black net veil. He's all in white, even down to soft white leather boots. H. L. Cavanagh is his name. He's been here for more than twenty years. He tells us some fascinating things about dates. For example, how the trees have to be pollenized by hand. There is no insect or bird that will carry pollen to the female trees. And he tells us, also, that there are only two male trees in his whole plantation, but they are enough for his needs. The Indo area grows about 90 per cent of all the dates raised in the United States. Arizona provides the rest.

Somehow Cavanagh has developed an immunity against the pesky gnats. They seem to stay away from him. He is envied by everybody present.

There are only two women with our company this morning. Both are veiled. They are Virginia Moore, the script girl, who makes stenographic records of the scenes and notes down every little detail of action, dialogue and costuming—and Lois Horne, principal of Warner Brothers' school-on-the-lot. Lois's job is to teach, daily, all members of the company who are still of school age. Her pupils just now are Bobby [Continued on page 64]

the gnats and the region of terrific heat.

The star of our picture is John Garfield, he of the menacing voice and eyes. In it, with him, are those six imps of cinema land, the "Dead End" kids—Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley and Bobby Jordan. Then, too, there are Claude Rains, Beulah Bondi, Ann Sheridan and Gloria Dickson, although the ladies are fortunate. They don't have to appear in the scenes that are being made this morning. Busby Berkeley is our director. He is making dramatic pictures these days and no longer has to be concerned with devising spectacular dances and numbers for big musical movies, which he did for years.

Highly dramatic, indeed, is the story of "They Made Me A Criminal." Garfield is a champion prizefighter who has fled New York, believing himself to be a murderer. He has heard of this date region and this particular ranch, which is operated as a sort of regeneration camp for underprivileged boys and young men. That's where the "Dead End" kids come in. They're winning their way toward respectability—though anyone who has ever had anything to do with those little devils in real life would probably bet against their success.

They're wild youngsters, these "Dead Enders." They make lots of money. They all have cars and girl friends (though Bobby Jordan doesn't fit in this latter class, since he's only 15); one of them, Billy Halop, even has a personal publicity secre-

### THE CLIMATE

THAT GOT A

# Press Agent

ID you ever wonder what it must be like to live in the climatic bliss of Holly-wood, and did you ever try to picture

just how the movie industry fits itself into this so-called land of perpetual summer?

You most likely have long been convinced that climatic benefits were largely responsible for nursing a mewling, infant endeavor into the fourth largest industry in the country in less than twenty-five years. With all the atmos-phere and color of the old Spanish days, with its purple deserts and magnolia scented nights,

it seems, doesn't it, that in every esthetic nuance the Southland was the propitious spot for this great new art to blossom? But didn't you want, sometimes, to completely leave generalities and deal in facts? Wouldn't you like to know exactly how ideal it is? Did you ever wonder if there was any difference between April and July or, December? Didn't you wonder if it wouldn't necessarily be advantageous to the studios to have a variety of weather rather than a monotonous sameness?

On a harsh, mid-western or eastern winter afternoon, when a shrill wind whirlpooled down the street, and, with no sunset, cold darkness came early, did you wonder if it were possible that your favorite screen star would soon be witnessing a semitropical dusk sighing itself away into a velvet-soft, exciting night? Did you go completely dreamy then or did you catch yourself up, startlingly, when you thought of earthquakes, or when you remem-

bered you had read of a persistent rainy season, of floods?

Did you remember, then, too, of reading how pictures were held up in shooting because one or more of the principals had a cold or laryngitis or near-pneumonia? Didn't you wonder how anyone could get sick in such perfect weather, despite the fact

The Sun-kissed Movie Stars Blossom Like Passion Flowers.

> By Paul Karel

> > that all the studios have hospitals on the lots and doctors in constant attendance? And then did you get to wondering why, with the boundless sunshine, artificial light was used by the hundreds of thousands of watts and even for exterior shooting?

> > And did you wonder why it was necessary for the studios to scrupulously consult the highest paid meteorologists in the world to find out just what kind of weather could be expected? Didn't it puzzle you? This, in the garden spot of America, in the established

mecca of near-perfection. You probably would have been more confused had you known that every call the

In winter togs, in real snow, Olivia de Havilland can work in a ski scene and, that same day, be a sun-kissed bather.







The weather of the tropics lets the mind relax and the informal note creeps into social behavior, at least into Joan Blondell's.

as one day of lost time in all the years it has been established here. But I will tell you later what care and foresight, even in spite of that, go into the building of all the great, new sound stages.

new sound stages.

And now, I want to contradict everything I said regarding the adverse weather conditions that motion pictures have to contend with and I want to say that the industry in its technical details is absolutely independent of weather conditions. There is no reason why Hollywood

in its present highly mechanized state couldn't exist, let us say, in Texas or Georgia or Florida. They do make pictures even in London you know. And very successful ones, too.

Hollywood in its technical capacity could

Hollywood in its technical capacity could readily adapt itself to any community. But again I want to contradict myself by saying that Southern California has any other conceivable spot beaten by tremendous odds and the motion picture industry, as I see it, could never leave this location.

Controversy sits interestingly on Hollywood. It always has. It has built a fabulous, exciting, fascination around each phase and around each intricacy. And in spite of the fact that great steps in mechanical development have made Hollywood almost independent of its surroundings, it is still the blue skies, the soft nights, the wide, endless flood of sunshine that has woven itself deep into the heart and core of the new art and that will always hold it relentlessly. It will hold it because it has fulfilled a deep-felt dream of 30,000 people who are vitally concerned, who are the industry. It has brought to them an almost unbelievable comfort in living the year around. It has brought them a universally-sought, deep, satisfying beauty. It has spilled in their lap a world of thrilling contrasts. It has given them unparalleled opportunities of work and play. And it has affixed its deep-wrought fascination so thoroughly that it can be broken away from only with great discomfort.

I want to try to explain all of this to you. And I want to give you a picture of how the industry as a whole has accustomed itself to the myriad advantages and comparatively few drawbacks of its color- [Continued on page 62]



Palm Springs is a desert spot that has become a vacation playground.

Left—Eleanor Powell in a summer frock gives a fashion hint to the rest of the world.

> In circle—Errol Flynn likes the balmy days and enthusiastically takes to the water,

Top, center—The dancing star, Ginger Rogers, revels in tennis weather.



as often as he thought necessary, but an entire film if he so

Regardless of the truth or justice of these criticisms, the fact remains that even if the late Mr. Thalberg did insist on retaking countless scenes, or even a whole picture, to achieve his aim, he had ample precedent in other fields, especially in the theatre where the poor neophyte soon learns how right George Bernard Shaw was when he said that plays are not written but a said that plays are not written by Shaw was when he said that plays are not written but re-written.

Shaw was when he said that plays are not writen but I will be a such being the case, I have just completed a rather widespread symposium on the subject by mail, wire and personal contacts, obtaining the views of directors and producers.

Naturally, there was a diversity of opinion, especially as to certain

of opinion, especially as to certain specific details, but in the net the all powerful word "retake" meant the same to all of them—the reshooting of certain scenes. Only one director, Clarence Brown of Metro, refused to acknowledge the accepted definition of the word. To Mr. Brown, there is no such thing as

a retake, because, as he pointed out, scenes are never retaken, but changed. So they are new scenes.

To begin with, the reasons for retakes are many. To Harry Joe Brown, associate producer at 20th Century-Fox, they are made because the acting may be poor; the dia-logue, which read all right on paper, may sound badly; the photography may be foggy or the set may not look realistic.

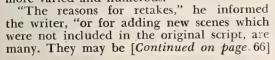
"In most cases of re-

Left—A Jones family film. The director orders the retakes, the actors have nothing to say.

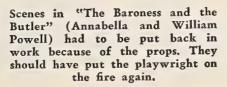
takes," Mr. Brown said, "the acting is at fault, since the scenario is rewritten until it is satisfactory before the picture goes into production, the photography seldom turns out badly and the set is checked by the associate producer and director for flaws before a foot of film is ever run off."

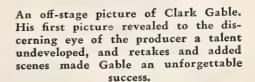
William Boehnel

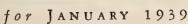
on the other hand, according to Frank Lloyd, ace Paramount director, whose latest film is "If I Were King," the reasons are more varied and numerous.

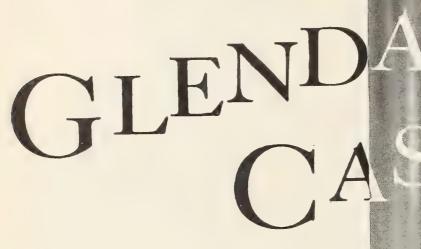












THY, d'you know, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Glenda Farrell can have fun making out her income tax! She probably makes a game of it, pretends it's a puzzle or something and cries, "Whee!" when she gets the answer. She certainly gets a lot of fun out of other things which seem pretty mundane to other people. She does everything so hard. Things take her—or she takes them—

by storm.

When I saw her, a few days ago, she had just had a violent attack of domesticity which was waning slightly before the onslaught of preparations for a trip to New York. She had just learned that she had been elected "mayor of North Hollywood" and was woodening, amidst her lists of things-to-be-done-before-leaving-forthe-East, whether she would have to make a speech somewhere. That idea gave her the

In the middle of all this, domesticity reasserted itself. She dropped everything to beseech, "Do come and look at the new things I have in the kitchen! A whole set of new cooking things!"

Her cousin, Gene, or maybe it was her cousinin-law, Doris, emitted a slight moaning sound. "There it goes again," someone murmured. "Glenda had a party a few nights ago and she made every single guest go to the kitchen and admire those new pots and pans."

I didn't blame her. I'm no mean judge of pots and pans myself and this set was a dandy. All

The walls in Glenda's playroom are ivory. The floor is inlaid composition in brown, copper and white. Sofa, chairs and stool tops are upholstered in white and brown leather.



The dining room walls are done in antique ivory. Draperies are of powder blue satin. The broadloom carpet is also in blue. Duncan Phyfe furniture is in antique ivory with mahogany tops.

sizes and shapes, tailored to all sorts of uses, all white enamel with black and white stripes. I started to say, "I have a nest of saucepans just like those . . ." but Glenda was waving a tiny coffeepot at me. "This is my favorite!" she announced. "It's a Vollrath Cook King set. Don't you love it?"

Plaintive wails from the front part of the house where packing was going on failed to disturb us. When two women who really like kitchens and cooking get together, you never know where it will end. Glenda was showing me her new ice box.

"It's a 'Cold Spot' and I bought it at Sears Roebuck and I had a christening party for it. I didn't have anything in the house to eat for a couple of weeks except frozen things or chilled things. People caught cold!"

I was called upon to admire the new "Magic Chef" gas range, with all its time-keeping gadgets and things, before she bounded to her spice cupboard. This is her pride and joy. It wouldn't have surprised me to see her roll up her sleeves and roast a turkey then and there

turkey, then and there. There were rows of enticing brown and gold and tawny things, each in its own neatly labeled glass jar. "Some of my spices I have ground especially for me," she explained. "Sometimes we grind them here. Lots of spices are so much better if you grind them as you need them. I get 'Ben Hur' whole spices in the cardboard boxes and keep them in the jars. The ground spices (same brand) come in their own little tins or glass bottles.

"Some of the things I use to put in or to serve with curry I get direct from India. But you have to have 'Major Gray's

Chutney.' D'you like curry?'

I was trying to say, "Yes, indeed!" in an enthusiastic and hopeful fashion when I found myself being whisked (whisked is what I said and if anyone can whish me she's a good whisker!) to the playroom upstairs.

This is a particularly nice room. It's not too big to be cozy

and it is certainly not small enough to be stuffy . . . with windows on three sides of it. It's all brown and

cream and comfortable. Everything in it is meant to be used and there is nothing that won't wash if you get a spot on it. Unbleached muslin drapes with brown, cotton chenille wiggles on them, brown, copper and white inlaid composition floor, copper topped tables, brown and white leather upholstering, copperframed prints on the wall. There is a mirrored, three-cornered bar in one corner. It's a place to have fun. There is a toy-sized

white, M. P. Haines piano and a carved cabinet

which contains one of Glenda's special treasures-one of the new Capehart combination radio-andphonograph arrangements. Hand-hewn wooden corner cupboards hold some of the treasures she brought from

abroad. Steins with grinning faces on them, a set of King Edward cups (Glenda was in England just before the Abdication) some beautiful glass.

A long shelf holds an imposing array of electrical gadgets-a chromium grill, a snack-server, some ice buck-ets, an Electro-hot toaster

Actress, housekeeper and the mother of a fifteen year old boy, Glenda Farrell raises the standard of all glamour gals.

### By Helen Louise Walker



The pale blue and rose living room is a charming setting for her white Knabe Grand piano. The low footstools and tables give an atmosphere of daintiness and comfort to this small room.

and a Silex coffee maker.

'I make hamburgers up here," Glenda boasted. "And griddle cakes. And scrambled eggs and toast and coffee. And it doesn't get stuffy or smell of fried things because I have that fan. See? That thing over there. It's on a pivot, so it clears the air all over the room It's an Emerson fan and one of my friends gave it to me after I had nearly suffocated everyone, frying eggs!"

There is no telling how long all this might have gone on, what with our exchanging recipes and what-not, if Cousin Gene hadn't come up to report some crisis in the packing down stairs. While Glenda was coping with it, he told me about her redecorating

"She did the house over," he pronounced. "I mean, she did it clear over. She'd say, 'We'll just knock out that wall and add a few feet to this room. We can rip out some plaster on the inner wall and have some built-in bookcases. Then she began on the

It seems that Glenda couldn't decide whether she wanted a severe modern effect or whether she would go for a period. Butwhat period? A patient (and expensive) furniture dealer sent her no less than five different combinations of furniture and samples of drapes and upholstering for three or four important rooms. She would place them, gaze at them and then shake her head. She finally decided upon what she calls "a hodge-podge which expresses me.'

The hodge podge includes a pale blue and rose living room with a graceful, arched fireplace, a white Knabe Grand piano, low chairs, footstools, tables, all brightened by huge bowls of bright flowers. It is a dainty, rather small room and it seemed, somehow, to be full of Siamese cats of all sizes and colors—startling creatures who leapt off the mantel-piece suddenly onto one's unsuspecting shoulders or who sharpened their claws in-dustriously and persistently on fragile, pale blue satin chairs. No one seemed to notice them much except me. Cousin Gene did vouchsafe that they were fed on Marco canned food and some fresh meat and that they all seemed to be in good shape. I viewed them with some apprehension.

Beyond the living room is a den (where the built-in bookcases are) and beyond that is Glenda's bed room—all peach satin and pale blue, lots of dainty knick-knacks, a large framed photograph of her fifteen-year-old boy, a beautiful glass cabinet filled with

bottles of imported perfumes and toilet waters.

But just beyond is her dressing room—a severe, ivory tinted nook which is just as much her workroom as your office may be to you. Here is a practical, well-lit make-up table, neat cupboards for clothes, costumes, shoes, hats. Here Glenda keeps the tools of her trade.

Since I had started prowling, anyhow, in the most shameless fashion, I demanded to see what she had on her make-up shelves. Max Factor and Elizabeth Arden products nudged each other on these shelves. There were the different heavy make-ups for varying types of lights and varying types of characters on the screen. There were the lighter, daintier off-the-screen powders, rouges and lip sticks for day and evening wear. There were boxes of Kleenex and a bottle of Jergens' Lotion. All very practical and [Continued on page 63]

# WHAT NEEDLE IN

HE hush of early morning was shattered by a roar, as, swift as light a huge mass of metal, barely distinguishable because of its speed, zoomed down the salt flats and instantly disappeared.

The "Thunderbolt" had covered the fastest land-mile ever recorded. In a fraction under eleven seconds Captain Eyston, its

driver, became world famous.

Behind that terrific burst of speed, clearing the way and making the record possible, entailing great patience and greater expense, were years of preparation. It was essential that every nut and bolt be exact. To accomplish this required the best efforts and conscientious co-operation of a group of men, each of whom, rest assured, was an expert in his line.

Exactly the same may be said of a good motion picture. The finished film when run off in a theatre lasts about eighty minutes. But, long before a camera is cranked, weeks, months, sometimes even years of work are required by a group of experts to make the film entertainingly accurate in every respect when it finally reaches the screen. This takes time and costs money; no item is

too small to be ironed out, no detail too unimportant to spend weeks of research and thousands of

dollars upon—in order to achieve ultimate perfection!
Can you imagine a group of high salaried movie executives working

themselves up in a lather over an old stove? The script of the picture, "Cimarron," called for an oil cook-stove of a certain period and, as it happened, the "needle in the hay-stack" would have been duck soup, by comparison. But in New York the Research Department began the apparently easy task of finding one by looking up early mercantile manufacturers that were still in existence, locally. Two or three companies were found, but further investigation disclosed that they never made the type of stove that a mid-westerner would take

that a mid-westerner would take on a long trek in a covered wagon. The job proved not so easy as Research men drew blank after blank. The situation became serious; hours turned into days, days to weeks. Still no stove was to be

> "Gunga Din." Cary Grant, and Sam Jaffe as the celebrated water boy.

The brontosaurus that had a stand-in.

In "Angels With Dirty Faces," Frankie Burke plays Cagney when a boy. found. Tracing clue after clue, the search grew nation-wide until at last by endless trial and error methods, an old, old company was located in a small town in Ohio.

The Director of Research wrote to them and learned that they had made such stoves but that none were left; they had no idea where one could be found and, finally, even all their old catalogues had been destroyed. However,

they did think that the eighty-year old retired President of the company had kept a set of the old catalogues; they didn't think that he would lend them out.

Surprisingly, the ex-President complied with the wishes of the Director by sending the priceless set to him. Immediately the gleeful Research men had photostats made of the illustrations, which were sent to Hollywood with a complete description of the elusive stove. From this data an exact duplicate was made.

"We spent two solid months searching for that stove," explained the Director of Research. "And when 'Cimarron' reached the screen, it was used only once—then in the shadows of a night scene! I venture to say that ninety percent of the people who saw



because he wanted to employ the talents of C. V. France, the "greatest actor on the English stage."

"Frank Lloyd knew of France' reputation in England," Lou Smith, Associate Producer of the film, told the writer, "and had seen him act small parts in two English films; he wanted that man for the picture, so he changed the script to fit him."

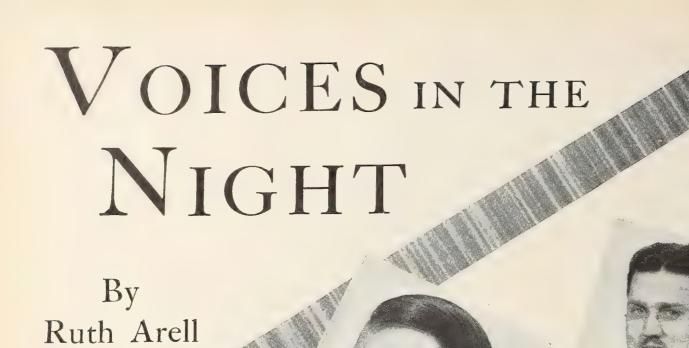
C. V. France, who plays Father Villon in, "If I Were King," is perfection in the opinion of no less an authority than W. Somerset Maugham, who in his best selling autobiography, "Sum-

Somerset Maugham, who, in his best selling autobiography, "Sum-

ming Up," calls him "the finest actor on the English stage." In the entire book, which deals with Maugham's life as a novelist and playwright, France is the only actor to receive praise; in fact, the only actor whose name is mentioned.

Story Departments also constantly strive to find the faultless

story bepartments also constantly strive to find the faddess story for their stars. Remembering Danielle Darrieux in "Mayer-ling," officials at Universal decided that her next film should be a serious one. Little expecting any difficulty, the order was given to the Hollywood and New York scenario [Continued on page 60]



Graham McNamee is a veteran of the air waves. You may not know his face, but a million people recognize his speech.

WANT to be an announcer."

Every year Pat Kelly, supervisor of the National Broadcasting Company's staff of announcers and John Carlyle, production manager of the Columbia Broadcasting System, hear that statement from about a thousand ambitious young men (we'll tell you later why they don't listen to women). Yet from this number they will perhaps find only two who are fitted for network broadcasting.

What, you ask, have those two got that the others lacked? It sounds so easy when you listen to Harry Von Zell squeeze in plugs for toothpaste between quips from Fred Allen, or Ken Carpenter make merry with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns when not extolling the merits of cheese, that perhaps like me you've been wondering why so many failed. If you have, you'll be as surprised as I was to learn that in order to be a radio salesman of coffee, cold cream, floor wax or what have you, or before you can hope to bring a prize fight or a concert to the armchair audience, there's more to the job than casually meets the ear.

If your mental.picture of a radio announcer was that of a man attached to a superlative voice, the picture is all out of focus, according to Mr. Kelly. "Voice is almost the last thing on which I rate a prospect," he said. "A good one is an asset, but of no use if its owner cannot put personality into it. Take Graham McNamee for example. Stand him up to a mike to say 'ah' and he'll sound like any other voice of good, sound timber. But let him say even a few words and you immediately note the difference. Mac knows when to use a rising inflection and, what is equally important, when not to. He gives feeling to his words. In the theatre we call it showmanship."

Now let's say you are one of those ambitious young men. You present yourself at NBC or CBS for an audition, the routine being practically the same in both places. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kelly expect you to have had a college education, a knowledge of at least one foreign language and to be familiar with the names of composers and their works, musical terms, and a musical instrument. As you tell them about yourself—your background, ambitions, hobbies, the sports you like, the places you've been or would like to visit—they size you up. Many are eliminated here because they fail to strike the right note between shyness

and outright bragging. To create a good impression you've got to be able to talk about yourself in a poised, tactful and interesting manner without being smug or self-conscious.

If you come through this scrutiny you are given a script to

read. You talk into a mike that is piped to a nearby studio so that your voice will sound as if coming from a loudspeaker. Speech defects, unnoticed face-to-face, are magnified by the mike.

And no matter whether you hail from Mississippi, Massachusetts or Montana, you've got to "talk United States." A Southern drawl, Western twang or affected Harvard accent puts you out of the running. There must be no regional inflection in your voice.

Scattered through the script will be the names of composers and their works such as I Pagliacci by Ruggiero Leoncavallo. Lucia di Lammermoor by Gastano Donizetti, to name but two of the tongue twisters waiting to trip you up, but you've got to take them in your stride without batting an eye. Reading news bulletins will show if you can put drama

into a bare sentence, and the way you handle commercial announcements will prove whether you have a "selling voice," one that has such a pleasant harmony of tone that listeners-in will be persuaded to try the product.

And finally you'll have to show how mentally alert you are. "I want to see with what initiative and clear thinking the young man can take command of an emergency or unrehearsed situation," explained Mr. Carlyle. "I might ask him to imagine that just as the program is about to go on the air and he turns to signal the conductor for the orchestra's opening number, he discovers that the conductor isn't there. As announcer, how will he carry on? Or I'll ask him to describe

the scene at the airport where a new speed flyer is expected. Even if he's never



Ford Bond,

whose voice reached the big town before he Milton Cross, who knew the networks when they were only so big.

Even In The Daylight Their Broadcasts Range Across The Continents And Zip By Coral Islands In Southern Seas.

in Philadelphia, Ken Miles and Don Wilson in Los Angeles, Dell Sharbut in Fort Worth and Ford Bond in Louisville. So if you can't connect on a network, don't let grass grow on your tonsils. Try the local station in the town where you live. The main thing is to get on the air, and if you are good you're bound to be heard in places where it counts.

As far as the listener-in is concerned, it makes no difference to him but from the standpoint of personal prestige the status of the announcer has taken an upturn in recent years. From being the station's general han-

dyman, he emerges as a per-sonality in his own right. And all by accident. It used to be the custom for

> the station to assign an announcer to a program and the sponsor seldom

gave a second thought to the man who delivered his sales message. He was more concerned with his high-priced stars. But, after a while, these sponsors learned from fan mail that the network topnotchers had built up quite a following among the dialers who were kindly disposed toward these men and would buy the products they talked about. So they began to ask for certain announcers instead of taking the men assigned. Inevitably, two sponsors wanted the same announcer for programs aired at the same time and the announcer suddenly woke to the fact that he had "artist" value. Today he is regarded as a specialized actor whom sponsors seek with the same ardor they go after the other talent on the show.

As a result, announcers are now divided into two big classes. First come the staff men. The seniors are the men who man the mikes on important noncommercial shows such as concerts, the

broadcasting of parades, athletic events and other sustaining programs put on to fill in the time

witnessed such a scene, he must not hesitate or be at a loss for words. I expect

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You

know his laugh, and here

is Don

Wilson himself.

him to draw on his imagination to give me color, human interest and mass movement. This last test, the ability to meet a difficult situation with humor and good judgment, is the stumbling-block of nearly all applicants. Yet we cannot use a man, no matter how easily foreign names slide off his tongue or how distinctive his voice is, if we aren't confident

that he'll always come through in a pinch.'

Even when you've passed all the tests with flying colors you are a long way from cutting out Paul Douglas as Gracie Allen's air amour or taking

Bill Goodwin's place as stooge for Bob Hope. You've got to learn the intricacies of the announcer's box with its various button and light signals, how to set up the network for various programs, any many other details. When you finally get at the mike, giving the station call letters is all you'll do at first. As you become more experienced you'll be allowed to handle non-commercial programs. It takes about two years to master the behind-the-

scenes technique before you are ready for a commercial.

Broadcasting has come a long way from the time, little more than a dozen years ago, when the great networks were formed. About the only veterans of that era now heard on the air are Ted Husing, who speaks for WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Graham McNamee and Milton J. Cross, who take the air for NBC. Discussing the strides taken in broadcasting with Mr. Cross recently, he looked about him at NBC's modern studios in Radio City and told me that when he first went on the air over WJZ, it was just a small local station in Newark, N. J. Today it is a key station in a coast-to-coast network, but then their one and only studio was a portion of a wash room that had been partitioned off. And in addition to announcing, he had to assist the engineer, write the continuity, and all too often be the whole show himself when performers, unpaid in those days, didn't bother to appear.

Movie talent scouts say that if you have what it takes, you're bound to be spotted no matter how many miles away you are from Hollywood. The same seems to hold true with the nation's ace announcers, very few of whom got their first experience directly on the networks. Most of them broke in on a small station. To mention a few, Jimmy Wallington did his first broad-cast in Schenectady, Bill Goodwin in Sacramento, Paul Douglas



# BEHAVE OR ELSE

Hollywood Rules With An Iron Hand. By Jeanne de Kolty No Star May Long Defy The Code Of The Studios And Survive.

WENTY years ago, Sarah Schwartz was enroute to stardom. Slim, young, with a promise of the world at her feet, she was passing by the cutting room the day an explosion occurred. Within that room, Sarah knew, was the negative of an important production. Disregarding her own danger, thinking only of her duty to the studio, she ran into the seething inferno, scooped the seething inferno, scooped the precious negative in her arms and made for the door, to collapse just outside, a living torch of flaming costume and seared flesh.

To save a picture, she gave her beauty, her career, very nearly her life, Today, after



twenty years, Hollywood is still paying its debt to her. She is a living example Hollywood's unwritten law-a law that has elevated the humble to stardom and dragged the great in the dust of oblivion—that those who would succeed in the movies must be loyal to their profession at every cost, and then the studios will be loyal to

The picture was saved, but Sarah's beauty was gone forever. When she left the hospital six months later, an order went out that six months later, an order went out that Sarah was to have first call on every job possible. For twenty years, the Universal casting office has respected that order. As she was loyal to Hollywood, Hollywood has been loyal to Sarah Schwartz, the unsung glamour girl of the movies.

This story illustrates just one of many unwritten laws of the film industry. Any girl who has tasted a little of the success and disillusionment that every rising star experiences learns to recognize these laws

Joy Hodges made good in the fast company of a Broadway hit, and in the picture, "Service de Luxe," she makes an unsympathetic part rival the star's characterization.

Scandal is taboo and Mary Astor is one of the few players who has felt its clammy hands and held her place.

and, if she is wise, to respect them. Because she is so typical of the many who today are on the road to film glory, I asked Joy Hodges how the code of the industry affects its many workers.

Joy started learning before she ever set foot in a studio. "I was singing at the Beverly Wilshire with a dance orchestra," she recalls. "It was my first trip to Hollywood. Nightly I saw Norma Shearer, Charles Charlin, Bob Montgomery, Ginger Rogers. Chaplin, Bob Montgomery, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young. I was dazzled by the experi-

ence, my very proximity to the great; but they scarcely knew I existed. So far as they were concerned, I was simply a nonentity hired to entertain them.

"One evening a once-famous singer appeared as guest artist in what was to be the first appearance of a triumphal return to the stage. I heard that girl, who had probably been the greatest in her line not long before, deliver one of the worst performances I've ever witnessed. Just watching the poor thing embarrassed me.

"When it was over she went down to greet old friends in the audience. Wherever she went, I heard people praising her per-formance. The moment her back was turned on such a group, the same people would condemn her. Their criticisms were of the most vicious sort.

"I was appalled. Such cruelty was a revelation. But it taught me a lesson I shall never forget: Disregard flattery. Never take bouquets too seriously, but watch for the



I was given a tremendous build-up by the publicity department, as are most beginners, and became known as the 'career insurance girl' when the studio insured my career with Lloyd's of London for \$150,000. But during the six months I was on the lot, I never appeared in a single picture! Then my contract was allowed to lapse. There you have the law: News travels fast in Hollywood. The signing of a contract always attracts attention. But it is work that

counts. The build-up is not important if actual work doesn't follow.

"On the same lot at that time were Harriet Hilliard, Betty Grable, Phyllis Brooks and Lucille Ball, all undergo-ing exactly the same experiences I was —with one exception. While I took the attitude that I would be given roles as soon as there were any suitable for me, they begged for parts, constantly reminding executives of their ambition to forge ahead. I wish I had been as smart.

I wasn't, and I was the only one who remained totally ignored. Now I know that persistence is essential to the young player who hopes to progress. Those who disregard this rule generally find themselves just

where I did—on the outside looking in.
"I suppose," Joy pondered, "that one of
the most important of all the unwritten laws is: Avoid scandal. Scandal always affects the box-office."

And how! I thought, remembering Fatty Arbuckle, who was jinxed by scandal to the day of his death; Clara Bow, who dropped out of pictures shortly after she dropped into the addines; Mary Miles Minter, Duncan Rinaldo and countless others. Where are they now?

Mary Astor was named in one of Hollywood's most sizzling scandals; but Mary was fighting for her child. The public, realizing this, forgave her. She is the lone survivor

of the scandal hoodoo.

I recalled another of Hollywood's laws, one of the most subtle and therefore one which is seldom recognized outside the in-dustry: Never Reveal What goes on Behind the Scenes. This law ties in with that old Jonah of scandal, since too frank revelations can result in the latter. Such cases as the William Desmond Taylor shooting and the untimely deaths of lovely Thelma Todd and

Paul Bern are always cloaked in a shroud even of mystery, when the police decide on suicide verdicts, as in the Bern and Todd cases. It is almost invariably suspected that someone, somewhere in the industry might shed light on these tragedies. Surely, some-body knows something about them. But Hollywood does not talk!

This thought was percolating through what I boastingly call my brain when Joy interrupted. "There is," she said emphat-ically, "the rule of courtesy to the press, a very important one. Even though my term at RKO yielded no acting experience, the publicity I received helped to launch me later on. Almost all film people are agreed that there can be no greater aid to further than the street of the ture success than a

friendly press."

Aha! thought I. Play ball with the press! Ain't that the truth? The studios got along beautifully—simply su-well—for months without Connie Bennett and Margaret Sullavan. Both are back at work now and, according to their representatives, "simply dee-lighted to grant interviews, Madam Writer! Katharine Hepburn and Marlene Dietrich got away with insulting the press for a while, but they finally managed to insult themselves right out of fat contracts. When you, Miss Blotz, come to Hollywood to break into the movies, Play Ball With The Press!

"We have a saying in the studios," Joy continued, "that goes: 'Never minimize anyone's capabilities or importance.' You never know what obscure person will be at the top tomorrow. For example, one evening I heard a \$35.00 per week bit player named Bob Taylor remark that he needed just three things to make him happy; a house on a hill, a horse, and a salary of \$200.00 a week. That sounded laughable from this boy, who was just finishing a very small part in 'Society Doctor,' but his listeners were impressed by his earnestness. When 'Society Doctor' was released, Bob's rise was meteoric. The studio gave him a substantial bonus. He became their number one star. It happened litterally overnight. His first act was to rent a house on a hill that included a horse. I'm proud that Bob and I are friends today."

Stars who do minimize the importance of their fellow workers soon discover to their regret that a clever director can direct even the greatest star right out of a pic-ture. He can throw closeups to other players, order lines spoken with backs to cameras and focus cameras on other players while the stars are emoting. A cameraman can photograph the stars poorly; a juicer light them improperly; a sound man dis-tort voices. Naughty little stars can find themselves extremely unattractive!

Temperament was once considered an asset on the screen. "No more today," says Joy. "Temperament is too expensive; it delays production and causes confusion. I don't believe it pays to be temperamental."
Such as, I wondered, Simone Simon, Lee

Tracy, Marlene Dietrich and half a dozen others, who might [Continued on page 61]

brickbats. They are the true gauge of a career. That rule can be applied to anyone in the movies. It isn't that people are deliberately unkind, but effusiveness seems to be a common characteristic. It doesn't mean a darn thing!

Joy learned lesson number two of the code when studio scouts signed her to a six months' contract at RKO. In her own words: "I expected to go places then, even though I felt that more experience would be desirable before tackling the movies. As is always the case, the moment I signed I was deluged with invitations from strangers and people who had formerly ignored me. HOME AGADO

The Stars May Be Screen Typed But Their Homes Can Boast Many Unique Features.

### By Rowena Devine

ANT to peek inside a movie star's home? I thought so! For every fan from Chicago to China is interested in knowing just how the "movie half" lives. The best that most Hollywood tourists can achieve is a glimpse of an imposing mansion sheltered by trees, while a movie guide bawls out the name of the star whose presence graces this far-from-humble abode. But I've gathered some material for you about the inside of these homes of the great and have even gone a-visiting some of the stars to give you first hand information on just what sort of surroundings your movie favorite picks when she selects "home sweet home."

You can always expect the unusual from Hollywood—and the movie homes are no exception. Stars seem to have a passion for gadgets around the house and few are the movie mansions that haven't a trick door, musical table or some other invention of a brainstormer tucked away somewhere. Tucked away is the wrong phrase. Decidedly. Many a star will show you his latest gadget before he does his precious antique furniture. It's the little boy in

Soda fountains instead of bars are the latest fashion in stars' cocktail rooms. Ginger Rogers has a ducky one and so has Joe E. Brown, while Jane Bryan has a soda fountain installed in her private apartment.

Melville Cooper has no faucets in the bathroom of his home. The water in the wash bowl is automatically turned on when Cooper steps into the path of a light from photo electric cells. Tricky?

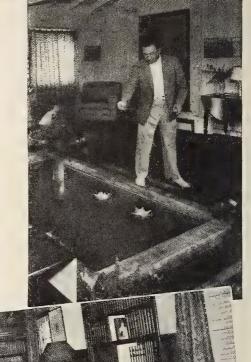
Ray Milland in his den. The bar supplies the animals!

Kay Francis has a radio in every room of her new home so guests and members of her household can tune in their favorite programs. What a lot of family squabbles would be avoided if every family could afford that luxury! Shirley Ross is another radio salesman's favorite. She has eight radios in her Hollywood Hills home. There's also a loud speaker connection for the back garden.

Cecil B. DeMille has installed a radio transmitter in his Hollywood home so that when he is at sea aboard his yacht, the Seaward, he can keep in constant touch with his family.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell adore

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell adore home gadgets and have a large assortment of them. They imported a cuckoo clock from Switzerland which recites a nursery rhyme every half [Continued on page 70]



the

Above, center — Whoever thought of having a pool right in the house? Hugh Herbert did! In the pool-room, of course.



Pat O'Brien

has big game

trophies. He bagged them

at the neighboring auc-

tion room.

The bedroom in the home of the Dick Powells is wired for sound. Their baby has a little broadcasting network all his own.



Deanna Durbin

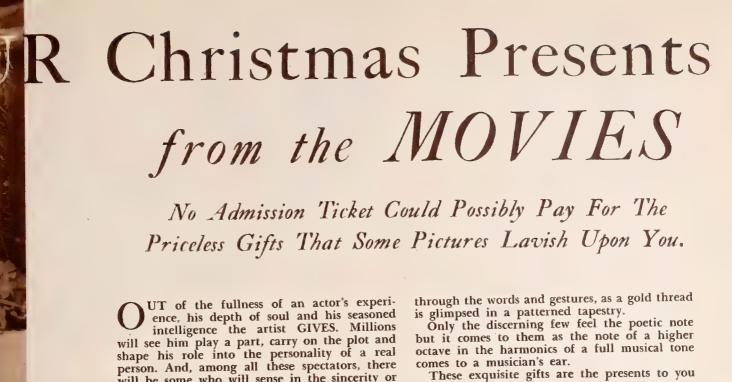
SHF has made only a few pictures, but in each of them her gift of song has won the admiration of every one. Deanna's success is due equally to the charm of her vouth and wholesomeness.

The coming years give promise of happy days for the singing star and also for her loval public.









UT of the fullness of an actor's experience, his depth of soul and his seasoned intelligence the artist GIVES. Millions will see him play a part, carry on the plot and shape his role into the personality of a real person. And, among all these spectators, there will be some who will sense in the sincerity or gayety of his performance the message woven

These exquisite gifts are the presents to you from the artists of the screen.



movies is the ease with which our screen characters flit about. With Jack Benny in "Artists and Models Abroad" we are free at last from Aunt Prudence and our daily grind, and life is carefree and gay.

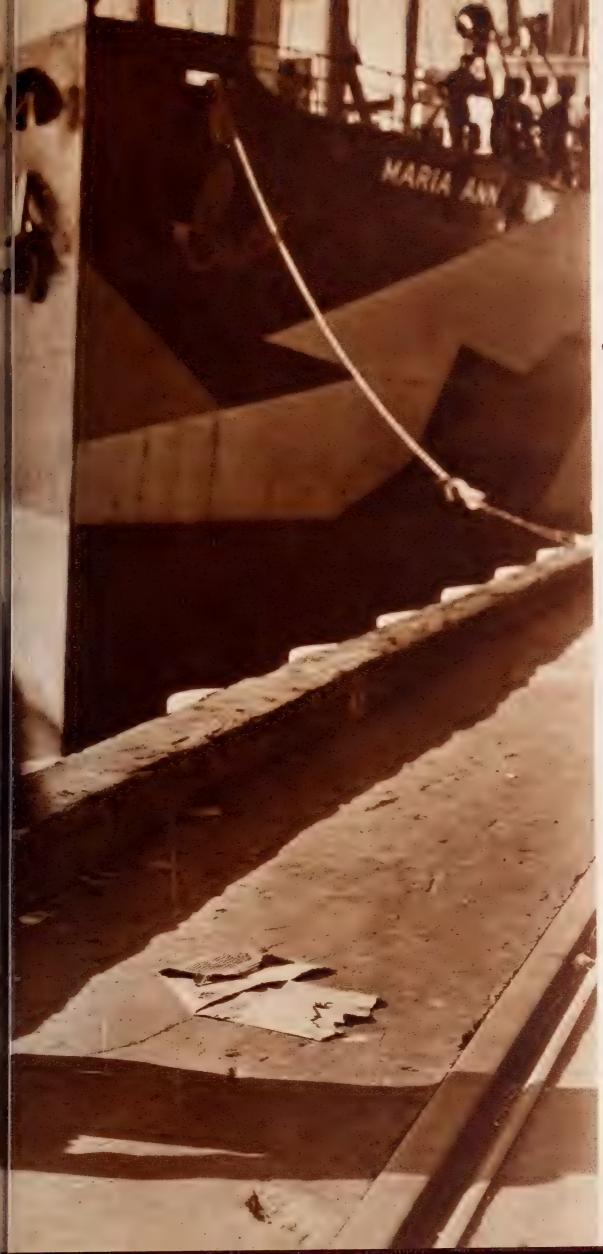
A nice present from Jack
Benny.

"Kentucky" promises to be an important picture. In this scene Karen Morley, Russell Hicks and Douglas Dumbrille give us a full measure of the war that was fought for a principle. The veterans of 1865 have gone, but because of this picture we will understand them better.









# The "BIG" PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

# "SUBMARINE PATROL"

Nancy Kelly Richard Greene



SILVER SCREEN'S MASTERPIECE SERIES



The "Splinter Fleet" puts to sea.





# ON DECEMBER SCREENS

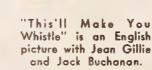
Scene Stills From
Films Soon To Be
Shown In Your
Neighborhood.

(Continued on following pages)

Your distant cousins will see even though they are in another state or on the shore of a different ocean. And because pictures do exert an influence on our lives.

fluence on our lives there will be waves of sentiment and laughter sweeping over us to make us all a little merrier. A serial for a weekly thrill, "Hawk of the Wilderness."

Penny Singleton in "Blondie," a character that was born in a comic strip.





James Ellison and Lucille Ball in "Trailer Romance." The open road is the highway to adventure and romance. Your car takes you out of your rut and over the horizon.









Nelson Eddy
Deanna Durbin
Robert Taylor
Alice Faye
Tyrone Power
Don Ameche
Clark Gable
Myrna Loy
Sonja Henie

Spencer Tracy

SCREEN voted Spencer Tracy the Most Popular Player during the past year. The medal is now being made and will be presented to him as soon as it is ready. Two of his best remembered character roles are illustrated: Top—As Manuel in "Captains Courageous" (for which he received the Academy Award). Below—As Father Flanagan in "Boys' Town," his most recent success.

The
SILVER
SCREEN
GOLD MEDAL
WINNER

FOR 1938





WENT to see "Garden of the Moon" recently with a critic who is supposed to know all the great and near great on and off the stage, in and out of pictures, socially, politically, financially and so on far into the night. We arrived during a scene when John Payne, minus pants and singing lustily, discovers a lady has walked into his room.

"Who," said the critic, "is that boy?"

"That," I replied, "is John Payne."

"Never saw him before. How do you know?"

"Neither have I but it couldn't be anyone else. It's the only new name in this picture."

"Neither have I but it couldn't be anyone else. It's the only new name in this picture."

"Lady," said the critic, sliding down into his seat with an air of deep satisfaction, "I think we've got something here."

So, a week later when John Payne arrived in New York with Anne Shirley, his wife, for a vacation, I decided to find out for myself. Over coffee at nine-thirty in the morning, the earliest

hour a celebrity on leave in New York has ever before offered to see me, I began to find out if we really did have "something here."

Contradictorily, Payne seems larger off the screen than on. His hair is wavy and a very dark brown, his eyes are blue and he his eyes are blue and he has a simple direct charm, the result of his background, which has not suffered by his overnight hit in the picture Dick Powell turned down. He still talks about if he makes good in pictures, as though it were not a foregone concluison that he has already arrived—in one picture. For that's all he's really done, and anyhe's really done, and anything that went before doesn't count. Cinderella stories are still being written once in a while.

"I don't believe in putting all my eggs in one basket," he said in a quiet, mature, well modu-lated voice. "I hope I may never get to the point where I am utterly dependent on one thing or one person for my happiness. You see, I'm a happy sort of guy and I like to live in that kind of atmosphere. I want security and the mosphere. I want security and the things which money can buy; I love the feeling after I have finished a picture of just lying in bed and having my breakfast brought to me; I love to have the time to lie in the sun soaking up dreams and a suntan but I refuse to accept these things as concrete or as the evidence of success bought at the cost of my own soul. I am selfish enough not to want to be hurt or to hurt myself by banking too strongly on one thing for my future. If I don't make a go of this job I should like to try my hand at making adaptations for the screen."

And then it came out. John had

not meant to be an actor. He is a descendant of John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and his mother is Ida Schaeffer, a former Metropolitan Opera singer. With this heritage it is only natural that music, drama and writing should

be the things which would occupy his thoughts.

During the early years when he was receiving his preliminary education in and around Roanoke, Virginia, where he was born one bright May morning about 25 years ago, he did quite a lot of writing. He about 25 years ago, he did quite a lot of writing. He turned out short stories and poems by the yard but he admits none of the stuff, except an occasional poem, was ever good enough to be published. Then he received a two year partial scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music in New York and Juilliard is like that critic, they must believe you've "got something" before they hand you a scholarship. A full scholarship at the school would have meant a good 24 hour a day grind and, even though he had a voice, played the piano

full scholarship at the school would have meant a good 24 hour a day grind and, even though he had a voice, played the piano and wrote some music he intended using music only as a stepping stone to the writing he wanted to do. It was this same reason which prompted him to seek a job as an actor; he felt it would help him to understand people and why they tick.

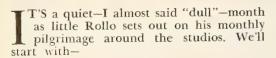
He didn't do much about the scholarship but he did study play writing under Thatcher Hughes at Columbia University and he also studied drama and short story writing while there.

His first acting job was in summer stock in Roxbury, Massa-

His first acting job was in summer stock in Roxbury, Massachusetts. He was so good that, believe it or not, Roxbury arranged a scholarship for him at the Victoria Theatre in London, England, in Shakespearean repertory. But John lacked the capital to keep himself alive while enjoying free tuition.

Up until five years ago, when he came from Roanoke to New York for the first time, he had never been North of the Mason and Dixon line. When he traveled it always seemed to be South. And yet, he has no Southern accent. [Continued on page 73]





#### Paramount

THE only picture here that I haven't already told you about is "Ambush" (tentative title) starring Gladys Swarthout (and I wonder what became of the wisenheimers who said she'd never make another picture).

Heretofore I have always smirked and sneered when the sophisticated critics cast aspersions on the methods of the movie makers but this opus justifies them. Miss Swarthout, possessed of one of the finest voices in America, does little singing. Ernest Truex, one of the finest comedians on the stage, plays a gangster as does the babyfaced William Henry. And Lloyd Nolan, heretofore one of the movie's bad men, plays the noble hero.

"It would seem" Gladys is secretary in a Southern California bank. It is robbed in broad daylight and the only clue is an abandoned truck on which Henry (brother of Gladys) has been working. Realizing he's involved in the robbery (women have such suspicious minds) she goes to Hank and tries to make him surrender. Instead, she is trapped by other members of the gang (who said "Beneath that rough exterior beats a heart of gold"?). They wound Hank and force Gentle Gladys to go out in search of a truck and a driver who will be able to show credentials to highway patrolmen.

She finds such a one in the person of Lloyd Nolan. He's an independent trucker starting for Chicago (movie-makers apparently never heard of Milwaukee and St. Louis, which are only a couple of hours or so away from Chicago, and both of them were making beer before Southern California was ever heard of.) The Movie Makers have to send Southern California beer (and if there is worse on the face of the earth, may the Lord help beer drinkers) all over the country, the way they do fruit and sunshine . . . and movies.

She gives Lloyd a hard luck story and he agrees to give her a lift. But when he calls

She gives Lloyd a hard luck story and he agrees to give her a lift. But when he calls for her (imagine a truck driver calling at a strange hitch-hiker's place to pick her up! That's what you call Optimism), there is the gang and they take charge of Lloyd and

"Dark Victory."
Bette Davis and
George Brent are
the principals.

The Studios Are
Active And The
Divine Fire Of
Genius Is Blazing
Here Aud There.
Warming The Soul
Of—

S. R. Mook

his truck.

The dialogue is about in keeping with the plot of this picture. Do you want the words as well as the music or are you willing to let the dead past bury its dead and jog on d

its dead and jog on down the street with me to-

R-K-O

NLY one picture going here—"Love Affair" starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Two others start tomorrow—"The Pure in Mind" starring Anne Shirley, and "The Great Man Votes" starring John Barrymore. I'll tell you about those next month, Let's get back to "Love Affair."

Irene and Charles meet aboard an ocean liner bound for the United States (of all places!). She is returning to marry her boss and he to wed a wealthy American girl. They fall in love, decide to break their engagements, return to their careers and meet again in six months, at which time they will know if this is the real thing or just infatuation. Irene goes back to singing in a night club and Charlie returns to his painting—with some measure of success. Just before the planned date of their reunion, Irene has an accident and learns she'll be crippled. So, noble-hearted, she

Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas in "There's That Woman Again," a comedy of Marriage.

> PICTURES ON THE FIRE

doesn't keep the date and Charlie thinks she has lost interest. So he starts on the downward path. About the time he reaches bottom he receives a package. He and Irene had seen his grandmother for a short time when their boat anchored at Madeira. Irene had admired a shawl Gramma was wearing and the old lady promised that, upon her death, it would be sent to them. So Charlie starts a search for Irene (who wouldn't!). This is how some of it

goes—
"Now, what's your trouble?" Irene asks,
quite casually and being very businesslike

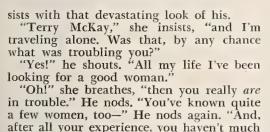
about the whole thing.

"First—your name," Charles counters.

"Terry McKay," Irene admits.

"No, no—your maiden name," he per-





after all your experience, you haven't much respect for them?" He shakes his head. "Have you ever given a woman a fair chance?"

"I have been more than fair," he protests. "That's my trouble. Every woman.



Billy Halop and Joe Sawyer "Crime Is A Racket."

I've put her up there!" holding his right hand high. "But the longer I know her (his hand begins to drop)—the better I know her (the hand drops lower). And the better I know her (the hand drops to his side-



but the left hand is held up high).
"What's up there?" Irene queries, "the Lady of the Lake?"

"No!" he whispers, "that's YOU!"
Now wasn't that touching? But somehow it all seems very unimportant. Tomorrow I'm going to Memphis. Memphis is the home of Southwestern College. Southwestern home of Southwestern College. Southwestern has a football player named Gaylon Smith. Mr. Smith is in there pitching (forward passing to you) and kicking every minute of every game. He doesn't bother about smart cracks and he doesn't bother about make-up. He bothers about getting that ball across the goal line. And, somehow, at the moment, Mr. Smith's activities seem to me to be much more important—much more real—than do those of Miss Dunne

and Mr. Boyer—even though this gives promise of being a very swell picture.

The shortest line between two given points—ha! 'twould seem I'm back in College with Mr. Smith-

Well, anyhow, the shortest line from RKO is to-

### Columbia

HERE again we have only one picture shooting. It's called "There's That Woman Again" and it's a sequel to "There's Always A Woman." Joan Blondell not being quite free of her Warner Brothers contract, and, consequently, unable to return to Columbia for the sequel, her part is being taken by Virginia Bruce. Now, mind you, Virginia has no stauncher rooter than I. I was plugging for Virginia in the days when she was a Paramount stock player-before she had ever gone to New York-before she had ever been in the Ziegfeld Follies. BUT! Virginia and Joan are not the same type. (Somehow although I have little reporting to do this month, everything seems to be going wrong-everything seems to be amiss). Well, anyhow, there's nothing I can do about it except call attention to the fact when it's too late.

This is the very first scene in the picture. Ginnie and Mr. Melvyn Douglas (that Man's here again, too!) are asleep-in twin beds, if you're interested. Mr. D. had evidently shed his clothes the minute he came in the bedroom door because they are scattered all over the floor. However well they get along in front of the camera, I'm sure in their private lives, when the camera and microphone aren't focused on them, they

William Henry and Gladys Swarthout in "Ambush." (The title may be changed.)

must get along like a couple of strange bull-dogs because Virginia is the soul of neat-ness and I know she wouldn't stand for that sort of thing. Be that as it may, here is the bright sunlight streaming through the window to tell us it's morning. As if that isn't enough, an alarm clock goes off and its hands show 8:30. Virginia wakens, yawns and shuts off the alarm. Then she sits up in bed and contemplates her finger. A ribbon tied in a bow causes her to scowl a moment in thought. She shakes her head negatively. She has forgotten what it is supposed to make her remember. So she reaches over and nudges Mr. D.

"Hey, Bill, do you know what I was supposed to remember?" Her only answer is a guarding space. She nudges him again.

is a gurgling snore. She nudges him again. 'How about telling your trusting little wife where you were until three o'clock in the morning?

There! I knew it. Down in my heart I knew women were all alike but, somehow, I thought-I hoped, I mean-that Virginia was different. But, no.
She nudges Melvyn again and this time

he mumbles a little incoherently: "Waiter! The check!"

That gets her. "What check? Whose check? Where were you?" she screams.

So Mel half opens one eye, closes it, grunts and is asleep again. But Virginia is not to be denied. "Answer me, Bill Reardon!" she insists. "Where were you until three o'clock?" But, as Mel's only answer is another snore she has to start surmising.
"You were out with a woman!"
"Uh-huh," he admits sleepily.

"You took her to a night club," Virginia accuses.

"Uh-huh."

"You danced with her!"

"Uh-huh."

"You jitterbug!" Virginia yells contemptuously. Then her lip trembles a little. "You made love to her?" This time Mel just nods. "Then you—you took her home?" He gives a half nod. This time Virginia is almost afraid to ask but no one can ever accuse her of shirking a wife's duties—and prerogatives. She goes through with it. "And—then—what happened?"

"I married her and we lived happily ever



on to the set with a big cake on it with "Happy Birthday, Virginia" spelled out in icing. "You must stay and have a piece of birthday cake," she urges but I don't feel much like birthday cake at 10.00 o'clock in the morning so I tell her I'll be back later and off I go to-

#### Universal

WE LIKEWISE find only one picture v shooting out here, but it should be a pip. It's called "Little Tough Guys in Society," although you can bet your chances of a seat in heaven to a plugged nickel the title will be changed. At the head of the cast are Mary Boland, Mischa Auer, Edward Everett Horton and Jackie Searl, who is one of the very best of the kid actors. There are also the six little tough guys—Frankie Thomas, David Gorcey (a brother of Leo "Spit" Gorcey, one of the "Dead End" kids), Harris Berger, William Benedict, Hally Chester and Charles Duncan.

Jackie is the spoiled son of rich Mary Boland. He is cynical and sophisticated far beyond his years. And he has a perfect solution for the complexities of modern life. He simply spends the whole day in bed, where life can't touch him. Mischa is a Charles Boyer in "Love Affair," their first picture together.

cracked psychiatrist and when Mary calls him in to diagnose Jackie, he says Jackie is a sad example of over-privileged youth. As an antidote, to establish normal balance, he prescribes association with a group of under-privileged boys. So Mary phoned an east-side settlement house to invite "underprivileged" youths for a month's visit and just as she is in the midst of entertaining at a garden party, a truck drives up and the six little tough guys pile out.
"Lafayette, here we come!" Mr. Gorcey

bellows as he tumbled out.
"Hi-ya folks?" Mr. Berger greets the

guests.

"Nice place you got here," Mr. Benedict remarks, casting an appraising eye over the grounds. "Looks like a park."

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" Mr. Eddie Horton, the butler, de-

mands, as he bustles up seething with rage.

"Look!" chortles Mr. Benedict, taking in Mr. Horton's frock coat. "They keep their own undertaker on the place.

"Aw, he ain't an undertaker, he's a waiter!" Mr. Chester explains contemptuously

And that's where the fun begins. The sad part of it is that I can't wait to see the fun because it's going to last three or four weeks while the picture is shooting. But I'll be having fun in my own quiet way, provided I first get out to—

### Warner Brothers

and see what's doing there. There's plenty doing. Bette Davis and George Brent in "Dark Victory," Gale Page and Humphrey Bogart in "Crime Is a Racket" and "Secret Service of the Air"—the first of a series starring Ronald Reagan.

Let's start with Bette and I can't imagine



anything nicer than starting with Bette and, for my own part, I'd be perfectly satisfied to finish up with Bette, too. (You see, Bette, how easy I make things for you? You don't even have to wait for Leap Year).

For the first time in years she plays the part of a rich girl in a modern era. She belongs to a wealthy Long Island set which plays hard-but clean. Their credo is the thoroughbred and his courage. While the sands of life run against her in this picture, the films may never focus on a more gallant figure than Bette as Julie Traherne. When the story opens a shadow of illness has fallen upon her but it is something she brushes aside until her friends force her to consult Dr. Frederick Steele (George Brent).

He quickly diagnoses her case, without letting her know, but she doesn't like the questions he has asked and the answers

he has supplied.

"I'm sorry to have wasted so much of your time," she says frigidly as she starts for the door, "but this is my last interview with doctors."

"That's right," he needles her. "Run

away because you're frightened."
"That isn't true," she blazes, whirling on

"Oh, yes it is," he retorts. "That's why you held certain things back from Dr. Parons. You were afraid to admit them. You didn't tell him you've been having these headaches for months-but you haveand they've been getting worse lately, until now you're never free of them. And your eyes have been cutting up, too-just as though someone were shutting a pair of folding doors, until your vision is almost cut in half. You pretended it was imagination, but it isn't. Then that queer, dull feeling in your right arm. You couldn't laugh that off. I'll tell you how you got those burns—a cigarette! It burned your fingers and you never felt it because your tactile nerves are paralyzed. Your memory is all shot to pieces. You can't concentrate. Look at your bridge scores!"

Ha, Dr. Brent, you should look at mine!
"It's a lie!" Bette fumes. "I'm well! Why
do you bully me like this?"
"Cut!" calls Director Edmund Goulding.
So I draw a breath and look around. There is a huge basket of flowers which Bette sent Mr. Goulding at the start of the picture. And that is just another indication of Bette's character. Upset as she is over her separation from her husband, she still thinks of others and makes gestures like

that!
"Hi, son," she greets me. "If you're still around when we knock off for the day, drop over to my dressing room and have a cocktail. You should feel at home there. I've just moved into the one your frieind Kay Fran-

"Thanks For Everything." Jack Oakie, Binnie Barnes, Adolphe Menjou, Arleen Whalen and Jack Haley.

Shirley Temple in the char-

acter of "The Little Princess."

Alice Faye and Constance Bennett fight, slap, punch and wrestle for "Tail-spin."

cis used to have."
"I'll be there if I have to miss my train," I promise.

And then I get a load of Mr. Brent. For the first time in a couple of years he's wearing a mustache. "Ah, the Gable influence,"

jibe him. But George only grins. "It does look kind of scrubby, doesn't it?'

Well, there's no fun needling people who spike your guns so I meander on to another stage and it happens to be the one where "Crime Is A Racket" is shooting. I forgot to mention that Billy Halop (one of the Dead End kids) is also in this picor the Bead End Rids) is also in this picture. He plays Gale's brother. Harvey Stephens (a private patrolman, whatever that is) is her fiance. Billy is a promising youngster until he meets Humph, a seasoned, though small-time crook, ten or eleven years Billy's senior. Neither Gale nor Harvey is able to break up the friendship.

One night Harvey waits for Humph in Kelly's poolroom and saloon.

"Off ya' beat, ain't ya, Burke?" Humph inquires truculently.
"Yeah—this is just a little overtime job,"

Harvey replies, looking him over slowly. "Ya might find overtime don't pay down here," Humph counters.

"That's just what I told Johnny (Billy)," Harvey re-

Johnny torts levelly. "Listen, Burke," Bogart bristles, "if Johnny's lucky bristles, "if Johnny's lucky enough to be a friend of mine, that's our business. So lay off him, see?"
"I know your business,

Wilson," Harvey comes back quietly. "You're a cheap, small-time crook. And some day I'm going to put you where you belong."

With that he turns and

goes up the steps and I turn and go right over to where Gale is sitting on the side lines.

"Dick!" she yells. "Fancy meeting you here! Before I forget it, I'm living in the home of a friend for a month. It's one of those old mansions over in the Wilshire District and it's really

something. I'm entertaining like mad this month while I have all the trimmings with which to be really elegant. You'd better drop over for dinner one night because for all I know it's the only time in my life I may ever have all the trimmings.

You may count on me," I assure her. "In fact, you may count on me tonight because I'm leaving around eleven to be gone a month.

How lovely!" Gale murmurs without thinking. "I mean, how lovely that you can have a month off."

All of a sudden I find myself wondering if Gale did say it without thinking, but I dismiss the idea with a pooh, because Gale is the one person I know who really thinks Hollywood is wonderful and who is constantly surprised because people are nice to her. She needn't be surprised because she is one of the nicest people I know. In case you don't remember, Gale was the fourth daughter in "Four Daughters"-the one who wasn't a Lane Sister (No, Lola, no dig is intended. You were all swell).

Suddenly it is 4:00 o'clock and I learn through underground sources that the Bette Davis company has already knocked off work so I amble over to the Davis dressing room where Bette helps herself to a cigarette and me to a [Continued on page 58]



Love that is deep as a canal. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power in "Suez."

THE CITADEL

A BRILLIANT STORY OF AN ENGLISH DOCTOR -M-G-M

NOT since "Louis Pasteur" has there been a picture to make such a profound impression. "The Citadel", adapted from the A. J. Cronin best selling novel of the same title, was made in England and is the second of the highly successful Metro pictures to be made there—"The Yank at Oxford" was the first.

The picture deals, as did the book, with an attack on the English medical association, and comes at a time when the American Medical Association is being criticised by the press.

Robert Donat, the best of the English actors, which is no faint praise, plays the young idealistic doctor who starts his career in the Welsh mining communities but finds that through ignorance, superstition and greed he cannot advance his study of tuberculosis. He goes to London where he and his wife suffer all kinds of poverty and hardship while he tries to establish a practice. Eventually he falls in with some of his former classmates, who have become "society" doctors, and he too goes in for easy money.

He is on the verge of separating from his wife, who has become too old-fashioned for him, when his one close friend dies on the operating table at the hands of one of the biggest surgeons in London. Dr. Donat knows that the operation, simple as it was, was badly bungled and that the great surgeon with his great fees is nothing less than a murderer. This brings him to his senses and once more he finds happiness in becoming an honest doctor.

Rosalind Russell, the one Hollywood person in the cast, gives a brilliant performance as the doctor's wife who is not afraid of poverty. Ralph Richardson stands out as the doctor's friend. Under the capable direction of King Vidor the picture is vigorous and realistic.

### JUST AROUND THE CORNER THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE FANS WILL EAT THIS UP-20th Century-Fox

N HER newest picture little Miss Temple
—who is still Number One box-office star
—plays the daughter of a young widowed

architect (Charlie Farrell) who lives in the basement of the swanky Riverview Apartments and acts as the house engineer. He and Shirley once lived in the penthouse of the same building-but that was before depression set in.

Through a natural, childish misunderstanding Shirley thinks that a crochety old banker (Claude Gillingwater) is the "Uncle her father is always talking about. Her father has told her that "Uncle Sam" needs money so that he can help business conditions, and when business conditions are helped people will need architects again. Through pity for the old man Shirley sets out to be kind to him and her bungling but charming efforts gradually win him over completely. She gives a benefit for her "Uncle Sam" that is one of the high spots of the picture.

The cast is tops, with Joan Davis playing the caretaker of the apartment house dogs, Franklin Pangborn the fluttery manager, and Bert Lahr a chauffeur. Bennie Bartlett deserves special praise as the banker's smarty nephew, and son of the frantic Cora Witherspoon, too elegant for words as a Park

Avenue matron.

Charlie Farrell makes his first screen appearance in a long time-he should make them much, much oftener. Bill Robinson, Shirley's ever dependable side-kick, shares two excellent tap routines with her.

### BLONDIE

A POPULAR COMIC STRIP MAKES ITS MOVIE DEBUT-Col.

O NE of the most widely read comic strips in this country is "Blondie"—and so it is big news when "Blondie" suddenly becomes a movie series too. If you had looked a million years you couldn't have found a better Dagwood than Arthur Lake, a better Blondie than Penny Singleton, a bet-ter Baby Dumpling than little Larry Simms,

and a better Daisy than Daisy "himself."

The first in this series, which is bound to be popular, deals with Dagwood's financial predicaments. It seems that as he and Blondie approach their fifth wedding anniversary they have paid off their final installment on the furniture, and Blondie is

all ready to surprise her mate with new installments! Dagwood gets caught on the short end of a loan shark's note "Ar Dir

when clouds. Murra

he has endorsed-and gets an introduction to Gene Lockhart, a big money sales prospect. Everything becomes badly involved until Blondie comes to the rescue.

### ANGELS WITH DIRTY **FACES**

A TWO-FISTED, VIGOROUS PICTURE THAT'S SUREFIRE ENTERTAINMENT -Warners

J IMMY CAGNEY returns to his old familiar role of the gangster in his latest picture, and when Jimmy plays a gangster he's well-nigh perfect. Pat O'Brien, his pal on screen and off, plays an East Side priest and, as Father Jerry, Pat is well nigh

perfect himself.

The picture opens in the slums of a big city. Two boys in their teens, Rocky Sullivan and Jerry Connally (played by Frankie Burke, who not only looks like Cagney but talks like him, and William Tracey) need money to see a movie, so they break open a freight car and steal a lot of fountain pens. Rocky is caught and sent to reform school-and there begins his life as a gangster.

Years later, after serving a stretch at the state prison, he returns to his former neighborhood and finds that his old side-kick, Jerry, has become a priest, that the little girl he used to tease has become the attractive Ann Sheridan, and that his old basement hang-out is now the rendezvous of the tenement toughies, the Dead End boys. When they discover that the new guy in the neighborhood is Rocky Sullivan the Dead End kids become hero worshippers, much to the distress of Father Jerry, who wants to make honest American citizens of

When Rocky kills off Humphry Bogart and George Bancroft, rival racketeers, and is himself caught by the police he is sentenced to be electrocuted. The last sequence, where Rocky goes to the chair screaming like a "yellow rat" as a favor to Father Jerry, who wants to break the thrall of hero worship, is one of the most thrilling you've ever seen on the screen. It fairly brings out the goose pimples. Mixed in with the drama of this picture there is a lot of swell comedy. The scene where the Dead End kids play basketball is a knockout.

"Angels With Dirty Faces." James Cagney is the hard one and Pat O'Brien the priest.

"Men With Wings"
revealed the beauties of Technicolor
when called upon
to show sky and
clouds. Fred MacMurrary, Louise
Campbell and Ray
Milland.



BROTHER RAT

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR—Warners

A DAPTED from the Broadway hit play of the same name, this picture has lost none of the boisterous fun of the original. The action takes place at the Virginia Military Institute (the "West Point of the South") and thanks to swell direction the authentic feeling of college life pervades the film just as it did the play.

The story's all about the adventures, loves and headaches of three first classmen, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, and Eddie Albert, during their last few weeks before graduation—and oh boy, it looks for a while there as if they'll never get their diplomas. Things begin to happen when the girls arrive for the big baseball game, and there isn't a dull moment up to the final commencement exercises.

Wayne plays one of those incorrigible young cadets who leads his "brother rats" into one mess after another—everything from pawning government property to sneaking out after taps to call on Priscilla Lane.

But, judging from the preview audience applause that greeted his every scene, the picture belongs to Mr. Eddie Albert of the New York stage, the only member of the Broadway cast in the picture. As the slow-thinking, bewildered cadet who is secretly married to Jane Bryan, and who discovers on the eve of the big game that he is about to become a father, Eddie gives a splendid performance. Tis said that following the preview every studio in Hollywood offered Mr. Albert a contract, with Warners winning out.

Jane Wyman scores as the Colonel's daughter and the scene where she and Priscilla are smuggled into the boys' room to help Eddie pass his chemistry exam is a high spot in the picture. Her "Papa won't like it" will long be remembered. Well, Papa and Grandma and the entire family will like this picture.

ing over Nan Grey, the ship's nurse, which isn't cleared up until she has performed a successful appendectomy on Tom during a most terrific storm at sea. Of course the captain of the ship turns out to be the same old meanie (Barton MacLane) who let Charlie's best friend die—and that brings on more fights.

Preston Foster is in for a small part, which should be larger, and Andy Devine and Frank Jenks look after the comedy.

### ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD

A GAY AND IRREPRESSIBLE COMEDY WITH MUSIC-Par.

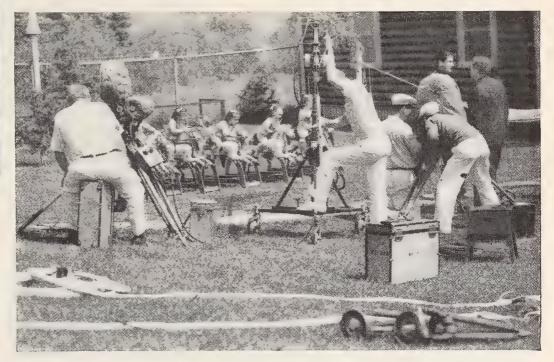
THAT funny fellow Jack Benny is here again. And this time "Buck" gets a perfectly swell comedy with plenty of gay gags, grand humor, good music, and delirious lines. And if this isn't enough he even gets the girl—the girl being the beautiful Joan Bennett, who is well worth getting. (Joan is the only actress so far who looks well with her hair piled high on her head.)

Jack plays Buck Boswell, the fast talking

Jack plays Buck Boswell, the fast talking manager of a madcap troupe of Americans who go broke in Paris and are so eager to get back to New York that they are willing to be deported. Jack practically manages to get them deported, but before that everything happens to them from weiner roasts over the gas jets to a gorgeously staged fashion show.

Joan is happily cast as the daughter of a millionaire Texas oilman—she's only the fourth richest girl in America—who is in Paris with her Aunt Mary Boland to arrange her marriage to a stuffy young diplomat. She's quite bored by it all, and when Jack meets her under unusual circumstances and believes her to be a girl who's down on her luck she accepts his offer to become a part of the "act."

Charley Grapewin is simply grand as the wealthy Texan who gets mixed up in Mr.



The famous quints had a gay time making "Five Of A Kind."

THE STORM

A SEA STORY WITH PLENTY OF ACTION—U.

CHARLIE BICKFORD plays a big twofisted wireless operator who is pretty
well fed up with the sea when his best
friend is left to drown on a sinking ship.
He tries to make his kid brother (Tom
Brown) become a farmer but Tom also
turns to marine wireless.

Charlie and Tom have a misunderstand-

Benny's troupe to please his daughter. The Yacht Club Boys give out with a rousing number called "You're Broke, You Dope." The girls are extremely easy on the eyes.

THE SISTERS

A Best-selling Novel Becomes A Superb Motion Picture—WB

BETTE DAVIS and Errol Flynn are teamed most satisfactorily in the screen

version of Myron Brinig's fine novel of several years ago. The novel was interesting and absorbing and so is the picture, with both Bette and Errol giving exceptionally notable performances.

The story traces the careers in marriage of the three attractive Elliot girls of Silver Bow, Montana, from the night they attend the election ball of Teddy Roosevelt until four years later when they are attending another election ball, this time of William

Attention is focused on Louise, the eldest daughter, played by Bette, who marries a charming irresponsible newspaper man (Errol Flynn) who talks of becoming a great novelist but who becomes a drunkard instead, and finally, after the death of their baby in San Francisco, leaves Bette because he believes he loves his freedom better than he does his wife.

Anita Louise plays the attractive, socially ambitious sister who has two rich husbands, Alan Hale and Patric Knowles, and is well on her way to having a third when the picture ends. Jane Bryan is the youngest sister who marries Dick Foran, the "best catch" in Silver Bow. The scene in which Jane sends for her two sisters and tells them that her husband is held in the clutches of the town's most notorious woman, and they decide on a wholesale plot to frustrate all the gallivanting husbands of Silver Bow, is a high spot in the film.

Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are excellent as the parents, and there are striking characterizations by Lee Patrick, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter and Laura Hope Crews. The San Francisco earthquake makes a thrilling sequence.

### MEN WITH WINGS

AVIATION ENTHUSIASTS WILL LOVE THIS-Par.

THIS traces the history of aviation from the time of the Wright Brothers up to approximately the present time. The picture is done in natural color and the lovely pastel shades of sky and fog and cloud ef-

fects are really something to get hysterical about. What a relief it is not to have glaring colors shriek at us from the screen. There is one sequence which deals with an

Vincent Price, Constance Bennett, Charles Ruggles and Helen Broderick in "Service de Luxe."

aerial battle that is so magnificent and so thrilling that it fairly takes your breath

Unfortunately the story itself is not so thrilling. It deals with two men and a girl who pioneer in aviation after the girl's father is burned to death in an experimental flight. One boy, Fred MacMurray, is a natural born dare devil of the air, and of course it is he who goes to France in 1914, becomes a noted ace with the French army, and is discontented the rest of his life unless he is dropping bombs from a plane in some foreign country.

The other boy, Ray Milland, leads a less spectacular life. He is the steady, practical engineer, who advances the safety of aviation by sheer hard work—and no bravadoes. Of course, the girl, Louise Campbell, falls in love with the adventurer, marries him, and remains his loyal wife until his plane is shot down in China years later. Ray, also in love with Louise since boyhood, contents himself with her friendship. Andy Devine, as Ray's mechanic, runs away with the comedy moments. Porter Hall as a newspaper publisher and Lynne Overman as his managing editor are perfectly grand. Donald O'Connor, Billy Cook and Virginia Weidler play the two boys and girl as children, and Virginia does a grand job of picture stealing. Her scene after the death of her father is one you wen't forcet. of her father is one you won't forget.

### LISTEN DARLING

A LIGHT BUT VERY CHARMING STORY—MGM JUDY GARLAND and Freddy Bartholomew make a very cute team of youngsters in this picture. When Mary Astor considers marriage to obtain security for her two children, Judy and Scotty Beckett, Freddy steps in to help Judy prevent such a move. Hoping that a change of scenery will make her change her mind the kids abduct the mother and small son in a

trailer and start on a tour.
On the road they meet Walter Pidgeon, a lawyer who loves the great open spaces, and they decide he'll make a very husband for Judy's mother. A speedy two day romance between Mary and Walter fixes everything up just dandy, or so they

Best sequence in the picture is where young Scotty uncovers a family of skunks. And the best thing in the picture is Judy's singing of three popular song numbers (my, my, how that child can give out with a song) especially "On the Bumpy Road to Love."

### SUEZ

ROMANTIC HISTORY IN THE MAKING-20th Century-Fox

N THIS extravagant and spectacular film Tyrone Power, young, handsome and oh



so romantic looking, plays his most no-table part to date. As the visionary Pari-sian, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who dreams of a big canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea "Ty" is at his most bril-liant best. liant best.

Starting with young de Lesseps encounter, at one of Louis Napoleon's balls, with a fortune teller (who reads balls, with a fortune teller (who reads in the sands that he is destined to dig ditches) the story tells of his banishment to Egypt, his winning over by sleight-of-hand tricks the young Mohammedan, Prince Said, who later becomes his friend in need, his exciting conception of the famous project, his struggle for the next pineteen years against the for the next nineteen years against the hostility of men and nature—and his eventual triumph.

The diplomatic involvements and the

English French expansion stratagems (1850-1869) included in the picture are historically accu-

A dramatic moment. A scene from "The Citadel," with Robert Donat.

rate and interesting. Ditto the sabotage by the Turks and the sand storm which is a high point of excitement in the picture.

Co-starring with Ty are the beautiful

Loretta Young, who gives up her love for the enthusiastic young engineer to become the Empress Eugenie, the bride of Louis Napoleon, and Annabella, who plays a hoydenish child of the desert who finally worms her way into de Lesseps' affections.

In the supporting cast there are excellent performances by Joseph Schildkraut as de Lesseps' friend, J. Edward Bromberg as the Egyptian prince, Nigel Bruce and Henry Stephenson as English and French ambassadors to Cairo, Miles Mander as Disraeli, George Zucco as Gladstone, and Leon Ames George Zucco as Gladstone, and Leon Ames as Louis Napoleon.

#### FIVE OF A KIND

THOSE DARLING QUINTS AGAIN— 20th Century-Fox

THIS is the third in the series of pictures starring the Dionne Quintuplets-



Jane Wyman, Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane in "Brother Rat."

and by far the best of the three. The little Dionnes are no longer just babies, and no longer curiosities, but are now five nice little girls, with five distinct personalities. They get all dressed up to celebrate their birthday, their fourth, and they stumble through a minuet that's quite the funniest thing you've ever seen. They open their presents sent them by fans from all over the world, and they simply go into ecstasies the world, and they simply go into ecstasies over five little quintuplet puppies some one has given them. They prattle way in French and have a lovely time of it. Don't let anyone tell you that the children are backward or undeveloped. You've never seen five such wholesome natural and perseen five such wholesome, natural, and perfectly charming little girls.

The story that serves as a setting for the appearance of the Quints revolves around the rivalry of a couple of news broadcasters, Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero. They're quite busy scooping each other until, just as you suspected, they fall in love. Then they join forces in the presentation of a television program of the quintuplets which makes possible the building of a children's hospital.

Claire and Cesar give excellent performances, but top praise in the picture, as before, goes to Jean Hersholt in the role of the kindly Dr. Dafoe. Slim Summerville again plays the constable and John Qualen Papa Dionne (in the picture the name is Wŷatt.)

### SERVICE DE LUXE

THIS WILL TAKE YOU OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS-Universal

HERE'S a light, frothy comedy that gets Mr. Vincent Price's movie career off to a flying start. Vincent Price, in case you're not theatre-minded, is a very personable young man who for the past few years has played "Albert" in Helen Hayes' "Victoria Regina." He is an extraordinary tall and handsome fellow, with a particularly resonant voice.

In his screen debut Vincent plays a young inventor who just can't stand bossy women. So naturally he falls in love with Constance Bennett who tries to conceal the fact from him that she is head of the Dorothy Madison Service (a service bureau that does everything for its rich clients from writing checks to staging weddings) and that bossing is a part of her job.

Obvious complications follows and the Marketter of the stage of the

Obvious complications follow and it's all quite gay. Charlie Ruggles turns in his



Freddie Bartholomew, Mary Astor, Judy Garland and Scotty Beckett in "Listen Darling."

usual capable performance as a wealthy engineer whose hobby is cooking. Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick furnish many of the laughs. Joy Hodges, who is due for a buildup by Universal, is very pretty as Charlie's madcap man-chasing daughter. Connie wears very chic clothes, and wears them well.

They put weight on Seabiscuit, and they certainly gave Connie a handicap in this one. For if there is one kind of woman that absolutely no one wants around, it is the dame who manages things. And does Vincent Price tell her!

### SUBMARINE PATROL

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW AND FRESH IN PICTURES—20th Century-Fox

DON'T let that dull title throw you off.
Combining intense drama, thrilling action and well-timed comedy the picture is knock-out entertainment from beginning to end. It's the story of the "Splinter Fleet, those wooden ships, not much better than tugs, that chased the enemy's submarines during the war and saw to it that munitions and men were safely convoyed to Europe.

The picture begins with the patrol boat,

in sad condition, escorting a munitions boat to Italy, and for this valuable service to the Navy the captain and crew of the boat are rewarded with the job of blowing up Germany's most dangerous and deadly sub-

Preston Foster, as the captain who redeems himself, gives the outstanding performance. George Bancroft is well cast as the captain of the munitions boat, and Richard Green is splendid as a society playboy who joins the Navy and finds himself assigned to an old tub. His romance with Nancy Kelly, Bancroft's daughter in the film, is a minor but delightful part of the

This is Nancy's first picture (she was grabbed from a New York play and given a contract) and she proves that she has the talent to go far in this acting business. You'll be seeing her next in "Jesse James." Stand-outs in small parts are Henry Armetta, Maxie Rosenbloom, J. Farrell MacDonald, George E. Stone, Ward Bond, Warren Hy-mer, and Slim Summerville. With John Ford as the director you know it will be meaty.

Take Care Of Your Health And Your Nails Will Benefit Accordingly.

### By Mary Lee

NN SOTHERN'S stream lined fingers drape over the arm of a loveseat, reminding us that here is the high fashion design high tashion design in fingertips. Fin-gers slim, tapering; nails in harmony, the polish fairly deep, like a jewel, covering the entire nail from base to

nail from base to the tips.
tip or leaving a
very slim line of
white at the tip.
Cecilia Parker's soft, young hands show
the more conventional, but always good,
fashion, a more delicate tone of polish,
leaving the natural nail tip shining and

Take your choice in nail grooming. Either is good and solves the general question in "design" of fingertips. Each is a pattern you may copy, according to your taste. Yes, if you have the nails to work on. For these are the months when nails misbehave, if ever they are going to. And the cause is the same as that of flaking, muddy skin and limp or straw-like hair. One authority says: "Don't blame your manicure for brit-tle, easily broken nails. Look for these faults in health and nerve irregularities. Seek the cause elsewhere than your manicure, and remember that the effects you see are only surface indications that your general health surface indications that your general nearth and well-being are either radically wrong or perfectly all right." Our authority further reminds you that "proper diet, good digestion, adequate exercise, sufficient sunshine" are the ways to a physical condition that grows good nails as well as figure, hair, skin and disposition. So, with the approach of a New Year and good resolutions, these health points belong on your program.

health points belong on your program.

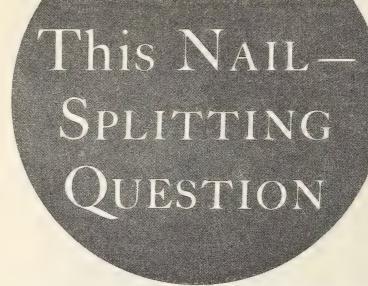
And on your program, too, belongs some special care for those nails. I wonder if you've ever realized just why we have nails? As a protection for fingers and toes. Today, of course, nails are a strong point for beauty, and there is nothing that seems to excite the spontaneous compliment more than a lovely hand and nails. The romantic emphasis that is put on hands today is not over-accented. Ask any man.

Whether in the pink of condition or whether brittle, broken, ridged or flaking, let's consider some of the side of hands.

let's consider some of the aids at hand today. First, I hope you get a manicure kit for Christmas, if you didn't have one before; or if you are one of those to receive a check in lieu of the actual gift, I hope you'll buy yourself a kit, even if it's a little inexpensive one. There's no convenience like having all the gadgets together when you sit down to do your nails. If you de-







pend upon professional manicures, then take a lesson in how to do one, yourself.

take a lesson in how to do one, yourself. Time and again we find ourselves dependent upon home aid, and a good manicure can be mastered, like anything else.

Use an emery board or file for shaping. If you prefer a file, get a good one. It's a good investment, like the right hairbrush. La Cross manicure implements inherit a tradition of superiority. Use light motions in filing, never saw. If you want the long effect of Ann's nails, don't file down too far at the sides. Leave these longer than usual. effect of Ann's nails, don't file down too far at the sides. Leave these longer than usual, if you are bringing dark polish to the tips. By doing this, you will get the streamline effect without an exaggerated point at the center, which is anything but lovely. La Cross makes all kinds of fine manicure preparations among them a special net of mine. arations, among them a special pet of mine, Glycerated polish remover pads. These are pads permanently saturated in the remover. Remove one from the container, use it for ten fingers, discard. I like this neatness and convenience.

Now we come to a point on which there has been surprising development in the last year or so, polish foundations and protectors—uncolored lacquer-like aids, applied with brush before or after polish, according to the purpose. Some are designed to protect weak faulty nails to protect them. tect weak, faulty nails, to protect them while you grow better ones. All such preparations applied before the manicure give a smoother, evener base for the polish. Some of these aids are used over the polish, after it has dried, to give a longer lasting



Above-Cecilia Parker is the more conventional type. She uses a delicate tone of polish and likes to show the entire tip of her nails.

Left — Rosemary

Lane is removing her polish with a Revlon remover pad.

lustre and to protect the polish, generally. They will all prolong the life and beauty of a manicure, and your

choice is largely a mat-ter of individual need. I would suggest. however, that you buy these extra aids by the

same maker as that of your polish. They are all good, but each company makes its own products to work hand in hand, and thus they are perfectly coordinated.

La Cross suggests that its Nailong be applied from base over tip of nail to "seal" the nail edge and thus prevent flaking and

the nail edge and thus prevent flaking and splitting due to any structure weakness at this point. Nailong is an opaque polish base to be used before polish.

This extra aid by Cutex is known as Cutex Polish Foundation, to be brushed on under or over your Cutex polish to promote longer wear. Secretaries and typists who naturally encounter much finger wear will find this foundation a great help. Glazo has a product known as Nail-Cote. Used before and after your choice of Glazo polish in the lovely Tropic tones, it protects both nail health and manicure beauty. Nail Protecto is the protective aid by

Nail Protecto is the protective aid by Elizabeth Arden. It is interesting to know that whenever Miss Arden sponsors a new

that whenever Miss Arden sponsors a new tone in face make-up, invariably the nail beauty comes along in the same shade of lacquer. Now one of the newest is Prince's Feather, from the gallant dark red flower we know as coxcomb.

Revlon has a protective agent, Prolon, that forms a tough, adhesive coating over the nail before polish is applied, very helpful in protecting split, ridged or cracked nails from further trouble until a better nail has grown out. And while with Revlon, have you seen Jueltone? This is the newest shade in three gradations of depth, Nos. shade in three gradations of depth, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Jewels [Continued on page 68]



By Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pre-tested)

ARTY menus for New Year's Eve are often troublesome things. What to prepare that is satisfying and yet will not be spoiled by early fixing or last minute preparation is something of a problem for the most versatile hostess. The accompanying recipes and accompanying recipes and suggestions are given because they meet these requirements and lend themselves nicely to combinations. They may be served singly or with ideas of your own, with equal effect and enjoyment.

There should always be a steaming tureen of soup. You may buy such excellent canned soups these days that it is hardly worth the effort it takes to make them. Both Heinz and Crosse and Blackwell make the most delicious Cream of Mushroom Soup. The former also has an unbeatable Pepper Pot soup and a French Onion soup, while the latter has Cream of Celery, Cream of Mushroom and a luscious Cream of Outer with room and a luscious Cream of Oyster with about 8 oysters in each can. As for Chicken or Cream of Tomato . . . there is nothing better than Campbell's. But, if you are of a mind to make your own try, here's a grand sour. grand soup.

CREAM OF LEEK

1½ cups sliced leeks 3 cups cold water

2 tablespoons C&B Chili Sauce

2 cups milk

1 teaspoon salt

Dash paprika 3 tablespoons butter

5 medium-sized potatoes

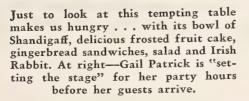
tablespoons minced parsley

1/8 teaspoon white pepper

Brown leeks lightly in butter. Add water, bay leaf, chili sauce, and potatoes; simmer until potatoes are very tender. Force through sieve. Add milk, parsley, salt, pepper, and paprika. Heat to boiling and serve with croutons. Enough for 8 portions.

### IRISH RABBIT

Ireland makes another bid for culinary fame with this delicious dish, the answer to every hostess's prayer for a late supper.



Simple to make and choice in flavor, its success is instant and certain. In a chafing dish or double boiler, blend together 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour and tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons hour and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add 1/2 cup milk and cook until thick and smooth, stiring constantly. Add 1 pound Kraft's American Cheese, chopped. Stir until almost melted. Then blend in gradually 3/4 cup Guinness' Stout. Stir until almost melted. Serve at once on hot toast or crackers.

### EGG CUPS

Here is a "must" for this type of meal for in at least one of the following forms it is sure to please all tastes. Boil desired is sure to please all tastes. Boil desired number of eggs. Mash yolks to a paste with mayonnaise. Add lemon juice, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Fill whites, top with a little caviar and decorate with pimento. Mash yolks with sardines. Add chopped celery, lemon juice, and salt. Fill whites; decorate with slices of stuffed olive. Fill whites with shrimps cut in small pieces. Pour cocktail sauce over them and garnish Pour cocktail sauce over them and garnish with parsley. Yolks may be blended with a number of different ingredients for sand-

And speaking of sandwiches . . . here is something new and too, too divine. Everyone will like it but it is planned particularly for the late supper in which the children are allowed to participate. Cut

Crosse and Blackwell's Date and Nut bread into slices. Place a thin slice of tart apple between two layers and . . . yum-yum, you have a treat! If you have the time, an orange or nut bread may be substituted for date and nut bread. Here is the recipe

### ORANGE BREAD

21/2 cups Hecker's flour

3 tablespoons Royal Baking Powder

1 cup milk

4 teaspoons melted butter

1/2 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt

i egg, beaten

ı teaspoon vanilla

Peel of 4 oranges

Mix and sift all dry ingredients. Mix liquids and add to flour mixture. Add peel and bake about 1 hour in moderate oven (350° F.). Prepare peel by boiling in 3 or 4 waters. Scrape out all white part. Make a thick syrup and cook peel slowly until all syrup is taken up. Roll in sugar. About 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water is sufficient for four oranges.

for four oranges.

Another new party sandwich is made by spreading 2 long slices of white bread with creamed butter on one side and one long slice of gingerbread with creamed butter on both sides. Put together with gingerbread in center. Make a second sandwich alternating gingerbread with white bread. When ready to serve, cut in ½ inch slices. For variety, spread butter with softened cottage or cream cheese. 1 cup dates and ½ cup nut meats may be added to gingerbread before baking. Make gingerbread with bread before baking. Make gingerbread with Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. It is their boast that this mixture is George Washington's mother's [Continued on page 68]



Now that Hubby Lew Ayres has made a comeback, perhaps Ginger Rogers will think better of paddling her own canoe.

### Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 51]

cocktail. We sit there for a half hour cutting up old touches or tearing up old papers which, in plain English, means talking over old times. And, under the stimulus of a cocktail-or two-I confess I used to detest her. That hands Bette a laugh because, she says, she used to think I was the *ne plus ultra* of nothing. And now, here we sit, closer than Saturday and Sunday.

All of a sudden it's 4:30 so I dash back the Gale Page set. "Dinner at eight," to the Gale Page set. "Dinner at eight," Gale murmurs without waiting for a cue. That floors me so I leave her and stagger out to-

20th Century-Fox

PO-LENTY doing out here today, believe you me. The first set I head for is "Tailspin" where Constance Bennett and Alice Faye are staging a fist fight. This is the "punch" scene of the picture—in more ways than one I forget what it was Coming ways than one. I forget what it was Connie said to Alice but Alice resented it.
"Take that back," she says, "or I'll pin

your ears back."

Connie drags out a load of the best Bennett hauteur, and surveys Alice coolly. "The crack still goes," she announces and the battle is on.

It's one of those scenes I've read about for years but never managed to witness first-hand before. And leave me tell you, my fraands, it is really something to see the suave, sophisticated Constance stand up there, swapping blows. There is no pulling the punches either and each slap sounds

like the crack of a rifle.

Finally the shot is finished to the satisfaction of the director. The girls give each other a little hug and start for their dress-

ing rooms.
"My jaws feel like they have been lying under a piledriver for a couple of weeks," Connie laughs ruefully. "Come on in and

rest the body.

In her dressing room we cut up some more old touches. I recall the first time I saw Connie after she returned to pictures eight or nine years ago. She was-and still is, to me-the most glamorous girl I've ever known. But that day she found a lowly worm in her salad. It had been sent in from a nearby drugstore and I expected fireworks. But she just skipped the salad

and went on talking. And Connie recalls the nights, before she was married, when we used to sit up playing backgammon until 2:00 and 3:00 in the morning. Some exciting lives we used to live in those days before Father Time mowed us down.

Then a lug by the name of Alderton who works on the lot has to spoil everything. "This is all very nice," he observes tartly, "but it's getting late and, after all, we have some other pictures and players working, too, you know.

So I tell Connie goodbye and I'm telling you, "Don't miss 'Tailspin.'"

Next we come to "The Three Mus-keteers." This stars Don Ameche and the Ritz Brothers. Don, who never objects to anything, seems well pleased with his assignment to this picture. The Ritz Brothers continue to put on a better show when the camera isn't grinding than they do when it is. They're having a lot of fun with their swords and other props. When anyone drops anything on this set he just

lets it lie. It isn't safe to bend over.

"All right, talent," the director calls.

"Excuse us," chorus the Ritzes as they troop off to their dressing room trailer

to fix their make-up.

This scene is another free for all. Don, as D'Artagnan, is fighting the three musketeers. The Ritzes, no masters with rapiers, are doing what they can to help him. The brawl takes place in a sort of inn and they are throwing meat cleavers, cheeses and even strings of garlic at Don's adversaries. "Come on," orders the relentless Alder-

ton, just when the going is getting good.

Nearby is a junior all-star cast in "Thanks For Everything"—featuring Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, Arleen Whelan, Binnie

Barnes and that cutie-pie Jack Haley.
As I come on to the set Oakie and Menjou are trying on strait-jackets. A year ago Mr. Oakie was what you might call bovine in his movements. He was so fat it was all he could do to hoist himself up out of a chair. The getting down into it again wasn't so complicated. He just stood in front of it and dropped. Now since he's lost sixty pounds and can move without running up his blood pressure, he likes to squirm. His strait-jacket doesn't please him.

His arms aren't exactly comfortable.

"Who expects to be comfortable in a strait-jacket?" I inquire helpfully.

"Quiet, please," orders Mr. Oakie. "I'm

not speaking to you since you tried to put that sleeping powder in my soup fou: years ago.'

"I was just trying to be helpful, then a now," I mutter.

Duke Abrams, the property man, fastenthe last buckle, steps back and surveys his work. "Looks pretty good to me," he opines "How does it feel?"

"A little snug-just a little snug," Oakie responds. "But," heaving a sigh, "it's al right. Life isn't all beer and skittles. Ever the Great Oakie must suffer for his art.'

Mr. Menjou lets out a whoop. "You never looked better in your life. In fact, I'll ever go so far as to buy you a strait-jacket that you can keep-you look so much at home in one.'

Oakie disposed of-temporarily-it Menjou's turn. He encounters a little trouble in getting what he describes as a "Hart-Shaffner and Marx fit." He tries on four but they all bulge in the wrong places. Strait-jacket or tails, Menjou musi be immaculate. The fifth one suits him. And the scene starts.

Trussed up in their strait-jackets, the pair are vigorously denying their insanity to officials of the Chelsea Hospital when Binnie Barnes dashes in, in search of Oakie-her

intended. You have the funniest ideas of what the well-dressed bridegroom will wear," she vouchsafes, eyeing him disgustedly.

Oakie is happy beyond words. Just the sight of her leaves him speechless. But Mr.

M. is not a gent to mince words.

"This is an outrage!" he thunders. "Get me a lawyer! Get me the Foreign Ambassador. Get me-

But Jack, with eyes only for Binnie, interrupts him with a happy yelp. "Get me a

minister," he orders.
"Cut!" Director Seiter instructs and turns to the hapless pair. "You fellows might as well shed those jackets. It'll be half an hour before we're ready for another shot."

Menjou slips out of his but not Jack.

Menjou slips out of his but not Jack. "After all the trouble I had getting this thing on it stays on," he cries. "I may be wearing a straitjacket but I'm not that crazy—yet!"

"Come on," Alderton goes into his theme song again. "There's still Shirley Temple."

"There's one compensatory thing about Shirley's pictures," I console myself as we start for the Will Rogers Memorial stage. "I may have to cover her sets but I don't have to see her films." As fond as I am of Shirley personally and as much as I admire her histrionic ability there is such a thing as too much dessert. However, that's only my own reaction and I guess fifty million picture-goers can't be wrong.

Dressed shabbily, as never before, her hair pinned back, she waits for her cue in an attic hallway. As Director Walter Lang calls "Action"—the cruel Miss Minchin (Mary Nash and there is an action) here. (Mary Nash—and there is an actress!) starts upbraiding her. In a moment, Shirley bursts into the garret, slamming the door behind her. Confronting the beautiful wax doll seated beside her dismal bed, Shirley berates

it for offering no sympathy in her misery.
"You're just a doll!" she cries. "You haven't a heart!" With that she dashes the doll to the floor, flings herself on the bed and sobs her heart out until Lang says 'Cut!'

At the sound of his voice Shirley leaps from the bed, dries her eyes and picks up the doll to see if it is broken. "Emily's all right," she calls happily to the prop man.

Whoever said there is no rest for the weary. I suddenly find I am through—fini! In all the years I have been set-trotting this is the first time there is nothing doing at M-G-M. At United Artists there is only "Trade Winds" about which I have already told you. So, until next month, I'll leave you. Try to contain yourselves, will you?

## \$50.00 FOR YOUR VERDICT!

Your Money Is Good At The Box-Office And Your Opinion Is Equally Welcome. Write A Letter Of Constructive Criticism Of The Movies And Win A Prize.



The Opinions Of
Regular People Are The Only
Opinions That Count. Critics
May Attack, But If The Fans
Like A Picture Then It Is A
Success And The Critics Are
Over-Ruled.

VERY picture must go on trial before the Grand Jury of the Public.

Here is an opportunity to tell the producers a thing or two and perhaps to

producers a thing or two and perhaps to earn a little money by doing so. When you leave a movie house you sometimes feel disappointed, and perhaps you express this disappointment in real honest criticism of the picture. Write a letter for this contest and tell why you did not like certain pictures, and perhaps your letter will help Hollywood to make the kind of picture that

you do like.

The producers receive their share of your box-office contributions and they know very well whether you spread a pleasant word and advise your friends to go to their picture. But neither the producer, director or star knows what it was that you did not like. Why do you dislike a picture? What picture? Why? Give Hollywood the benefit of your opinion. Your letters are interesting. And even if you do not win the \$50 your letter may be printed and, if so, it will be paid for—\$5 per letter.

Maybe you prefer to select a picture and tell why you DID like it. This is one way to express your opinion, but be sure also to mention a picture in which you failed to find the qualities that you admire.

Remember, your opinion is important and your letter, if selected for our letter page (which begins in the February issue), will be read by the producers, directors and stars of Hollywood.

There is no better topic of conversation at any party or gathering than a discussion of motion pictures. Everyone has a slightly different reaction to a film, and therefore the fans are very much interested in what someone else thinks.

### WINNING LETTERS IN THE FIRST CONTEST

As we go to press the first contest in this series is closed and in a few days the winning letter will have been selected, but too late for announcement of the money winner until the February issue.

Write A Letter About The Pictures That You Like—It Will Give Hollywood Encouragement—And Particularly Tell The Producers If You Discover a Fault That Spoils Some Picture For You. Franciska Gaal in Bing Crosby's new picture, "Paris Honeymoon," raises her paddle in determination. Why don't you take a sock at the movies you do not like?

So many different people see a movie that there are bound to be many who violently dislike the same picture that others like. Perhaps you have your own individual viewpoint. Tell it to us by means of this letter contest, and start an argument.

Be sure and put your name and address on your letter because otherwise we would have to advertise for you—in case you won the prize.

Are you critical? Are you proud of the standards you demand?

Why not write out your reasons for turning your thumbs down.

### CONDITIONS

- 1. Make your letter about 150 words.
- 2. No letter will be returned.
- 3. Contest closes December 28, 1938.
- 4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
- 5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

### What Needle In Which Haystack?

[Continued from page 25]

editors to find the perfect vehicle for her. They, in turn, began to pore through magazine articles, plays, scenarios, originals and books by the thousands; many good stories were considered, but for various reasons they didn't quite reach the high standard set. As the weeks slipped by and time became shorter, the dragnet widened to European countries; foreign agents were notified to find that story! It was never found.

That doesn't mean that Danielle will stop making pictures for them; "Rio" is soon to start. But after months of wasted effort and more money, officials decided that the only way to get exactly what they wanted was to have studio scenarists write the story for her. They did-proving that there is at least two ways to skin a cat.

On June twenty-third, 1936, RKO became sole owners of the rights to Kipling's immortal poem, "Gunga Din." From that day to the time filming started there was no let-up in work. First the Research men swung into action. They wrote to friends and noted authorities in England and India, contacted Museums and Libraries in both countries, and spent endless tedious hours poring through history and reference books in the Museums and Libraries of New York City. The whole force, en masse, devoted four solid months to unearthing facts and data concerning Kipling, his poem, India and the British Legion stationed there.

Mr. Hendee, Director of Research at

R. K. O. told me:

"One day the phone rang and my secretary told me it was Hollywood on the wire. The voice on the other end asked:"'How old was Gunga Din?'"

It seemed that Talent Scouts had been instructed to find a boy like Sabu to play the title role, a water boy or Bhisti, as they are called; someone doubted if a lad so young would qualify to serve with the British Legion.

Mr. Hendee laughed, and said: "There is nothing in the poem to denote his exact age, but we discovered that being a water boy in India is a profession which is handed down from father to son. Here are actual photographs of the Indian Bhisti, upon which we based our research." He handed me a half dozen pictures. It was obvious why Sam Jaffe was selected to play Gunga Din. In every instance the "boy" pictured was rather tall, though bent from his burden of water-and at least forty years old! Once again the Research Department had prevented a serious "boner."

The trouble and expense that a film company will go to in quest of accuracy is really amazing, especially when one con-siders the short length of time that many of the incidents last on the screen; yet they may be the most difficult to check. As we talked, one of Mr. Hendee's assistants laid a huge pile of photostats on his desk. They were actual size front pages of newspapers, of the year 1911. Looking through them we saw that the King and Queen of England had been crowned; Woman's Suffrage was in full swing; the first Air Mail was being flown from Mineola to Nassau:

"This," said the genial Director of Research, "will show just how meticulous we are. They are starting a picture in Hollywood called, "Castles In The Air;" the story is ready and it has been decided that they will want a montage shot, to create atmosphere and denote the time the picture

As soon as we got the order, we delved into various history books and encyclopedias to determine what the important events



Johnny Davis, who has used musical skill to open the gate to the movies, bows his thanks

of 1911 were and the exact dates. Having learned this, we went to the library to find the newspapers that show these important events best; next we got permission to re-produce them on the screen; then we had the photostats made. Here they are, ready for our inspection. We will ship them Air Mail to Hollywood, where the cameraman will rearrange them properly and make the shot that you will eventually see on the

What price perfection! All that work for one shot that will last in the picture not

more than thirty seconds!

"A short while ago," continued Mr. Hendee, "the West Coast asked us for all facts and data concerning the old Casino Theatre that used to be on the corner of 39th and Broadway here in New York. There is an office building there now and our job appeared to be a difficult one. The theatre was important to the picture so we had to be accurate. We searched the files first and found pictures but no plans; we could locate no reliable authorities. Finally we got a line on the original architect but he was out of business and no one knew anything about him. Then we learned the first name only of a man who had been an office-boy with him years ago. We located this man in an uptown office and he told us that the architect was dead and all his plans had been taken over by an assistant who lives in Kingston, N. Y. Our contact man went to Kingston, found the assistant and was fortunate enough to get from him the original blueprints that he had saved. Photostats were made of the blue-prints and sent to Hollywood; from them the old Casino Theatre was reproduced, exact to the last detail.'

"You never know what to expect in this business," the interesting Director of Research continued, "some time ago we had a call for data on a Brontosaurus for the film, "Bringing Up Baby;" the same after-noon Hollywood asked for information about an Air Plane Hospital Ship. The animal, thousands of years old; the hospital ship, not yet invented; all in the same day!

"In researching the Brontosaurus, we found that the best specimen belongs to Yale College and is on exhibit at the Peabody Museum, in New Haven. Since, you will recall, the whole story forms about the huge skeleton, it seemed advisable for us

to go there and do the job properly. By contacting the Museum we discovered that the Professor in charge was at the University of California, teaching a summer class; we telegraphed him and he granted us permission to photograph the Brontosaurus. ing th you fi

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"My assistant photographer and I went to New Haven and spent an entire day from nine in the morning to seven-thirty taking fifty pictures and collecting data. We photographed the skeleton from every angle, section by section; on an eighteen-foot ladder and constantly in fear of top-pling over on the beast as they did in the picture, I personally measured every single bone with a ruler." Although he lost his fondness for Brontosauruses after that tiring day, Mr. Hendee assured me the one that prop-men in Hollywood built from his pictures and data is just as handsome an animal as the one in the Peabody Museum-and a perfect likeness.

"Research," he continued, "doesn't always

take so long and isn't always so difficult. We had an urgent call for a Budapest Police Car, to be used in 'Fight For Your Lady.' With a lot of luck their consulate, a couple of travel agencies and numerous authorities applied apple data. The and authorities supplied ample data. Two and a half hours later, the information and photographs were on their way to Holly-wood. Soon after," he laughed, "I re-ceived a letter congratulating me on the speedy research of the Budapest Police Car; unfortunately, though, due to a last minute change they had decided to use a Horse Cop, instead."

To be sure, the research departments do much of the searching for perfection, but occasionally, as in Warner Brothers' "Angels With Dirty Faces," all departments on both coasts join in the hunt. When they first began looking for a boy to play Jimmy Cagney as a youth, Warners quietly invited Hollywood agents to bring in their "boy Cagneys." It is a big picture and just any boy wouldn't do; he had to be as near perfection as possible. Thus, when the agents failed to supply, casting offices were contacted. As the search gained momentum, West Coast officials not in the Talent Department began to keep their eyes and ears open, also. Still the boy was not to be found. By this time the situation had become alarming; agents throughout the country and even the Eastern office were asked to be on the lookout.

Meanwhile, hundreds of boys were being interviewed all over the country; many of them screen-tested. As the starting date of the film grew closer and closer, Warner officials became desperate; for one of the first times in the history of the business advertisements were put into newspapers asking any and all would-be "boy Cagneys" to please come forward. Ironically enough, Frankie Burke, the boy selected, was found right in their own back yard, Los Angeles. But this sincere effort of Warners to get the "right" boy, the one boy in the whole country best fitted with likeness and ability, is another example of the time and money a film company will spend to do a job accurately and well; the part is only a small one, yet it required several months of searching in which the entire organization joined forces to insure success.

Every picture good or bad, has months of work by experts spent on it before it is released. Perhaps you like it, perhaps you don't; it is difficult to criticize because these unsung specialists are not only good-they are the best there are! A part isn't given by a mere snap of the fingers; carefully, a sincere effort is made to cast each film correctly. A story isn't chosen by simply reaching into the files; larger companies maintain editors and scouts all over the world who read thirty thousand stories a year and buy about one hundred; even then producers meet and confer on them, weighing the pros and cons. Seldom, if ever, will you find anything that is slip-shod or done haphazardly.

In the words of Harold Hendee, Direc-

tor of Research for R. K. O.:
"The next picture you see, remember that absolutely everything on the screen before you, from the names of the characters to the village drug-store, even to the smallest stick of furniture have been checked and rechecked for authenticity. There are few errors. Since you will find a half dozen different opinions on any subject, it is impossible to satisfy everyone. For the sake of the picture, mistakes that we know about are often left in; too many people forget that we are primarily interested in giving entertainment, not documentary evidence.

Class dismissed.

### Behave or Else

[Continued from page 29]

be at the top of the heap today, had they respected the authority of their bosses?

I asked Joy just how studios punish such temperamental stars. She refused to say. Her one remark was: "No one person is so important to pictures that the industry would collapse without him."

Others told me how, a few years ago when Janet Gaynor was on the crest at Fox and showing signs of kicking over the traces, another girl of her type was employed as a threat to her. For years, MGM kept a voluptuous foreign beauty under contract as a threat to the great Garbo. The other girl never made a picture, but she was always on tap, ready to step into the Swede's glamorous size nines. When

Gene Autry, he of the horse operas, became unmanageable, Republic put unknown Roy Rogers into an Autry role. That was intended as punishment for Gene; but young Rogers did so well that he is now an im-

portant Republic contractee.

Speaking of Westerns, Joy remarked: "A lot of people think that being asked to do a Western is a come-down. To be honest, most of us love 'em. Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon are thrilled over their script for 'The Cowboy and The Lady'." And Joel McCrea once told me he'd rather do West-

erns than eat.

And what, I wanted to know, are the unwritten laws that govern the girl who is definitely succeeding? Just how is she, personally, affected at each step of the long

pull toward stardom?

"Probably a sort of false popularity is the first thing that happens to us," she answered, "just as the sudden departure of former would-be pals accompanies failure. All of my friends in pictures have gone through this disillusioning experience. The moment I was let out at RKO, a lot of people who had been nice to me suddenly turned a cold shoulder. Several months later, I was signed to do 'I'd Rather Be Right' on the New York stage opposite George M. Cohan. The following morning, trade papers told the news. The response was overwhelming. Those who had pre-viously dropped me rallied 'round with telephone calls, flowers, telegrams. RKO offered me a new contract; MGM wanted me; Universal wanted me. I finally signed with Universal to appear in 'Merry-Go-Round of 1938.'

"I was given a pleasant dressing room. The day I started work, the crew and director presented me with a gorgeous bouquet of roses. When newspaper or magazine writers visited the set, they were always introduced to me. It is certainly true that nothing succeeds like success. The "Trade Winds" ends as all good detective stories should — Fredric March and Joan Bennett and lots of oriental bliss.



studios try in every way to make rising players happy. When a company is confident that it has star material under contract, every effort is made to indulge the fortunate 'find.' But it is probably equally true that stars who try to take advantage of the generosity of their bosses don't last.

That bit of philosophy, gentle reader, reminded me of a half-forgotten incident in the life of Ginger Rogers. Ginger was under contract to a major studio very early in her career. For months she did nothing but small bits. Finally she was given a song to sing in a production with a newly discovered star. Ginger proved sensational. The star, seeing her rushes, decided that she wanted no such competition from "any little snip of a newcomer." She ordered Ginger cut out of the film in no uncertain terms.

The studio could not afford to ignore the demand, having millions of dollars tied up in the star. Properly indignant, Ginger left the lot when her contract expired. A few months later she was a star in her own right. Respecting the laws of Hollywood and being a "right guy," Ginger has risen higher with every production until she is now one of the most important of all film figures. The temperamental actress whose selfishness hurt her rapidly faded into oblivion. She had forgotten that stars who try to take advantage of the generosity of their bosses don't last. Maybe she's learned now.

Joy Hodges has so far avoided the situation that that young lady got into. When Joy finished "I'd Rather be Right," she returned to Universal and reported for work. She was assigned to a class B production, "Personal Secretary." Acquaintances professed horror that she, a Broadway star, should be asked to do a class B picture. Many a player would have revolted at the assignment. But Joy felt that she needed an opportunity to feel her way before at-tempting too big a part. She knew the studio had the same thing in mind. Even though her picture was unimportant, she was given a class A wardrobe budget, every possible consideration and a charming dressing-room. She learned then the old Holly-wood rule: "The importance of a player can be judged by her dressing room."

Joy sums up her attitude toward her work by saying: "Surely, it is foolhardy to try to break long-established customs. It is

much simpler to try to play the game the way the really successful stars do. Every actress soon learns that it is important to work hard, to be loyal to the studio, to avoid studio quarrels."

There, my little darlings, is a smart gal. Disputes with studios don't "put it in the bank" for anyone. Hard work is certainly an important element to success. As for the loyalty business—you know the story of Sarah Schwartz. She was a loyal person and she's probably worked more steadily and eaten more regularly than any other extra girl during the past twenty years. On the other side of the ledger, it is easy to see what happens to disloyal stars by considering the results of Warners' famous star raid on Paramount a few years back. Topflight Paramount stars were offered plenty sheckels to move over to the Warner lot. Of the three who accepted, Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton soon found themselves on the scrapheap of stars that have been. Bill Powell alone remains.

Today, little Joy Hodges is on top of the heap. She appears in one of Universal's most important productions, "Service de Luxe." Already she is the center of all sorts of attention. She is surrounded by bowing, scraping sycophants; she is invited everywhere. When she enters a Hollywood. everywhere. When she enters a Hollywood nightclub, heads turn in her direction as they would at the approach of a queen. Every day she draws nearer to the top nearer to all those things which make Hollywood the most fascinating city in the world: riches, social position, adulation. So long as she is obedient to the unwritten laws of Hollywood she may continue to live in that fabulous world of sleek cars, jewels, handsome suitors.

And if she disobeys those laws? Other stars who, in their day, were perhaps even greater than the Colberts, the Henies, the Loretta Youngs of today, are now humble extras and bit players. The unwritten laws of Hollywood have no exceptions; they apply equally to every studio employee, great or humble.

Eric Von Stroheim is in Europe. He was an extremely important man in Hollywood at one time. But he made a mistake. He thought he—the Great Von Stroheim—was above the code of the movies. Now he is making pictures on a continent where fighting is the order of the day. Wonder fighting is the o



Jane Withers in "The Arizona Wildcat." In spite of her tomboy antics Jane is turning into a pretty girl.

### The Climate That Got a Press Agent

[Continued from page 19]

ful location. I want to give you a truthful picture of just how completely the motion picture industry, through its 30,000 constituents has fitted and rooted itself deeply in Southern California. I want you to know how we live and consequently how the industry endures throughout each sea-

son of the year.

Let's start with the season we are now in, which, by the way, is the only time of the year that could cause any serious complications in movie making. It doesn't, however, unless precedented rules are broken or chances are taken. Winter, or our rainy season, extends from the first of December to the last of February. And don't let "rainy season" mislead you, it doesn't rain all that time. In fact, we get our yearly rainfall in an average of fifteen days out of the 365. But, nevertheless, every precaution is taken not to allow even this limited hazard to lose any time or money. No big locations, that is those lasting two weeks or longer, are ever attempted during these months. They are shot before or after the rains. As is the case with M.G.M.'s "Northwest Passage." It is ready now but exterior shooting will be held until spring. How-

shooting will be held until spring. However, day locations are scheduled and they are so planned that there can be no loss. It is at this time of the year that the studios receive daily weather reports from the United States Weather Bureau and from private prognosticators who have proved themselves capable. No precaution is too small to be ignored. Everything is planned minutely.

planned minutely.

Every assistant director knows that during this period he must, each day, when any outdoor work is contemplated, plan an alternate call. That is, when the next day's shooting problems are discussed with the director and the production manager and usually the producer, as they are at a meeting each day before 3 p.m., he must plan on and have ready to shoot, two dissequences.

The next day's outdoor work will go ahead as planned if all indications promise the almost inevitable sunny day. How-ever, if the consensus of opinion in weather reports says that Southern California will be drenched with rain the next day, an interior sequence must be made ready to accommodate cast and director without any delay. There is no haphazard guesswork. It is all decided before 3 o'clock of every after-

noon.

"Weather permitting" calls then go out to all extra talent that will be needed on the location and the studio is protected. If it should rain calls with the "weather permitting" clause are immediately void and the extra gets only one-fourth of the check the extra gets only one-fourth of the check he would have received had he worked. However if the sun should be shining the next morning at 7 o'clock the day location company, with assurance from the weather men that the rain clouds have been blown away, starts out for a days work at some pre-arranged spot within two hours drive from the studio. drive from the studio.

They may spend the day at the ocean or in some bosky dell in the rolling foothills. Their lunch has been ordered, their costumes will be there waiting for them, they will have pure, bottled drinking water. Every detail has been thought of.

Now let me explain about the rain. As you see by the statistics, the entire year's rainfall comes to Southern California in a very few days. When it rains here, literally it pours. Then immediately the sun is back again. There is no hanging on of drizzle for a week. It rains in earnest for a day or two and then there will be perfect sun-shine for weeks before it rains again. But during this season precaution is never let down.

Now come the days that are short, of course, as winter days are, but warm enough to swim in your pool every day, although many are drained for two months or more. You can swim in the ocean, too, on any day if you like but I can assure you few people except tourists do, because it is not the thing at this season. Not, at least, with the movie crowd. This is the desert season. You swim now in emerald pools under a dazzling, desert sun: It is Palms Springs season. It is warmer there now than in Hollywood. The ocean is forgotten until next June. Flowers in Hollywood and Beverly Hills' gardens swarm in multi-colored profusion. Yes, roses, oleanders, hibiscus. Geraniums go wild and grow into good sized bushes. Christmas time brings a deluge of poinsettias. There are actually square blocks, acres of them. On New Year's Day comes the Pasadena Tournament of Roses with every flower in California right

there along with the roses.
Yes, that's what it's like. The days are filled with a sunshine a little paler yellow than the brilliant sunshine of mid-summer but are warm and pleasant and, because all of Southern California is partial desert, there comes, at this time of the year, the cold of the desert night. As soon as the sun sets the temperature drops abruptly and the nights, now, seem cruelly cold. Actually the temperature seldom drops below 50 degrees. But it can slide 30 degrees in a few hours. This sudden change makes it easily possible to catch a cold and that's why this common lowly ailment can hold up production. The great sound stages can become extremely chilly during the night and early morning calls bring shivering stars and extras into these huge ice-boxes.

Now the rainy season is over and it is April Fool's Day. The rains are gone, finished. It will not rain again until next December. Now, for a short space, the foothills and the meadows are green. But the sun is climbing back up over the equator and bringing summer to the Northern Hemisphere and soon the increasing heat will turn the wide stretches of landscape a warm, tawny brown. It will stay that way until the rain once again gives it life. Now, the disappearance of the sun at the end of the day doesn't bring such a deep chill. These nights are filled with a soft, white fog. Its hazard to outside shooting is dispelled as quickly as the sun scatters the fleecy mass after a few hours of persistent shining. By 10 o'clock in the morning, except along the coast, the fog is dispersed. Now big locations can be planned. Now even the desert is afire with the colors of flowers. Now the studios can take whole companies far up into the high mountains and still find deep winter. They can photograph the still, silent beauty of pines in deep snow one day and the next can record on film an outrigger-canoe race on the beach at Catalina.

These are the things that keep the industry here. These are the things its 30,000 people take for granted, and which they are loath to leave, ever. It would be quite possible, as some one once remarked, for the mechanism that makes Hollywood click to be comfortably loaded into one hundred freight cars and transferred to any spot on the continent. That is quite true but where is the spot that has within a few hours travel, or a radius of two hundred miles, every conceivable contrast in weather and landscape. And where else would the industries' technicians be so well satisfied?

The spring months present no deep problems to the movie industry. If the days are still short that is remedied by the use of artificial light, just as, even in the middle of summer, no location company leaves the studio without its infinite variety of com-plicated lights and reflectors. The sun as a dependent means of light is relied on only to a small fraction of what it was in the infant days of the industry. The new, subtle, shadow and soft-high lighting photography demands complicated aids and an infinite technical knowledge. Old Sol simply sends down an ample, frank, substantial sunshine. I can assure you, though, he is not disregarded in the slightest. In fact, he is checked and charted in his course across the sky and he influences shooting in a variety of

Let's take an imaginary day's location trip, now, in mid-summer and learn a little

of what happens then. This is during the months of June, July and August.

The spot has been picked weeks before. All of its advantages and drawbacks are known. We know how far it is from the

highway and that it is not near any transcontinental airway with its buzz of passing planes. We know how far it is from the nearest telephone, drugstore, doctor, hospital. We know when the sun will rise, when it will set, and in what position in the sky it will be in regard to the setting that has been chosen. We know that at 9 o'clock in the morning the spot we will be using then will be partly in shadow. And we know exactly from which direction the shadows will start to lengthen later in the day. We know how many and what type of "booster" lights will be needed to solve all these problems. They are all there, the electricity is generated on the spot and everything is ready for the actual shooting. The day goes as smoothly as if we were at the studio. So you see why artificial light is necessary. It prolongs actual shooting time, it saves countless hours and an unbelievable number of dollars.

It is now, at this time of the year, that California takes on, for me, its deepest, unexplainable fascination. The wide, cloudless blue skies vault a slowed-down, sleepy season. Now, even the shrubs and trees burst into flower. Color is riotous every where. The sun rises a brilliant, fiery ball and the mountain peaks blur away in hazy heat, a dry intense heat, but not uncomfortable because of the lack of humidity. The great eucalyptus trees stand listless in shaggy beauty. Dazzlingly white sails dot blue bays, winking in the sun.

The movie colony is now at the ocean. They are scattered from the southernmost smart spot at Coronado northward very nearly to San Francisco. The days are un-believably soothing and restful. Now, the great sound stages are comfortable pools of deep, cool air. The thick padding for sound-proofing necessarily acts as an insulation against the heat and the newly-built stages are always cool just as they are, because of their construction, almost indestructible.

Even earthquakes present no hazard. Their great expanses of floor space are covered with roofs supported by arched-steel girders which by necessity are made to carry not only the roof but all the extra weight of the equipment that is hung from the ceiling. This includes a great amount of the lighting, all the "cat-walks" and even parts of the settings. In the severest earthquake, because of their extra stability, the sound stages would be the least affected. At this time of the year we have our velvet-soft nights, never too warm, and filled with an exquisite, false-blue moonlight. It is a little later in the season that we have still another change.

Fall doesn't bring the movie industry and its people all the sad beauty it does the rest of the country. Very little of the vegetation dies. We have a sense of loss only in that the days get shorter and there is less time to spend in the sun.

During September, October and November the atmosphere loses its heat haze and you can see incredible distances. The mountains seem to creep very close and the foothills fold themselves in repose at their feet. The air is clear and the lack of humidity gives it an exhilarating delight. With these few changes this perpetual summer goes on and on, giving from season to season much opportunity and variety in both work and play. It puts such unparalleled contrasts at your finger tips. It takes hold of you. It sinks deep into your heart and holds you relentlessly. It gives Cali-fornia that enviable position of being al-

ways steeped in a fascinating curiosity.

I think people here in the industry are amazed sometimes when they realize how, with all that California has to offer, so little of it is really used. It is a statistically-proved fact that only 20% of scenes in present pictures are exteriors. Interiors comprise 80% of all shooting. Then it must

be explained and remembered that all exteriors are not actual outdoor shots. Today even complicated exteriors can be recreated on great inside stages with real trees, real lakes, with backdrops of pre-photographed real scenery and the movie going public never knows the difference. It is done so expertly that the illusion cannot

be found lacking.

In "Gunga Din," for instance, numbers of the smaller, intimate outdoor scenes were shot on stages with the pre-photographed mountain settings used as a backdrop. No one could detect a flaw, see if you can when you see it, or question the authenticity because the immediate background is real? The deep, dusty earth and the tons of rock are real, only the distant background is a cyclorama, a greatly enlarged picture of the setting in which the spectacular, real, longshots were taken. The setting is recreated on inside stages to make location trips shorter and save time and money.

It is a stupendous art, this, our industry. And it brings together a rich blending of



Merle Oberon relaxing on her garden wall at Santa Monica. Next she will be seen in "Wuthering Heights."

artists. It makes Hollywood an alive and exciting place to live in. It's amazing to consider what our superlative climate as the original impetus has developed. Now, our country's most famous writers and musicians live here. The entire world copies the fashions that are originated here and apes our easy informality of manner and our clothes. It is the most interesting and curious center in the world. The industry lured its technicians here originally and in the turmoil of its sincere effort to please it has developed many of its own, but it is the sublime year around comfort that keeps them here—completely happy and satisfied. Nowhere else in the world is there such a cosmopolitan group of people living under such ideal conditions and working in an industry more fascinating.

Now do you know a little of what it must

be like to live in Hollywood? Can you blame any one of the 30,000 people who are privileged to work here for being en-

thusiastic?

Enter the contest on Page 59, and write a letter of constructive criticism about the movies. \$50.00 offered for the best letter.

### Glenda's Castle

[Continued from page 23]

(This article cannot be quoted whole or in part without signed permission.)

But the pink-and-ivory bath contained a real luxury. A movable, wooden tray which fitted over the tub with a mirror affixed. "I simply lie in warm water and bask and put my make-up on then and there," Glenda confided. "I've been threatening for months to have my breakfast served on that tray but I haven't quite come to that.
"If you'll come back to the kitchen, I'll

make you a sandwich.'

This was a mere excuse. Glenda loves her kitchen, loves to cook, loves to talk about home-making and entertaining. She is proud of the fact that she can whip up

a meal on short notice.

While she was spreading something de-lectable on bread, she prattled, "You know, it isn't a real home at all if you have to worry about feeding people or making them comfortable. I keep only two servants -a cook and a combination houseman and chauffeur. I usually drive myself but there are times, of course, when that isn't very sensible. I have a Cord sedan which answers either purpose-I can be the modern, independent, self-driving woman, or I can be grand and be driven here and there!

"My house is right at the crossroads of this part of the Valley-the strategic spot at which everyone who is going to get lost, looking for someone, finally decides to borrow a telephone. They borrow mine. Bother me? Not at all. If they are pleasant and especially if they admire my cats, I usually ask them to stay to lunch. But you can't be impetuous with your kitchen arrangements in that manner unless you plan your kitchen for it. Look!"

She opened another cupboard door to show me the most enticing array of canned goods. Lots of them looked like home to

me. Some of them I hadn't met before.
"Soups!" she said. "You can always build
a lunch or a supper around a soup. And it's silly now-a-days for anyone to bother to make soup at home. Campbells, Heinz, Cross and Blackwell—they're all good. One firm makes a kind of soup that the others don't. If you will just take time to look around the grocers' shelves you'll find every kind you ever heard of and some that you haven't. There are myriads of sandwich spreads and potted meats and canned fish. And sauces! Ketchup (I use Heinz'), Lea and Perrins, Escoffier. .

"You sound like a lecturer on domestic science," I pointed out.
"I feel like one," she retorted. "I think food is exciting and important. Cheese, for instance. I hope you know about Kraft's cheeses?" She looked pretty withering and I nodded, hastily.

"Aren't they the people who talk about 'cookability'?" I inquired. "I've always liked that word, 'cookability.' It seems to roll off

the tongue. .

She ignored my facetiousness and pro-"Last winter when we had the flood ceeded, and no one could get anywhere for daysespecially here in the Valley with bridges washed out and roads all torn up-that shelf was a life-saver.'

She was so doggoned earnest that I had another look. Del Monte fruits and vegetables, Dole pineapple, Bovril. I had my notebook out and was making a list for

future, personal use.

She relaxed suddenly and giggled, "I'm so sold on canned goods that I named my dog 'Heinzie.' He's a mongrel, you see, and I'm certain that he contains at least 57 varieties! Come on out on the terrace and we'll eat our sandwiches.'

### At 122 Degrees!

[Continued from page 17]

Jordan and Bernard Punsley, the youngest of the "Dead Enders." She is giving them French lessons. California law requires each studio to have a permanent teacher. Miss Horne has been on the job at Warners for years. She's a slim, graceful blonde.

John Garfield, resuming his helmet and veil after a scene, comes over and joins us in a camp chair placed in the shade of one of the palms and in the breeze of one of the giant fans. He is still amazed, and somewhat uncomprehending, about his sensational career in pictures. This is just his

third, you know.

It is only a few months ago since he arrived in Hollywood from the New York stage, unheard of so far as pictures were concerned. Then, overnight, he became the talk of the town because of his magnificent portrayal of Mickey the musician in "Four Daughters." He was, as Hollywood puts it, simply terrific! Then he was given the lead in "Blackwell's Island," a prison tale. His part was rewritten and built up from its original status, to make it more worthy of his talents. That's a thing that isn't often done. And now he has the lead again in this picture we're working on.

Garfield is still quite loyal to the stagedespite his vastly increased income from the movies. When he signed the Warner contract he stipulated that he must be permitted to return to New York once a year to work

behind the footlights.

He's still unspoiled by his success. Most of the boys and girls who shoot up fast really are spoiled. But not Johnnie. He thinks it's more or less of a miracle that's happened to him. He's living very modestly in a rented Hollywood house with his wife, Roberta Mann, a non-professional. He's dark-haired, brown-eyed, not at all handsome, and is somewhat shorter than the average film star, standing only 5 feet 9 as against the 6 feet 2 or more of his fellow-Warnerites, such as Errol Flynn and Wayne Morris. But he's dynamic, and when you see him on the screen you almost forget that anybody else is up there playing the scene with him. Living and breathing and actually feeling the personality of the individual you're portraying is the secret of good acting and the only thing that makes acting good, Garfield thinks. Warners believe they have another Paul Muni in John. If they have, they have a fortune.

"This 'out-on-location' stuff is really fascinating to me," Garfield volunteered. "It's my first location trip, you know. I made a few notes about our journey down here from the studio—things I want to tell the stage fellows when I get back to New York. We drove at night, to take advantage of the cool air, and it chanced to be under a gorgeous harvest moon. It's about 150 miles.

"We started away from Hollywood in a lengthy motorcade. There was at the head of the line a sound-truck, carrying the dialogue-recording apparatus, and then a generator-truck to develop the necessary electricity. And a camera-truck, and then several more big 5-tonners that transported the lights and properties. There were three huge busses, each carrying twenty-five or thirty extra players, and seven company cars for the principals in the cast. And a ward-robe truck carrying our costumes, and then three station-wagons. The function of one of these, I learned, was to carry back each night the film we shoot during the day, so it may be developed and printed and viewed by the executives in the studio projection-room.

"I'm enjoying it, in spite of the bugs and the heat. Do you know, the intensity of the heat is so great that our perspiration dries out a lot of the salt that is necessary for the human body? The result is that we're all taking, every once in a while, 5-grain tablets of sodium chloride, to replace the lost salt. Little Bobby Jordan fainted from the heat the other day, and had to have a whole quart of saline solution injected into his veins over at the hospital in Indio. But it's all great stuff, anyhow!"

Garfield takes off his helmet and veil and makes one more scene. By now the day has wheeled about until it's after 12 noon, and in this territory and this torridity quitting time is at 1. We're going back to the Del Tahquitz in Palm Springs and dive into the swimming pool. There isn't anything else to do over there in this season of the year. We won't even see the one-time brunette star, Fritzie Ridgeway, who used to own the place and made nice Tom Collinses for visitors. Fritzie isn't there any

In a couple of days we'll be back in Hollywood. There's a lot of "They Made Me A Criminal" still to be shot, away from the date garden. Garfield has two big fight scenes to make, one with a professional named Frank Rossi, the other with the former welterweight champion, Mushy Callahan. Mushy is now a head property man for Warners—and he can still fight. He trains all the Warner stars for fistic scenes. But Johnnie Garfield isn't a bad boxer himself. He fought in several Golden Glove tourneys in the East.

From what we've seen and read about "They Made Me A Criminal," it seems like a great show, well worth the seeing. It was hot once, anyhow!

### Voices In The Night

[Continued from page 27]

about \$5,000 a year. The junior staff announcers, the boys just learning the busines, get about \$2,000 a year.

The second group is composed of former staff men who have cut loose from network connections to concentrate on commercial programs only. These free-lance announcers include McNamee, Jimmy Wallington, Don Wilson, Paul Douglas, Andre Baruch, Fred Uttal and Dan Seymour. Each network maintains an artists' service bureau which acts as manager and booking agent for the various kinds of talent necessary to round out a radio show. When announcers went into the artist category, this bureau took over their bookings on commercials. Staff men are under contract to their own network's bureau only, but free-lances take assignments from both bureaus and it is not NBC shows all in the same day.

NBC shows all in the same day.
When it comes to fees for commercial programs, the staff and free-lance announcer may be listed as an artist but he is busi-ness-man enough to want a contract for as much as he can get for the series. About the lowest rate is \$25 per broadcast for a fifteen-minute day-time show and that's for reading the commercial blurb only. Still, if the show goes on five times a week, it brings in a tidy sum. And if called upon he could easily do four such shows a day without having rehearsal and broadcast time conflict. Of course the men who pilot the star-studded, once-a-week half hour and hour evening broadcasts and who officiate not only as announcer but also take a prominent part in the show itself, usually as heckler or stooge, naturally are able to ask for and get a great deal more; anywhere from \$300 to \$500 and more per broadcast. Which isn't exactly hay for a night's work, and who ever did say that talk was cheap. Yes indeed, announcers are getting in on both the glory and the gravy of full-fledged artists.

And for those who have other talents, radio offers many outlets. Some, like Dan Seymour and Fred Uttal, have written radio shows which they sold for good prices. Ben Grauer, who functions on the Walter Winchell program, took over the show when Winchell vacationed and produced a quiz program on which he was master of ceremonies and someone else did the commercials. A great many others, having learned most of the ropes, used announcing as a stepping stone to jobs as advertising agency executives, program producers, and radio station officials. It is to fill the ranks depleted for such causes that there is a continuous search for good announcers.

Why, even the movies have staked a claim on several. Wallington has appeared with Eddie Cantor in several pictures, Ken Niles portrayed himself when Warners filmed his Hollywood Hotel program, and when Ted Pearson isn't busy getting Fannie "Baby Snooks" Brice out of mischief at the mike, he checks in at MGM as a contract player. Grauer, Uttal and Ford Bond have acted as narrator for many travelogues, but perhaps the best known voices that come to you from the screen are those of Ted Husing, Graham McNamee and Andre Baruch who act as spokesmen for various newsreels. If the voice in the trailer that tries to entice you back to the movies by showing you scenes from the coming feature picture sounds familiar, don't let it puzzle you. It is a familiar voice. It's merely a radio announcer trying to talk you into seeing the picture by using the same vocal charm that sells you on his sponsor's product.

It's no wonder that so many young men want to be radio announcers. Just as many young women have the same ambition, and here's the spot to tell you why they can't realize it. It seems that no woman has been found whose voice is consistently pleasing to wide radio audiences. When women announcers have been tried now and then it was found that listeners-in just don't like them for a steady diet because they tire quickly of their high-pitched tones. Occasionally a sponsor will draft a radio actress to act as narrator for his program but such jobs are few and far-between and so the networks do not employ women as staff an-

nouncers. So sorry, girls.

Do you understand now what we meant when we said that there is more to being an announcer than meets the casual ear? Staff men not only do commercials for good fees, but they also are right in the thick of things and see front-page news in the making. When necessary, from airplane, submarine or boat deck they will set up a mike to bring you news of the world and draw you word pictures of catastrophes, public celebrations and sports events. To get into this charmed circle you not only have got to have the goods but be able to deliver effectively. If you can, there's a mike waiting for you. How do I know? I have it direct from NBC chief announcer Pat Kelly, who declares: "In this world it is easy to find dozens of good singers, dozens of good musicians, dozens of good comedians. But it's awfully hard—and I know because I've tried—to find just one good announcer for each dozen of those other folks"

From which we would conclude that being a radio announcer is nice work—if it gets you!

After being chased by a dog for a scene in "Idiots Delight," Clark Gable told Carole Lombard: "The dog seemed disappointed that he didn't get to bite me. I guess he likes ham."

# ifés a Whirl!





### Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE-They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin \*



In New York's Fashionable Stork Club-Brenda Frazier adds gaiety and charm to the luncheon hour. Like most of her crowd, she follows the new code of extra skin care-creams "skin-vitamin" into her skin with Pond's.



Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book-Four parties in one evening! No wonder Phebe Thorne sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses Pond's. "I believe in it," she says.



White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) Adelaide Weld, debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy-I just cream my skin with Pond's."



Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."



In Pond's Laboratory — Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skinvitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.
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\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



Richard Greene and Loretta Young in "Kentucky," a regular Seabiscuit of a picture.

### Retakes for Luck

[Continued from page 21]

made in order to 'point up' a scene so that it may be more effective. Or they may be made to 'fatten' an actor's part because the player has proved to be much better in that part than anticipated.

"Again," Mr. Lloyd continued, "it may be to keep a player in character.' As you know, a picture is seldom shot in continuity and when various sequences filmed out of order are put together, it may be found that the player's characterization is not sustained in minor details as the story unfolds.

"Sometimes, too," Mr. Lloyd said, "they are made because it has been necessary to replace a player who may have been forced to withdraw from the cast because of illness, the desirability of replacing a happy ending with an unhappy one, or vice versa; or to combine a number of scenes into one so that the picture may be cut down to release length without being marred by abrupt breaks between sequences."

In any event, retakes are usually decided on by the head of the studio or the director, and sometimes even the cameraman, in order to improve the photography in certain scenes, usually after the day's "rushes" (these are the scenes which have been shot during the day) have been seen in the projection room, according to Harry Joe Brown.

On the other hand, according to Robert Z. Leonard, and W. S. Van Dyke, most retakes are decided upon after a preview audience has expressed its opinion of the film before it is generally released throughout the country. It is interesting to note how important audience reactions are, and how carefully they are studied and followed by studio executives in an effort to give the Cash Customers an entertainment as nearly perfect as it can be.

However, the reasons are almost as numerous as there are retakes. For instance, in the case of Arleen Whelan, 20th Century-Fox appropriated \$100,000 in advance for retakes on "Kidnapped," her first movie, because the studio heads realized—or hoped—she would improve so greatly during the shooting schedule, that her first scenes would have to be done over again.

As a matter of fact, I have it on Harry Joe Brown's authority that Marjorie Weaver, another Fox star, was able to better her scenes so much during the film of

"Second Honeymoon," that as a result of the retakes which were made in this film she was able to achieve top billing.

Another instance of a star who profited by retakes is Clark Gable. After the preview of "Dance, Fools, Dance," starring Joan Crawford, Gable proved such a hit in the role of the gangster that his part was built up tremendously. As a result of his success in that film he made twelve other pictures the same year.

Sometimes little incidents, unknown at the time a film is in the making, but revealed when the rushes are shown, are responsible for retakes. For instance, in "Cafe Metropole" Adolphe Menjou had to re-enact a lengthy and difficult scene because of a fly buzzing around his head. Neither Menjou nor the director knew at the time that the fiy was there, but when the rushes were shown, the pest was quite evident.

In "Ali Baba Goes to Town," when one of the mob scene rushes was shown after the day's shooting had been completed, it was discovered that one of the extras was wearing spectacles—and the period of the film was Bagdad of the 10th Century!

And for the biggest laugh of all, it appears that a dinner scene between Annabella and William Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler" had to be retaken because, of all things, the real food on the table didn't look real enough.

Not only do retakes very often make a star out of some small part player, they often change the whole theme of a film. For instance, it is Clarence Brown's contention that the retakes made on "Love on the Run" changed the entertainment from a satire to a burlesque and Metro officials now admit that a very important motif in the theme of "The Big House" was changed by retakes virtually demanded by preview audiences.

In the original version, Madge Evans was Robert Montgomery's sweetheart, but audiences didn't like the idea of her stepping out with another man while Montgomery was in jail, so their entire relationship was changed and Miss Evans became Montgomery's sister instead of his best gal.

To W. S. Van Dyke, retakes are to a film what editing and copyreading are to a newspaper story. They involve a polishing job. Consequently, most stars hold themselves available for retakes after a production has been completed.

However, very often a star leaves Hollywood for a vacation and must be recalled suddenly to the studio. Tyrone Power, for instance, went to Mexico City after com-

pleting work in "Suez," in which he is featured with Annabella and Loretta Young, and had to leave the Mexican capitol on 12 hours notice in order to get back to the studio for retakes on the sand tornado scenes.

As a result of this, Annabella was kept in Hollywood for three weeks after her scenes were completed, while each scene was inspected closely to make certain no retakes were necessary. Only then did the studio allow her to leave for France.

Sometimes, too, when a star goes immediately into another picture after completing one, entire shooting schedules have to be re-arranged as in the instance of young Freddie Bartholomew, who was working in Metro's "Lord Jeff" when he was recalled for retakes on "Kidnapped" by Fox.

So the next time you see a motion picture you think is perfect, remember that its perfection may be due to a six-letter word—retake—a word, incidentally, which has probably caused more grief and joy than any other six-letter word in the cinema's vocabulary.

### Movie Plots Come Home to Roost

[Continued from page 13]

without losing several great box-office names. It has not been uncommon for the industry to be crippled in a single year by the deaths of such potent box-office figures as Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow, impossible to replace. This year, Hollywood was luckier, and the industry moves into the new cycle with man-power at full strength. In addition, the past year has launched a whole new crop of star-material.

You'll find, in the 1939 programs of the various studios, that simplicity and believability will be the yardstick. Script writers will come down out of the clouds and write dialogue that ordinary human beings use. Directors will abandon whimsy and pay more attention to believable situations. Producers will be less concerned with cost and cast and more concerned with the story.

Because the Judge Hardy series proved something else, too, of vast importance. It proved that Hollywood's star system was as extinct as the dodo. The fans no longer ask WHO is in the picture. They ask WHAT is the picture about! No longer can Hollywood sell a bad picture on a great cast, but they can sell a great picture with an average cast. The success of "Four Daughters" proved this beyond a shadow of a doubt. Here, again, you had a down-to-earth story that had general appeal, with comparatively unknown Priscilla Lane turning in one of the fine dramatic portrayals

There were other youngsters, like Priscilla Lane, who established themselves securely in the past twelve months. England's Robert Morley cracked through to popular favor in "Marie Antoinette." John Garfield, from the New York Group Theatre, won attention because of his fine work in "Four Daughters." Mickey Rooney and Deanna Durbin, of the younger players, solidified themselves in movie favor. Jimmy Stewart made tremendous strides forward. Alice Faye showed unsuspected dramatic possibilities in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Richard Greene clicked. Bob Hope appeared on the Paramount musical horizon. Young Lucille Ball showed a flair for comedy that moves her toward the higher brackets. Ann Sheridan exhibited promise. Nancy Kelly bobbed up at 20th Century-Fox, which has lacked a dramtic actress of her type. Anita Louise

developed into a competent young actress. Lew Ayres scored a stunning comeback. Ellen Drew arrived.

Outstanding newcomers of 1938 however were two foreign-born girls, Hedy Lamarr and Danielle Darrieux. The Lamarr eyeful easily is the most gorgeous creature to appear before the camera since the early days of Marlene Dietrich. Miss Darrieux, with greater resources from which to draw, is an important addition to the Hollywood colony.

The appearance of all of these new faces is the most heartening thing that has happened to the movies in some seasons. The fans wanted new personalities. Theater exhibitors wanted them, too, to stimulate interest in movie-going. To get a dozen in one season was a stroke of rare luck, and compensates for the loss of Dietrich, Kay Francis, Simone Simon, Arleen Whalen and others who had been counted upon to hold their places or fill the gap created

by retirements.

If the threat of war forced the major companies to take careful inventory, it also persuaded them to accomplish one tremendously beneficial reform. That was, the abolition of the stock companies that cluttered up every lot, adding enormously to the overhead of companies, and preventing worthy youngsters from winning a hearing. The abolition of stock companies sends all of the majors into 1939 in a healthier financial position, and it opens wide the gates to young performers who have something on the ball. Under the stock company system, the doors were closed to outsiders as producers used their stock players to fill roles. It was a vicious cycle that benefited nobody. The ones who were directly hurt were the movie fans, because it was your money that went to support the luxury of stock companies.

It is interesting, now that the old year is ended, to examine the pictures that rolled up the record grosses. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was a new treatment of a musical picture, with a simple story holding together a framework of melody and action. "Adventures of Robin Hood" was a cowboys-and-Indian story handsomely mounted. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was Disney at his prolific best. "Algiers" was a detective story mounted in a foreign setting, with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer teaming brilliantly. "You Can't Take It With You" was a philosophical document keyed to the times and directed by Capra. "Boys' Town" was emotional. "Jezebel" cashed in on the "Gone With the Wind" publicity and the fine performance of Bette

Davis.

There were a lot of costume pictures attempted. The only one that came off handsomely was Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette."

"Test Pilot" proved that there is no substitute for action on the screen. This saga of the skies, brilliantly directed by Victor Fleming, who also turned out "Captains Courageous," emphasized action and love—and those two elements always have been box-office. The Robinson and Cagney pictures proved there's always a market for gunplay.

Definitely affecting the 1939 product is the chaotic state of the European market. With Germany, Spain, and Italy almost completely removed as possible markets, you will find that the movies are turning more and more to American scenes for plot inspiration. With the necessity to cater to foreign markets diminished constantly, the United States market becomes increasingly important.

It should be a great year for the movies, 1939. To borrow the age-old prediction of the racetrack handicapper: "Weather Clear, Track Fast." It should be an historic year, too. You'll finally see "Gone With the



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### Party Menus for New Year's Eve

[Continued from page 57]

private recipe . . . be that as it may, the results are entirely satisfactory.

While we're on the subject, the same Gingerbread Mix can be used for a delightful upside down cake. And, it's new. Fruit cake, either plain or frosted, is always a good stand-by.

ALL NEWSSTANDS

SURPRISES

NEW

WITH

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ALL NEWSSTANDS

### GINGER-PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Mix 1/4 cup sugar and 1/4 cup butter. Melt in saucepan and pour in bottom of Pyrex baking dish. Add a layer of drained, crushed pineapple and pour over this the gingerbread mixture. Cook in moderate oven (375° F.) 40 or 45 minutes. Unmold on cake plate, dot pineapple with whole or halved almonds, and frost around edges

with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Don't forget canapés! They are at their best passed around with cocktails before actual eating begins. For an assortment of hot appetizers try French fried anchovies, these copes and shrings. Make them has cheese cones, and shrimps. Make them by dipping the pieces first in cracker or fine bread crumbs, then in 1 egg and 1 table-spoon of cold water lightly beaten with a fork, and again in crumbs. Use 2 plates for crumbs and 1 for egg mixture, and use 1 hand for dipping in egg and the other for dipping in crumbs. It is less messy. Shrimps should be patted dry on absorbent paper and first rolling is in flour instead of crumbs. Cook in deep fat until light brown.

### CHEESE CONES

Combine 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 cup grated Kraft's American cheese with a slightly beaten egg. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, dash paprika, and a few drops Tabasco. Shape in small cones, dip as directed above and fry in deep fat (about 385° F.) about 1 minute. Delightful served individually on tooth picks or as a salad accompaniment.

### ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

- 1 quart of oysters
- 1 pint cream
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika 11/4 pints finely rolled crackers
- pint milk

- 1 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup chopped pimiento

This is a grand dish at this season of the year for your buffet supper, for oysters are at their best. Heat cream and milk to scalding temperature. Arrange crackers oysters in alternate layers in buttered baking dish, adding a sprinkling of salt and paprika and a little cream and milk to each layer. Top with crackers, melted butter, and pimiento. This amount serves 6 people.

### CHICKEN CONTINENTAL

- 1 four pound fowl
- 4 tablespoons Crisco
- i small onion, sliced
- 4 tablespoons Heckers Flour
- 2 cups chicken broth 1 cup canned tomatoes
- ı teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper Few grains cayenne
- 2 slices crisp bacon 1/2 cup White Rose mushrooms

Cook fowl in boiling water, salted, until tender. Cool. Cut from bones in fairly large pieces, fry in shallow Crisco until delicately browned. Heat Crisco and sauté onions until brown. Add flour and broth, stir until smooth. Add tomatoes, salt, peper, cayenne and bacon cut in pieces. Put chicken in sauce and add sautéd mushrooms. Cook 10 minutes. Keep warm in electric casserole or chafing dish until ready to serve. Pour into patty shells.

There must, of course, be lots and lots of fragrant coffee, dated for freshness, and with the electrical appliances for making and keeping it warm this should be easy. Or you might prefer to serve that long popular drink among Oxford students—Shandigaff. It consists of equal parts of Guinness' Stout and Hoffman Gingerale, or more or

less of each, as you please.

Be sure and have a platter of cold assorted meats. For this you will need an especially fine relish. My favorite requires no cooking, is easily made, and can be made in quantity for future use by sealing in sterilized jars with paraffin. This aristocrat of relishes is particularly good with all meats . . . hot

or cold. It is-

### CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

Put 1 pound Eatmore Cranberries through food chopper. Peel 2 oranges, remove seeds and put rind and oranges through chopper. Mix with berries and 2 cups sugar. Let stand a few hours before serving. Here is a grand salad in which relish can be used.

### BUFFET SALAD

- 1 package Knox Lemon Jell
- 1/2 cup cold water
- i cup Cranberry-Orange Relish
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup diced celery

Dissolve Jell in boiling water; add cold water and salt and chill until beginning to set. Add relish and celery, transfer to one large or individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. There must always be a variety of salads, pickles, olives and celery for the party. They are the best kind of another the party. the party. They are the best kind of appetite teasers.

A happy new year to you all.

### This Nail-Splitting Question

[Continued from page 56]

at your fingertips, indeed! Beautiful tones with the lustre and clarity of jewels. Another tip—if you leave your Revlon polish unstoppered and it thickens, don't give up. Revlon Nail Enamel Solvent saves the day. This is a thinner for nail enamel, and saves many a bottle otherwise lost through carelessness. Revlon also makes good polish remover pads.

Some of you may welcome word that Peggy Sage's lovely polishes now cost considerably less than formerly, though this change happened some months ago. Satinbase, in this case a cloudy pink, gives a perfect base for the polish. Vintage and Regency are two of Miss Sage's newest

By the time you read this, there will be a brand new polish available in ten smart colors—Seven Day Cream Polish, by Lady Esther. If you like to try things, somewhere in this magazine you'll find a page telling you more about the polish and with fascinating colored cut-outs to be tried on over your own nails. You'll enjoy finding out what really is your shade.

Another good, long-wearing polish I've come across is Dura-Gloss, with a most ingenious tester bottle. On the stopper is a nail-like device, showing exactly the tone of the polish on the nail. The bottle enables you to test color easily. This polish wears

very well, the colors are lovely and, as you might guess, it has a high gloss.

If, when you read this, you decide upon

a manicure at once, but find you have nothing at hand of a protecting nature, if your nails are cutting up, try this good old home remedy. Warm a little olive oil and soak your finger tips in this for five or ten min-utes. It's very helpful. Remove polish first, of course, and wash well before applying new lacquer.

Most of the people I've mentioned make nail or cuticle oil or cream for general softening of cuticle and conditioning of nails. A little applied at bedtime keeps nails and cuticle in good order and is a "must" and cuticle in good order and is a

for real beauty.

Two tips from Hollywood: Keep in your desk drawer a whitening pencil and an extra bottle of the polish you use. The polish can mend a little chip or peel, if you're off from the office to a Big Date. The whitening pencil run under nails removes stains left by ink, carbon paper, etc.

Take pains and pride in maintaining good physical condition; use some of these truly protective aids for your nails, and I think you'll find your nail problem solved.

### Flashshots

[Continued from page 15]

those myriad drops of diamonds and rubies about her neck were as made of tears.

But Lupe was a really good sport and for ten uncomplaining nights sallied out in other simple furs such as blue fox, silver fox or ermine. She's made a great personal success in the Cole Porter show, "You Never Know," and with her amazing vitality goes on almost nightly to parties in her honor.

One Sunday night at El Morocco Billy Seymour of Hollywood introduced her to to the Blair Brothers from Palm Beach. The Blair Brothers are identical twins, six feet three inches tall; the girls find them extremely good looking, and they are good talkers to boot. As they are on the Palm Beach Motorcycle Squad and know everyone, they are known as the social cops. They come to New York once a year for a vacation and see everyone and are entertained by everyone-Woolly Donohue, Mrs. Wanamaker Munn, Charlie Amory, Ethel Merman and no end of others. You can tell by the expression on Lupe's face that she is fascinated by a "tall one" by Jack Blair.

Miriam Hopkins and her husband, Ana-

tole Litvak, who seem like an extremely happily married couple, were out on the town one or two nights while vacationing in New York. Miriam used to hate snapshots but now she's a pretty good sport about it, and just asks you not to print it "if I look too awful." One of their great friends is the scenic designer, Norman Bel Geddes, and they were celebrating his birth-day with a glass of wine when I took the snapshot of them.

For those who found the "Big Apple" a ound of over-exertion, the "Lambeth pound of over-exertion, the "Lambeth Walk" has been a great relief, for it is really lilting simplicity itself. Mary Brian and Ernest Rice were doing the old swing around step, while Henry Armetta was so overwhelmed with the exultancy of his "Oi" that he completely forgot his bewildered partner. Nothing in the world is so much fun as to watch the novice trying to do a new dance. The two this year are "The Lambeth Walk" from England and "The Samba" from Brazil.

Rosalind Russell came in one evening looking extremely lovely and, well-different. She had on the darndest get-up and, at the same time, it was most becoming. First there was a long coat fairly full in

skirt, and very full in sleeves which were caught at the wrist. No collar, just a roll neckline and the material a light off-yellow wool. The head dress might have been copied from a Tuscan peasant woman's holiday garb . . . boxed along the top in front and at the sides it was embroidered in rust, ginger and gold, and the back fell in folds, to be caught up at the neckline. Some describing, huh! Rosalind herself is one of the most charming, natural and unspoiled people, and is ever anxious and eager to hear what others are accomplishing rather than to talk about herself. That rich quality of her voice gives it tremendous warmth and easily commands attention.

The Stuart Erwins (June Collyer) were busy doing the town and chaperoning socialite Harold Meenan, whose fiancee was away. Unless I'm very much mistaken Stu Erwin has put on an extra six or eight pounds lately and maybe that accounted for

his constant dancing.

And since it seemed to be the season for married couples, "Queen Victoria" Helen Hayes came in, after a performance, with her author-husband, Charles MacArthur, for some scrambled eggs and coffee. Sticking to the Victorian tradition, Helen? When I started to take a picture, Charley put his feet up on the chair in front of him. "Got to be informal for Jerry," he said solemnly.

Two weeks ago I saw Gloria Swanson with not only a muff of sable but her hat as well. Her coat was heavy sable-colored wool. Gloria always seems to have a beat on the rest of the girls in these little foibles. And what a swell egg she is. As I write this, sitting up in bed at three o'clock in the morning at a New York hospital, with a temperature that has several times in the week reached one hundred and four, from some damn flu germ the doctors can't yet isolate, I think of Gloria as one of the few who has been daily calling with interest and sympathy. In the madhouse in which we New Yorkers live, this indeed means a good deal.

### Misses of the Month

One evening they told me at El Morocco that Bing Crosby and his wife were dancing so I left my Dumb and Lovely, got my camera and went a-gunning. Crosby saw me as I started towards the crowded floor and with the most adroit manoeuvering I've even seen, managed to keep the back of his neck to the camera the entire time. No matter what new angle I approached he'd give me the back. Once when he was next to me I asked for at least a profile. No response. As the back of his neck wasn't particularly hot news and it didn't really matter much, I soon gave up and re-joined my D. and L. I assured her Mr. Crosby's picture wasn't worth all that trouble and then she ventured: "Ah, perhaps he wouldn't turn his head cause he didn't have his transformation on." "Keep quiet, dumb one, he doesn't wear a transformation.

The other miss was a bad miss, for it was missing Chester Morris. We'd made an appointment at the theatre he was playing in for a quarter before noon, an unheard of early hour for me who never gets to bed before four-thirty. This meant I had to be up by ten-thirty for breakfast and get way across town in time. But hell and high water, I did it. At the theatre there was a note. "Mr. Morris is sorry he cannot see Mr. Zerbe. There has been an unexpected radio rehearsal." When will the movie people learn that people established in New York can be found in the 'phone book, and, being in their own fields as busy as the stars, expect the same courtesy from them that they themselves show.

Some day I'll tell you a not very flattering story on Norma Shearer in the matter of courtesy.

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Home Among the Gadgets
[Continued from page 30]

hour for little Norman Powell. And Dick installed a microphone in the nursery and a loudspeaker in every room in his home because of the new baby. When the baby cries, they will know it immediately, whereever they are in the house. Of course it's none of my business, but I think Dick has let himself in for many a sleepless night!

Now back to wifie Joan, whose latest gadget is novel and clever. It is a meal selector, which operates like a slot machine and offers more than 500 dietetically correct food combinations. Joan says it solves the everpresent housewifely problem of what to have for dinner.

One of the first things Dick will show you when you go a-visiting the Powells is the swimming pool. His has a bank of ultra-violet ray lamps underneath the water line of the pool which heats the water to the desired temperature for night bathing during chilly weather. Comfort to the 'nth

What is perhaps the last word in dog boudoirs is that recently built by Mary Boland in her new Beverly Hills home. The tiny room is occupied by Mary's pet Pekingese; one black, one white and one golden-haired. Each of the little canines has its own bed-an actual bed with mattress, sheets, et al. Also there are photographs of their many dog friends framed and hung on the wall and autographed with said friends' paws. Who said a dog's life was a tough one? life was a tough one?

Here are a couple of interior decoration hints for you gleaned from star abodes. Olivia de Havilland is mad about perfume plaques. She has these bright little pictures of flowers hung up in every room. They are treated so they give off a delicate floral fragrance for an indefinite period. Cute?

Barbart Stanwyck has solved the perplexing problem of what to do with a fireplace in the good old summer time. Barbara grew tired of looking at the black walls of the fireplace in her home and experimented by placing potted tropical flowers in the hearth. And now there's a riot of color to greet you when you enter Barbara's living room. You'd like Claudette Colbert's house. It's

as smart and modern as Claudette herself. While Claudette was vacationing in Europe her upstairs sitting-room pictures were re-framed and the results are really lovely and worth following. The room is pale yellow (in contrast to Claudette's dark beauty) and the new frames are pale, sil-very tin. The tin has a dull finish and the frames are like borders, with the sides missing! The glass used is bevel-edged and the

effect is a cool, modern one.

One of the main features of Martha Raye's home in the San Fernando valley is a sound-proof room where she can practice her singing and dancing without disturbing the rest of the household. No matter how lusty her "Yea, Mam," the neighbors can't hear her and the window glass is safe.

Gladys Swarthout also has a sound-proof room in her Beverly Hills home where she rehearses her songs. And speaking of Gladys, here is something novel. When she was building her lovely new home she had a day's newspaper, a roll of movie film and four of her phonograph records placed in a strong box and lodged under the floor of a wing of her home. So when some archaeologist 1000 years hence unearths the box he will find movie films of Gladys and phonograph records of her voice singing some of her favorite operatic arias.

The men in your family would like the newest gadget installed by Pat O'Brien. It is a turntable in front of his garage which automatically turns his car around and backs it into the garage. Pat says the invention is ideal for narrow driveways.

Pat likes fur rugs, although he is no big game hunter himself. But stretched out on the waxed floors of his cozy den you'll find two leopard skins, a lion skin and a black bear skin-all shot by somebody else. Like many another star, Pat has a sneaking love of gadgets that turn out to be gags. He has a special chair at the edge of his swimming pool on the spacious grounds of his Westwood home. Underneath is a hole in the cement through which, at the proper moment, a plunger rises, tilting the chair's occupant into the pool. This comprises initiation into the O'Brien Tank Corps. (A hold-over from his submarine picture days, I'll bet!)

Houses take on the personality of those who live in them and Neil Hamilton got an insight into the great Garbo's mysterious personality when he moved into his home which he had rented to Garbo. The first few days Neil spent in un-tacking the shades and removing the blinds which the "lady of mystery" had kept tightly closed. Then Neil discovered some writing on the dressing room wall. It was a series of dates with figures opposite each date, implying weights. Evidently la Garbo kept careful track of her poundage with her own private scales.

Wallace Beery has turned his garage into the official headquarters for all of his hobbies and spends a great deal of his leisure time there. The upstairs room is

"The Sisters" seemed to give Bette Davis a new lease on the country's screens. Next you will see her in "Dark Victory."





Shirley Temple in color! Think of seeing her blushes and all in "The Little Princess."

a combination gun room, candid camera laboratory, machine shop, office, sporting library, clipping files, and fan gift collection. Strict orders are left with servants in the house that nothing is to be disturbed.

The downstairs of the garage is devoted to a wood-working shop and generators to supply current for batteries. His hunting trailer is stored at the back when not being used on a trip so that Wally can install racks and equipment himself. Oh, yes, there's room for the Beery cars, too-believe it or not.

Robert Taylor's new ranchhouse in San Fernando valley is the most modest abode of any of the film stars. It has only four small rooms, but there is still space enough for a gadget or two! Cool winters or hot summers will hold no discomfort for Bob, for he has had a complete air-conditioning plant and oil-heating system installed in the ranch house. A special electrical control keeps the temperature in the house constantly aired regardless of weather. Other gadgets include electrical fly-catchers for the stables and a water pump to supply his alfalfa fields.

Fred McMurray has a complete work-shop in his new house where he putters around to his heart's content. And Allen Jenkins has installed a flashing red danger signal at the top of a flight of stairs in his home following falls by members of his family. If the family trips now it's not Allen's fault!

Janet Beecher proved herself a mechanic by building a sundial for her garden. She made it with two thin pieces of sheet metal, a nail for the gnomon and an old book-table stand for the upright. She did the testing for the markings of the hours by timing Old Sol through a sunny day. Janet says it was much more fun making it than buying a ready made sun dial.

It took the staid, conventional Gary

Cooper to introduce a new fad that is nothing short of amazing. Gary, who has extensive grounds around his house, has had telephones concealed in convenient trees and bushes, thus saving many steps in answering important calls.

Maybe you'll be interested to learn that hanging on the wall of the library of John Barrymore's home is a letter to his grandmother, Louisa Drew. It has two distinctions. The first-it is signed by "A. Lincoln." The second distinction—the word 'acknowledge' is misspelled Which proves that

even presidents aren't letter perfect.

When movie stars go to Hugh Herbert's hacienda they frequently have the privilege of quaffing a drink from a glass bearing their own likeness. Hugh has different pictures on glasses so they won't be-

come confused when refilled. If he can't give an actress her own "picture-glass" he lets her pick her own star. (THAT should

be fun to watch!)

There is a fish pond sunken in the floor of Hugh's charming and sunny living room, with a fountain in the center of the pond. Hugh turned it on for me and demonstrated the cooling effect of the fountain on a warm afternoon.

The beauteous Constance Bennett has a private beauty shop in her imposing Holmby Hills mansion; which is probably most women's dream of heaven. Her friends are invited to drop in for free finger waves, facials and manicures when they visit with Connie.

Mae West has a huge white bed in her white and gold bedroom and the ceiling of the room is entirely covered with mir-

Virginia Bruce has created a new color scheme for her lovely Brentwood home, because Virginia thinks the popular all-white is too monotonous. Her home is a light beige, with a brown roof and sapphire blue shutters, this color scheme being carried out inside and out. The garage matches the house, too. She had special balconies built which are encircled with sapphire blue pots containing geraniums, Virginia's favorite porch flower.

Owing to the distance of Warren William's ranch from the Van Nuys fire de-partment, the star has installed an alarm and hose system of his own. Five fire plugs are placed at strategic points on the estate, with a central hose house and chemical stations. Fifty thousand gallons can be pumped from the swimming pool by a compressor attached to the ranch tractor, and neighbors on three sides are also protected by the system.

Warren's gardener, butler, chauffeur, cook and maid go through a fire drill regularly once a week.

The music room in the charming Brentwood home of Joan Crawford is one of the most distinctive in all filmtown. The walls are of leather and the ceiling is of cork. The lounge is leather and green corduroy with cushions of green corduroy. And at one side stands the piano—a green piano. The entire color scheme in the room is green and tan-and very smart it is, too.

The drawing-room is in Crawford blue (almost a Royal blue) and white.

Joan is one housewife who could never be called a snooper. When at home, she wears mules with bells on them, and her servants can easily hear her approach some distance away.

And then there is the well-known star whose name I shall not mention, but who has a reputation for being modest and self-effacing. When I entered his living-room for the first time, I thought I was seeing double, for no matter on which part of the wall my eyes rested, there was always before me a large and beautifully framed photograph of our shy little violet

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### She's Dancing Again!

[Continued from page 11]

down-to-earth people as the camera boys like her. They usually don't.

Joan has just finished emoting in "The Shining Hour" which you can catch any day now. She saw the play in New York several years ago and liked it so much she asked Metro to buy it for her and adapt it into a picture. Metro was quite surprised by the request, as the play has two lesser roles in it which are so written that if they are half way decently played they will definitely steal the picture right from under the star's nose. "Er-Joan," said Metro, "We-er-we-er must find someone for the roles of the sister and young wife. Have you-er-any suggestions?" "Sure," said Joan, "I think Margaret Sullavan would be simply grand for the young wife, and Fay Bainter would be perfection itself for the sister-in-law."

"But Joan," gulped Metro, "Sullavan and Bainter are top-notch stars. Sullavan's a great dramatic actress and Bainter has been sweeping all before her ever since 'White Banners.' Don't you think-perhaps-two actresses less important?" "It's all right with me if Margaret and Miss Bainter swipe the picture," said Joan. "They undoubtedly will. But I don't want to sacrifice a good story to poor casting. It's all right with me if you put a star in every part. I'd rather be a supporting player in a good picture than the star of a bad picture." And that was that.

Whatever you say about Joan, and people always seem to find plenty to say, she is one of the few stars who never hogs her pictures. (Claudette Colbert is another. In "Zaza" Claudette was quite delighted when they wrote added scenes for little Mary Todd, pink-cheeked baby girl, though she

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knew full well that little Mary with her lisp would steal every scene she was in.)

Margaret Sullavan and Joan had barely met when "The Shining Hour" went into production, and there were those who would take odds that Temperamental Maggie and Glamorous Joan would fight it out if it took all winter. Joan and Maggie hated to disappoint their dear, dear friends but they got along beautifully from the very start. The second day of shooting, a Saturday afternoon, there was a knock on Joan's dressing room door and Maggie said, "Joan, may I come in?" "Why of course, Maggie," said Joan, "You can come into my dressing room any time. You know that." Whereupon she opened the door and in stumbled little Brooke Hayward. (Margaret's eighteen little Brooke Hayward (Margaret's eighteen months' old daughter) who seemed to recognize in Joan a kindred soul because, although ordinarily a very shy child, she walked right up to Joan and held out her

When Margaret returned from the set she found Joan and Brooke with a couple of lipsticks scribbling on the wall papering. "The stationery gave out, and we didn't want to stop," Joan confessed guiltily. "I won't get mad," laughed Margaret, "until she starts marking up my walls. Then I'll sue you." Joan and Maggie and Brooke became the best of pals after that. As a matter of fact, at the end of the picture when Joan produced her autograph book (Joan, like any other avid fan, collects autographs of people whom she admires)
Margaret wrote in it, "Joan: To be truthful
I dreaded this picture. But it's been the nicest yet. Thanks to you. Maggie.

No, it wasn't Joan and it wasn't Maggie, nor was it Fay Bainter, who came forth with a temperamental outburst in "The Shining Hour." It was, of all people, Frank Borzage, the director, and one of the kindest most gentle men in Hollywood. All one morning Mr. Borzage had rehearsed one of the most difficult scenes in the picture -a scene between Margaret and Joan, who are both in love with the same man, Robert Young-but somehow it just didn't seem to come out right. At last he changed a few lines and it seemed much better. "We'll take it right after lunch," he said.

Right after lunch (it was a Saturday afternoon) Brooke arrived with her agent father and they took a seat on the stage to wait for Mamma to finish acting. There also arrived with Bennett, the Crawford chauffeur, Pupschen, a very well-mannered dachshund. Pupschen covered his mistress with doggy kisses and then settled down for his afternoon nap.

Mr. Borzage summoned his artists and started the "take." Just then, Pupschen discovered a cat, or maybe he only dreamed it, but he went "Br-r-row" right in the midst of Joan's big dramatic moment. Pupschen was removed from the set. "Now," said Mr. Borzage, "we've been on this for hours and I'm sure we're awfully tired of it. Let's make this the perfect take. Camera.'

Once more Joan and Margaret filled their eves with tears and started their dramatics. "Da Da, Bye Bye," interrupted Miss Brooke Hayward. "I love him with all my heart and always shall-please don't let that be my child," said Margaret, as the scene came to an abrupt end. Brooke was removed from the set. "Please, dear God," said Mr. Borzage, "in my next picture give me actresses without dogs and babies."

All you have to do is make a picture in Hollywood and sooner or later the entire world shows up on your set. Unless of course you are one of those snooty stars who always sticks up an "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on her stage door. Joan is not a snooty star. She loves tourists on her sets. She'll give autographs with a smile, and if you ask her she will have her picture

taken with you-which is indeed a souvenir of Hollywood that will make the boys back home turn green with envy.

One day on "The Shining Hour" set she noticed what looked like a goodly portion of the U. S. Army hovering in the background. After the rehearsal Joan went over to meet them (you just ought to see how they have to beg some of the stars to say a civil word to visitors) and was informed they were General Sam. T. Lawton, his wife, and staff, on their first visit to Hollywood. Mrs. Lawton looked vaguely familiar. "Haven't we met somewhere be-fore," Joan asked. "We certainly have," said Mrs. Lawton with a smile. "You took my place in Ernie Young's revue when the show moved from Chicago to Detroit about sixteen years ago. I left the show to get married. Remember? I was Margarite Dahlquist then. Ruth Etting and Ted Healy were stars of the show. I gave up show

business in favor of army life."
"Well," said Joan, "then I'm really indebted to General Lawton for my first

dancing job. Thank you, General."

Joan's last dancing job (she's come a long way since the General helped her out sixteen years ago) is with Tony DeMarco of the famous DeMarcos in the opening se-quence of "The Shining Hour."

Joan has a superfluity of nervous energy and can get more done in a month than most people in a lifetime. She is an early riser-the only movie star, with the exception of Carole Lombard, who calls you over the 'phone before eight-thirty in the morning. She plans all the meals, does the ordering, and when you are invited to have dinner at Joan's you know that she will have something you like very much. She keeps a mental list of her guests' likes and dislikes. She goes over her accounts regularly and pays all her bills promptly on the first of the month-which makes her so popular with the shopkeepers of Hollywood that they are planning to canonize her. She has no secretary, and personally answers all her mail. Besides her numerous household duties, she takes French lessons and voice lessons regularly. Right now she is working hard on her ice skating lessons as her next picture will be "Ice Follies," in which she both skates for the first time, and sings opera for the first time. What a field day that will be for the Crawford fans.

You'd think that a person who has her days so well scheduled would be awfully dull. But not Joan. Her conversation is always amusing, sometimes brilliant, and she loves a good "dish" over the luncheon table, or before the fire after dinner, as well as the rest of us. She likes to tell jokes that are slightly naughty but not dirty. She smokes cigarettes and spills the ashes on the floor. She doesn't drink. I don't know whether it's because she doesn't like the taste of anything stronger than tea, or whether it's because several years ago she walked into the Trocadero Cellar and saw ten women sitting at the bar, with their backs to her. The contours where each lady met the stool frightened Joan. Since then no one has ever been able to lure her to a bar stool, even to sip a tomato juice.

At the baby shower given for her very good friend, Julie Murphy, the other day, the hostess, Venita Oakie, announced that the donor of the seventh present Mrs. Murphy opened would be the next mother in the group. The seventh present was Joan's. "Maybe it will be our best scandal of the year," cracked Joan.

They say that Annabella, who is divorcing her husband in France, would like Tyrone Power to be her next. Who wouldn't?



She was on the Titanic in "Cav-alcade," but Margaret Lind-say hasn't sunk vet.

### Living Up to His Name

[Continued from page 47]

"I don't think I ever had one," he confided.

He was afraid of New York . . . actually. He arrived at Pennsylvania Station around seven in the morning and it was three in the afternoon before he could screw up his courage sufficiently to venture forth on a tour of investigation. Those hours were spent between the rest room, the soda fountain, and the information desk.

"I was afraid I'd never be able to find my way back to get my bags if I went away and I was either too afraid or too dumb to want to ask directions. But I soon got over that." John grinned with a half-wise, half-humorous twinkle in his eyes something like the look he directed toward Pat O'Brien when, as the orchestra leader in "Garden of the Moon" he planned to

Whenever John went out during his recent New York sojourn he was accosted by autograph hunters, for fame is as swift as oblivion.

"It was Anne they really recognized," he explained modestly. "I just happened to be along. Mostly they were youngsters and we loved each one of them."

But I knew Anne had not been the sole attraction of the autograph hounds. I had heard about the rather bold lad who had phoned him at the hotel and posing as a member of Warner's Publicity Department, got in with one of those almost life size photographs you find decorating the front of a theater, which he had John autograph.

"The kids have been swell," John continued. "Anne and I started to the theatre the other afternoon and were stopped by a mob. We signed until our hands ached and we were in danger of being late for the curtain. I hate crawling over people's knees in the dark. They always think you planned it. So I took the kids into our confidence. 'Listen fellows,' I said. 'We want to go to the theatre. Do you mind if we finish this another time?' That gang of youngsters faded like magic."

John has his own ideas about acting. And he has his favorites, even as you and I.

"Anne and I are great movie fans. I don't mean just about our own pictures. We go to movies all the time, whenever there is the least opportunity. I like the style of such actors as Bette Davis, James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. All of these kids who came out of that par-ticular school of acting seem to have a

different style than the old-timers, or even of those who are following. None of them can be called unusual in appearance. Stewart and Fonda are rangy and shy in manner, something like Gary Cooper, but they get under your skin and stay there. When I acquire the qualities which they have I'll feel I'm beginning to get along."

I did not think it necessary to tell him

that he already had the qualities about which he talked. He can hardly be called a matinee idol, a screen pretty-boy, for all his regularity of features and his well proportioned six feet two inches. He is entirely too virile. Without being imitative he has the same he-man attributes which have kept Gable at the top against the onslaught of younger and very fine actors.

In his love scenes with Margaret Lindsay he does not act like a simpering actor. He speaks as he might have spoken to Anne Shirley when he told her of his love and asked her to be his wife. You believe in him; you almost feel as though this were happening to you. Again, when he threatens to cut Pat O'Brien down to his right size, sheer drama, without the aid of theatricals, is born before your eyes.

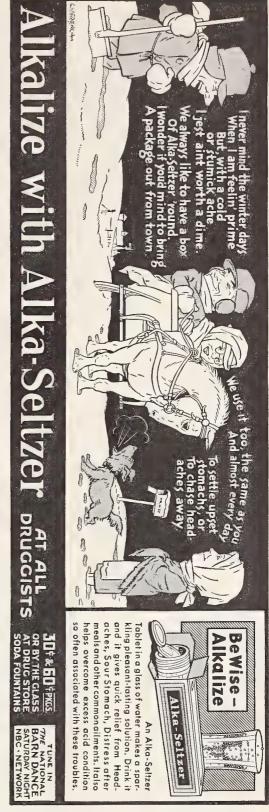
But John Payne should know the proper approach here. He was a star athlete in high school and college. He held intercollegiate championships in javelin and hammer throwing events; he wrestled and he played left end in football. Later, in New York, he wrestled half a dozen or so professional bouts.

At present he is unofficially writing a novel, strictly for his own amusement. He says he will always write, he can't help it. In the days when he was getting the feel of things in New York he wrote yarns by the dozen for the pulp magazines. He was a regular contributor to "Amazing Stories," "Astounding Stories," "Weird Stories," and once, only once, he sold a short story to Collier's, this one under his own name.

When I was knocking them out for the pulps I used to have a lot of names. Mostly I was doctor somebody or other. It seemed to me that the doctors always got the best of it in writing so I thought it wouldn't hurt for me to be one for a while."

At that moment a press agent descended upon us. Anne Shirley had already been cornered upstairs in their suite and was being photographed in hats and gowns and what not.

Later John is taking Anne for a short visit to the old homestead in Roanoke, after which he returns to Hollywood to make "Row, Row, Row." I believe this is a college story. He will shortly be seen with George Brent in "Wings of the Navy." And I'll be down front watching the lad from Virginia for I'm convinced "We've got something here."



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## The Final Fluig A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### By Charlotte Herbert



Lew Ayres

E HAVE felt that the movie theatre in your town was perhaps the leading educational institution of your and if you will think for a moment of this University of Pictured Wisdom or College of the Story Tellers, perhaps you will recall some valuable thought that came into your mind because of something that you saw in a film.

We know of a young man who, having seen a good picture, took it to heart and the next day talked to someone about an idea that he had had for some time. He had lacked the confidence proceed and the had lacked the confidence needed and the picture in the theatre gave him just the enthusiasm to make him get out and put it over. In other words, he learned some-thing from his visit to the great night school of the movies.

ANYONE who has lived long enough to see the spendthrifts grow poorer and the frugal grow rich, realizes that there is a lesson for each one of us in other men's lives. But it takes so long for other men to live out their destinies that the lessons are lost to most of us. How wonderful then are the moving picture characters who in one evening, before our eyes, make the adventurous trip that encompasses their lives. We see a living man go through a time of storm and stress and from him we learn a truth perhaps that only a lifetime of living could have given us, if we had not had the inestimable privilege of going to the movies. In "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres plays the part of a young man who wants to be

the part of a young man who wants to be somebody and to do something, but he doesn't know where he belongs. It is a fine picture, well played and well thought out. And so a person who goes to the movies can see many lives pass before him and he can learn many things, and yet when he comes out of the theatre he will still be a young man. He has met with pictured wisdom and his life lies ahead.

WE CANNOT leave "Young Dr. Kildare" without a word about Jo Ann Sayers. She is a new face in pictures. Somewhere she has been granted in pictures. where she has been growing up without our being aware of it and in this, her first part, she gives us the satisfying and convincing performance of a talented girl. There is no mistaking the pure white light of a genuine diamond, and it flashed before our eyes when Jo Ann Sayers moved into the character and brought it to life. She is one of our "must sees" from now on.

Elm Ceen

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24		25				26	ţ	and the second	Commercial	27				28		
10	29		i er	30			31		32				10	33		
34			35	0	36				37				38			39
40					41				42				43			
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		75	76		77		78			(1)	79		80			
81				4	82							1	83			

ACROSS

1 Eccentric Louis XI in "If I Were King"
7 Villain in "Valley of the Giants"
13 In a like manner
14 To hold dear
16 Two-toed sloth
17 Measure of length (abbr.)
18 Provides much of the comedy in "Too Hot To Handle"
20 Conducted

20 Conducted 21 Everyone 23 Against (abbr.) 24 Inns

Inns
Newspaperman in "There Goes My Heart"
That is (abbr.)
In "Suez"
Type measure
Tavern wench in "If I Were King"
Implement used for propelling
Hawaiian food
College professor in "Hold That Co.Ed"

Hawaiian food
College professor in "Hold That Co-Ed"
Weird
Border
Be indebted to
First name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
Title of respect (abbr.)
In "Youth Takes a Fling"
The father in "Four Daughters" (initials)
Educate

The father in "Four Daughters" (initials)
Educate
Female deer
One of the radio operators in "King of Alcatraz"
Katherine in "If I Were King"
Mrs. Carruthers in "Drums"
In "Secrets of an Actress"
In "Give Me A Sailor"
A young sheep
Thoroughfare (abbr.)
Six hundred (Rom.)
Hollywood's famous sisters
One who foresees
Royal Navy (abbr.)
Alkaline solution
The doctor in "The Citadel"
Insect
Boys
Orang leader in "I Am The Law"

Dorbeette Gang leader in "I Am The Law" Contest winner in "Give Me A Sailor" Newspaperman in "Spawn of the North"

In "Spawn of the North"
The psychiatrist in "Carefree"
"Ox" Smith in "Valley of the Giants"
Youngest brother in "Sing, You Sinners",
New England state (abbr.)
Elongated fish
Proffer
Exist

9 Edgar Bergen's dearest possession
10 Lap over
11 Deep hollows
12 Flat circular plate

15 Regarding (abbr.) 19 Period of time 22 Meadow 25 Turn aside 26 Gastropod mollusk

Gastropod mollusk
Streams
Stagger
Equipped with weapons
Lyric poem
Lair
Talkative school girl in "The Crowd Roars"
With Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the
Lady"
Star of "Secrets of an Actress"
Whom Sonja Henie loves in "My Lucky Star"
Long space of time
Star of "Zaza"
Father Flanagan in "Boys Town"
Hurried
Gaseous element
Nominate
Open spaces (abbr.)
Saltpeter
Radio announcer in "Garden of the Moon"
Hastened
Lage
Pompous valet in "Letter of Introduction"

57 Hastened
58 Large
59 Pompous valet in "Letter of Introduction"
69 A former island in East England
71 Poem
72 Neither
73 Limb
74 One of "Nancy's Three Loves"
76 Diphthong
77 Provided that
79 Upon
80 Symbol for tantalum

### Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



# TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

## Lady Esther's New T-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with only 1 coat instead of 2...makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of enduring loveliness... a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and stays perfect for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling...to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents more than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an entirely new way to buy polish ... a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

#### Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you hope is right... but when you get home and try it on the

you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails

10¢

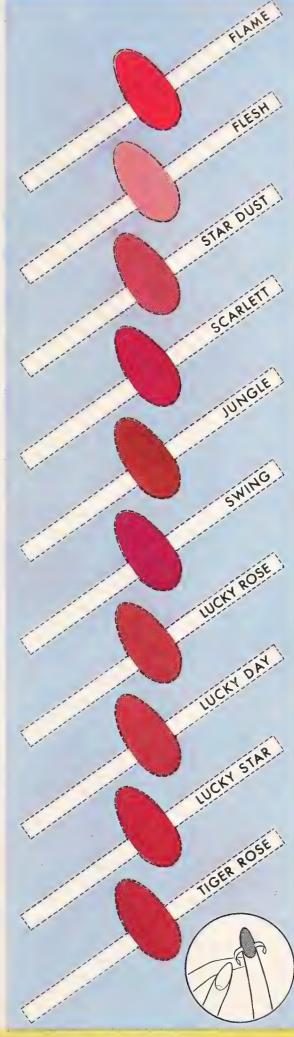
fail to sparkle the way you expected.

#### How to find your lucky color

But now-before you buy-you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at right—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and don't stop until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the

tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.



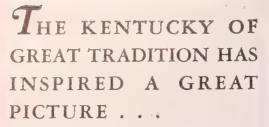
CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.



## Allure Is Back Again!





## IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!

Proud romance... beautiful women ... chivalrous men ... magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!



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Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

## "'Pink Tooth Brush' So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer

and your teeth sparkling with

### IPANA AND MASSAGE

That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!

### Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning —but when you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

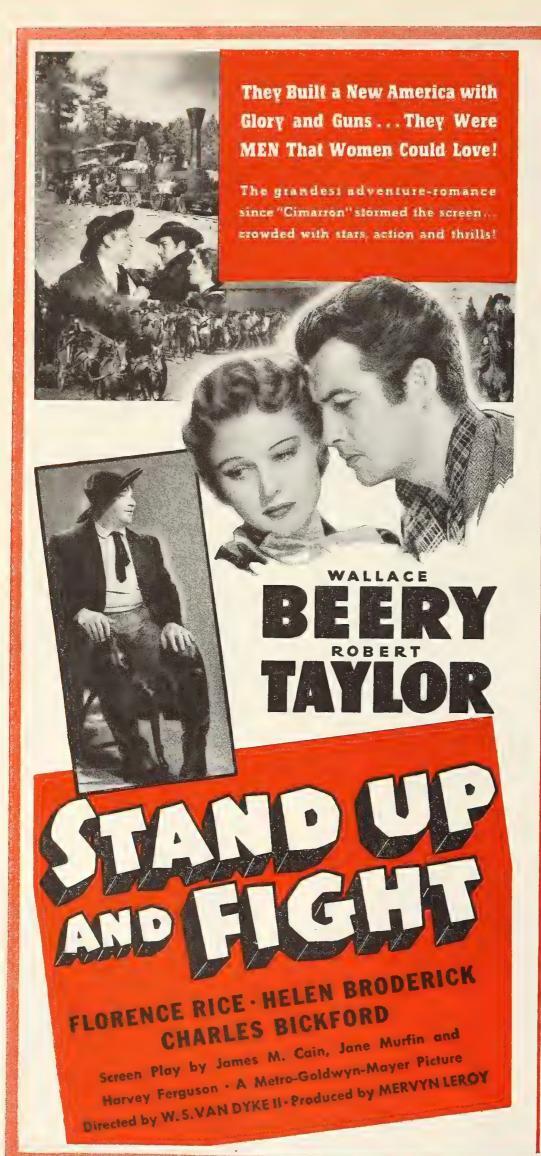
For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE







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We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

\* \* \*

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? Answer: The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

\*

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

\* \*

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

#### GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

\* \* \*

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

\* \* \* \*

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

\* \* \*

Love is sweeping the country.

-Lea

#### REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

FEBRUARY, 1939

VOLUME NINE NUMBER FOUR

ELIOT KEEN Editor

FLIZABETH WILSON Western Editor LENORE SAMUELS Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL Art Director

#### CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	PAGE
"SOME BELIEVE THEIR PRESS CLIPPINGS!"	18
A Successful Player Must Keep His Feet On The Ground GABLE—"SWELL GUY".  ELIZABETH WILSON	20
He Holds The Loyalties Of Millions Of Fans NEW YORK ENTERTAINS THE HEAD-LINERS BETWEEN PICTURES "Flashshots" Of The Screen Big Shots SCREEN "DEBS" LEON SURMELIAN	22 1 24
All Set For Rosy Futures	26
THE FAR EAST COMES TO HOLLYWOODGLADYS W. BABCOCK "Trade Winds"—A Picture With Imported Backgrounds	28
HOLLYWOOD TALKS BACK	
TT Y Al C T . land	30
ALLURE! MYSTERIOUS-PROVOCATIVEGLADYS HALL  Glamour Is Back Again!	32
STAND BACK! GIVE 'EM AYRES!LAURENCE MORGAN	51
Lew Revives Pictures THE GAY DECEIVERS OF RADIO	52
The John Engineers lave Giring	
MONTHLY FEATURES	
THE OPENING CHORUS.  CONTEST TO TEST YOUR MOVIE KNOWLEDGE.	5 6
TIPS ON PICTURES	8
"ON THE DRY SIDE"	10
USE SYRUP FOR ENERGYRUTH CORBIN	14
Some Recipes That Will Answer All Requirements TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	17
CISM CONTEST	54
Write A Letter And Win A Prize PICTURES ON THE FIRE	56
Survey Of The Studios  PEVIEWS OF THE NEW PICTURES	60
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE	82 82
THE FINAL FLING. ELIOT KEEN	02
ART SECTION	
WE POINT WITH PRIDE	35
Tyrone Power BARBARA STANWYCK AND CAROLE LOMBARD	
Two Pages Of Beauty CLAUDETTE COLBERT PLAYS A FRENCH GIRL IN "ZAZA"	
The February Number One Girl FASHIONS FOR WINTER PLAYGROUNDS	40-41
Whether You Co North Or South THE "BIG" PICTURES OF THE MONTH	42-45
Silver Screen's Masterpiece Series THE SOUTH IS CALLING!	
Maureen C'Sullivan Shows Her Vacation Wardrobe MOVIES TO GIVE YOUR YEAR A FLYING START	
The New Pictures	48–40
The Wine Of Entertainment For Coming Days HURRY! HURRY! YOU'RE GOING TO "HONOLULU".	50
Eleanor Powell's New Picture	90

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

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## The Opening Chow

A LETTER FROM LIZA

EAR BOSS: I know you once spent a morning with Carole Lombard and an afterwith Marlene Dietrich, heaven knows I've heard you tell about it enough, but you really haven't lived until you have spent an earthquake with Joan Crawford.

gay chitchat with Joan on the "Ice Follies" set and she invited set and she invited me in to her cute little portable dressing-room on the stage for a spot of hot chocolate, which I bravely refused on account of calories. Joan, I may add, drank a cup with three inches of whipped cream on it (remind me to hate her for that).

There we sat planning a trip to New York next month and gurgling over how much fun it would be to see Franchot's Broadway play and Madge Evans' new play when all of a sudden Joan's dressing room started to sway from right to left, books fell off the wall, and the chocolate splashed out of her cup.

Before I could bat an eye Joan was out of the dressing-room, across the stage, and on to the open lot. I think we'll have to send Joan to the next Olympics, just yell earthquake at her and she'll make Jesse Owens look like a snail on crutches. But look who's talking, I made pretty good time myself.

There's nothing like an earthquake, I always say, to bring people together. Out on the lot executives, stars and directors mingled cozily with extras, grips, maids and waitresses, all jabbering away like a bunch of magpies. I bumped into Hedy Lamarr and was eager to hear how she reacted to her first California earthquake.

"There I seet in my new naughty pine dressing room," said Hedy, "when suddenly my chair goes thees way and that way. What is thees, I say. Is thees part of Hollywood?" I assured Hedy that we didn't have them often, well not too often.

The next star I encountered was Jeanette MacDonald who didn't seem to be the least bit upset, but as Jeanette says after one has lived through the mechanical devices of "San Francisco" one can take a mere natural earthquake in one's stride.

Virginia Bruce was a little hurt that Mother Earth should behave that way. "I know that in Hollywood you aren't supposed to count on your friends remaining steady," said Virginia, "but you do sort of count on the earth remaining steady."

With almost everyone keyed up for a major catastrophe—nothing more hap-pened. Even Joan was eventually lured back on the set.

Naturally we were all annoyed to read in the evening papers: "A mild earthquake was felt throughout the city and adjacent towns today. The Carnegie Seismological Institute at Pasadena recorded the quake and said it lasted but the fraction of a second." Always belittling.

WIN A WATCH!

A Prize Contest To Test Your Knowledge Of The Stars.

H AVE you kept track of their doings and if so, how much do you remember? Just to enable you to check on your own answer, the correct version of the following paragraphs will be printed in a later issue of SILVER SCREEN.

Can you tell which players are referred to? For a reward you may receive a beautiful watch as a prize. There will be just one watch given for the prize, but such a watch! It may be either a man's or woman's watch, as the winner prefers. They are *Wittnauers* and that means that if you win one of them your days will be timed by as fine a watch as the watchmaker's art has produced in its class. The watches retail for \$25.00.

Fill in the blank spaces with the names of the stars that you think the items refer to and, in addition, write a fifty word letter to accompany your answer.

Fill in the name of the star referred to in the answer column at the right.



- 1. What former stage actress played many leading rôles in films but did not reach real success until she was cast in a picture with Clark Gable?
- 2. What unmarried male star went to Hollywood and was unable to get a break in pictures? He returned to Broadway, secured a part with Katharine Cornell, then went back to Hollywood and became the idol of millions of movie fans?
- 3. What versatile actress has won applause for her beautiful singing, for her dramatic ability and for her flair for high comedy? She has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.
- 4. Tell the name of the American woman who first had her hair bobbed, and started something! She's in Hollywood now, but not acting.
- 5. There is a great artist in pictures, so loved and respected that authors prepare their stories so that he will not be required to over-exert himself in his part. Who is he?
- 6. In the quiet rolling hill country of Tennessee, a pretty little girl was born and raised. She used to sing in church. She has made musical pictures successfully and has sung at the great opera houses, Covent Garden for one. Her name is . . .
- 7. Myrna Loy once rejected a certain rôle and the girl to whom it was given sprang into prominence and later won higher honors than Myrna ever did. Who is the girl?
- 8. What is her name? She used to be a night club dancer. She has made many pictures—all dramatic and good, too.
- **9.** Who is the very successful star whose restless spirit of adventure took him to strange places? This restless spirit he comes by quite honestly, for he is a descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the famous mutiny on the Bounty.
- 10. The picture plots centering around a famous home circle have brought one man to the peak of popularity. It is the break that he has been waiting for during the twenty-three years that he has been in pictures. What's his name?

- 1.

   2.

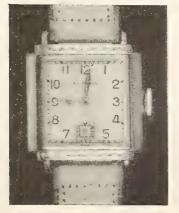
   3.

   4.

   5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 0
- 10.

Write A 50 Word Letter To Accompany Your List Of Names, In Which You Explain:

## Why I Read Silver Screen.



#### CONDITIONS

- 1. There is one prize—a lady's or a man's wrist watch. The best letter on "Why I Read Silver Screen," accompanying the list that is nearest to correct, of stars' names, will be awarded the prize watch. Specify your choice.
- 2. Contest closes Jan. 26, 1939.
- 3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- 4. Letters must not be longer than fifty words. No letter will be returned.

Address: STAR INFORMATION CONTEST, Silver Screen
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



## HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! ... AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know! WARNER BROS. present ERROL FLYNN as the adventurous leader of "The DAWN PATROL" with a dashing squadron of famous players including BASIL RATHBONE DAVID NIVEN DONALD CRISP Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH . FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS



## ZONITORS ARE *GREASELESS*

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snowwhite, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too - because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a unique GREASELESS base - nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless - and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials - at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

#### Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water - for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs - at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3222, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler

Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



ADVANCE Tips On Pictures
in Words To The Wise. A Few Hints On Where To Spend Your Evening.



A dramatic scene from "Abused Confidence," in which Danielle Darrieux is actually sick with grief because of the deception she has practiced upon her adoring father, Charles Vanel.

ABUSED CONFIDENCE—Fine.
An absorbing psychological drama
produced in
France, with excellent English subtitles, and starring charming Danielle Darrieux who has recently made
a hit on this side of the Atlantic. The story concerns an ambitious poverty-stricken girl who,
through a clever ruse which later haunts her conscience, rises to great heights.

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER-Fine. Bob Burns ARKANSAS TRAVELLER—Fine. Bob Burns goes to town in a homespun tale of a tramp printer, chalking up a performance worthy of the late Will Rogers. The widow whose print shop he saves from scheming politicians is Fay Bainter, and she is well worth the trouble. Others in a delightfully well rounded cast are Irvin S. Cobb, Jean Parker, John Beal and little Dickie Moore.

ARIZONA WILDCAT—Good. The West of the wild and woolly '70's is represented here in a gay and rollicking comedy made to order for our pet juvenile, Jane Withers. Leo Carrillo is excellent as the reformed bandit who adopts Jane, and together they clean up the little frontier village.

BEACHCOMBER, THE-So-so. This one may BEACHCOMBER, THE—So-so. This one may be a bit hard for some of you to swallow. However, all readers of "Vessel of Wrath," Somerset Maugham's story of a missionary lady on an island in the Pacific who decides to gain the interest of the village no-good, will be interested. Produced in England, the film does not live up to the promise of its original, in spite of the casting of Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, in the principle roles. The incidental music and the photography are things to rave about, however.

EXPOSED—Poor. This is a heterogeneous mixture of racketeers and cops and camerawomen, etc., with no plot to brag about. Glenda Farrell is not particularly impressive as the ace camerawoman of a picture magazine, and such swell actors as Otto Kruger and Herbert Mundin are hopelessly lost in the shuffle. As the second half of a dual bill you might be able to take it without being fussy.

FLIRTING WITH FATE—Fair. If you like Joe E. Brown's wide-mouthed brand of humor, here's your evening's entertainment. This trip Joe decides to pretend suicide in order to collect enough insurance money to bring back to America a theatrical troupe left stranded in South America. The idea doesn't seem to work any too well, and the picture itself drags a bit drearily. (Leo Carrillo, Beverly Roberts.)

JUST AROUND THE CORNER—Good. Little Miss Shirley Temple once again gets A on her film report card. Charlie Farrell is charming as her daddy, an impoverished architect who temporarily becomes the engineer of a swank apartment house. But Shirley, quite unconsciously, takes the sad state of their economics into her own very capable hands and works miracles for them both. The kids will eat this up. (Bert Lahr, Claude

Gillingwater, Joan Davis, Cora With-erspoon.)

Poor. Edith Fellows is a good little actress and deserves better screen fare than this. The story concerns the orphan daughter of former vaude-villians who goes to California with a prize horse which she trains for a big race—and naturally wins. (Jacqueline Wells, Richard Fiske, Cliff Edwards.)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE-Poor. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Poor. Taken mot come up to expectations. It is episodic in theme, sugary in its sentiment, and sadly lacking in action, melodramatic or otherwise. Ann Gillis, of "Tom Sawyer" fame, plays Annie, and the cast includes June Travis, Robert Kent and J. Farrell MacDonald.

PARDON OUR NERVE—Good. This is the best of The Big Town Girl series so far. In it the girls, Lynn Bari and June Gale, turn prizefight managers and, with the aid of comedian Edward Brophy, they bring Guinn Williams to the head of the fight business. There are plenty of laughs, and the girls have plenty of looks and charm.

MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION—Good. Again Peter Lorre plays the somewhat naive Japanese sleuth, with the plot, this time, bringing him from Africa to San Francisco in search of the crown of the queen of Sheba. There's an abundance of melodramatic action, some sly humor and the usual slight romance you've come to expect in a Moto yarn. (Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, Virginia Field, John King.)

SACRIFICE d'HONNEUR—Fine. Another French star who has also made the grade in America is Annabella, who is here seen in a highly interesting drama about a naval commander who is court-martialed for losing his ship during a surprise attack at sea. Annabella gives a splendid performance as his faithful wife. (Victor Francen, Rosine Dereau.)

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Fair. Helen Mack does a good job as the hospital nurse who falls in love with a prizefighter (Dick Foran) who gets framed in a murder case. He is represented at court by Lawyer Edmund Lowe, who tries sincerely to help him for the sake of Helen. There's good drama here, which plays better than it sounds.

60 GLORIOUS YEARS—Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. This should be ranked as a genuinely artistic, dramatic achievement, beautifully directed and acted. Topnotch cast includes Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey Smith.





simple, pleasant way!



1. WATCH YOUR youngster's face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle to get him to dren actually love the delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!

2. HIS SLEEP is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. doesn't upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative . . . ideal for youngsters!





3. THE NEXT morning, Ex-Lax acts...thoroughly and effectively! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the grown-ups as well as the young-sters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.





d Opportunity. NDIANA SONG BUREAU, Salem, Indian



Thousands are acclaiming a world-famous dermatician's private FORMULA 301 for aid in hastening clearing of surface pimples, blemishes, eruptions, oily skin!

TEST AT OUR EXPENSE! FORMULA 301 is a DOUBLE-DUTY skin aid! HIDES UGLY BLEMISHES INSTANTLY while its active, soothing, cleansing, clearing properties work fast underneath your makeup. 7 DAYS should show thrilling improvement—well on the way to the fresh, clear, 
smooth, radiant complexion so much admired!

Formula 301



OT long ago, at a cocktail party, I saw Ann Sothern, her golden hair piled high under a bright green frou-frou of ostrich, her blonde skin very flower-like. In her hotel suite in New York recently, I marveled at the clear beauty of Gail Patrick's skin, delicate, very fair and luminous against her dark hair, parted in the middle and curled softly and rather low. I will always remember the vital, almost golden tone of Joan Blondell's vivacious face, and the true gardenia texture of red-haired Margot Grahame's skin.

The stars do have good skin; or let me say, the stars can have good skin. For I have seen a few on vacation from the studios when they just forgot themselves and too much sun, wind or cold had worked the same havoc that they work on our faces. However, the stars know the way to get skin in condition again. They use soap and water, cleansing and softening cream, and many have little pet ideas in the way of special treatments, especially masks, usually home-made ones of food ingredients.

Of one thing you may be sure, if you are going to face any skin annoyances, they will usually come in the Winter. This, because cold weather changes the general method of living for many and resistance becomes lowered, largely due to too much indoor life, more and heavier food, and night social life that keeps us up too late. We feel the result, and we show it in hair, skin, nails, in figure sometimes and in general lassitude. Skin, however, seems the most serious target. It becomes dry and taut, little unexpected lines appear, make-up doesn't go on smoothly and often we look in the mirror with despair.

There are three things to think about in correcting this condition:
Your general health and vitality.

Sensitive, young skins cream, too, for cleansing and soothing. A lesson in use by Bonita Granville. That heavy, downward pull, at right, is wrong. The left, upward movement, above, is right!

which depend upon plenty of exercise, fresh air, as much sunshine as you can get and a sufficiently nourishing diet, rich in vitamins.

Facial preparations that are right for your special needs.

Correct use of these preparations. Everyone is talking vitamins today, in fact, even seeing them. For in the cosmetics departments of some stores, you may have noticed a neat flat box of little pellets, the amber ones arranged on one side, the dark ones on the other. They look almost like a game of some sort until you look closer and see that these are Vitamins Plus, a convenient form of getting your daily quota of vitamins and, from all that I hear, a beauty and vitality secret of many women. Take one of each color daily with a meal and know that your system has had a good ration of vitamins A, B, C, D, E and G. Of course you can't be sparkling and radiant if your energy is low, if your whole body feels let down. Of course, too, you are discouraged at skin that simply won't look its best in spite of care; in hair that won't take a good permanent; in spirits that you simply can't lift because they're as heavy as

The idea of Vitamins Plus is that if your lack of energy is due to lack of vitamins—and this is often the case—here in concentrated form is what you need.

[Continued on page 12]

At Last.
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

W.C.FIELDS
YOU CAN'T Cheat
Homest Man

Edgar BERGEN

Charlie M.C.ARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN



sits lightly as a feather stays on smoothly all day!

• Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



Possibly, you're lucky and don't need extra vitamins. Most people do, however, need a good vitamin concentrate like Vitamins Plus added to their diet, especially in Winter, when sunshine vitamin D is out of reach of many.

D is out of reach of many.

Now, external aids! This is the cream season, and certainly many of us need more cream now than in Summer. This, however, does not mean that we forsake soap and water. Never! But balance your face diet according to need. Gail Patrick, for example, needs a very bland soap for her fine skin. But she would never think of applying make-up (in her case only powder and lipstick) without a foundation. She uses her hand lotion for this purpose. Joan Blondell likes a stirring, roughish treatment for her skin, and Margot Grahame uses cream almost entirely. There you are! Different ideas for different types, you see.

Generally speaking, in cream cleansers, you have three types. They are the quick-melting or liquefying cream, especially advisable for the skin that seems oily, yet is dry. This type cleanses thoroughly and seems to tone the skin with overactive oil glands to better behavior. From my observation, this type of cream has a tendency to refine skin, to leave it truly clean and to normalize it. Albolene Solid is an excellent cream of this kind. The cream, unscented, is so pure, so mild that it can be used as a cleanser and lubricant for babies' skin. This cream has wide use in hospitals and is found on the dressing-

table of many a star. It's economical, too, a nice, generous jar at a price you like to pay. For skin that just seems to pick up every particle of dust in the air, that seems to need a cleaner which goes below the surface and will easily remove make-up that has a tendency to "mask" on the face, Albolene Solid is the cream!

on the face, Albolene Solid is the cream!
Contrasting to the skin just mentioned is the paper-thin, delicate type, oh so lovely, but so fragile and prone to show neglect. This skin seems to need a richer, creamier cleanser, and in this class is the rather new Cleansing Cream by Mary Pickford, the very cream she uses.

Many young skins get by very well with a cream that may be used as a cleanser and a night cream, too. Among my favorites are Lady Esther's Four Purpose Cream. This one cream can do a lot. I have been told that the secret of its good work is a special ingredient, very advisable for most skins.

Then there is Noxzema Combination Cleansing and Night Creams, medicated with Noxzema, very cleansing, softening

and a kind of toner-upper for skins that are not so good.

There are a number of good ways to use your cleanser. Some spread it on with fingers. I like to apply it with a wooden spatula, the kind doctors use when they want you to open your mouth and say, "Ahh," so they may peep at your throat. This keeps the cream from getting under streamlined nails, where if not care-

[Continued on page 71]



Right—A night lubricating cream is applied with light, circular movements.





Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too - only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.



## **"PURELY VEGETABLE** LAXATIVE

ADVISED BY NOTED OHIO DOCTOR



If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin-DON'T take harsh catharticsespecially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT: they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

## USE YRUP FOR ENERGY

Recipes That Will Answer The Requirements Of Adult And Child Alike.

By Ruth Corbin

(All recipes kitchen tested)

HE human body uses a natural sugar as its fuel. This sugar (dextrose) is indispensable to life. It is

our immediate source of energy. The heart could not beat, the lungs could not function, the muscles could not contract without dextrose. Doctors recommend it in the diet of infants to prevent loss of weight since it supplies them with quick food energy without disturbing their delicate digestions. It is vital to young children, invalids, athletes-in fact to all active people. Doctor Allan Roy Dafoe has said that the dextrose and maltose in Karo, the only

syrup served to the

Dionne Quintu-

Hollywood picture stars, utilizes dextrose rapidly as a "fuel," and since it is predigested it is promptly absorbed into the blood stream and transformed into heat and energy. Because the exacting work and long shooting schedule of picture stars is a drain on physical endurance they depend largely upon dextrose to supply the all important energy and vitality necessary to combat fatigue. This question of energy and the value of candy, or dextrose, has recently been the subject of investigation among doc-tors. They have, after many

constant action, as, for example, the

experiments, concluded that the blood sugar is at its lowest level three hours after a any other time.



Anne Shirley, since her recent marriage, takes quite an interest in cooking. Here she is whipping up a batch of pancakes for late Sunday morning breakfast.

you foods wherein a syrup rich in dextrose may be used. I am doubtless only one of a small army of women who stock Karo exclusively on the pantry shelf. In these recipes Karo Blue Label was used wherever a syrup is mentioned except in those calling for white syrup—this was the Karo Red Label brand.

#### VIRGINIA ROAST HAM

Scrub an 8 or 10 pound ham with cold water containing a little baking soda; rinse in cold water and place in a kettle with I cup of Karo syrup and a table-spon of pickle spice. Cover with boiling water and simmer until tender-about 4 hours. Let stand in the water another 2 hours. Remove skin, brush with syrup, sprinkle thickly with dry bread crumbs and dot with cloves at even intervals. Bake 1½ hours in a slow oven (300° F.) basting frequently.

#### DIVINITY FUDGE

- 3 cups sugar 1 cup white Karo syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 34 cup pecan meats 1 teaspoon vanilla

I am giving this grand recipe instead of Chocolate Fudge which almost everyone knows how to make. Combine syrup, water, salt and sugar. Bring to a boil and continue until it will form a soft ball in cold water. Beat egg whites stiff and grad-ually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip

until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a but-

#### HUBBARD SQUASH IDEAL

Prepare Hubbard Squash as usual for baking. For each portion mix 2 tablespoons of crushed pineapple with 1 tablespoon white syrup. Spread this mixture over top of squash and place a little butter on each portion. Bake in a slow oven for 15 minutes and serve piping hot.

#### CREOLE JUANITA

For this excellent dessert make a ring of sweet rice filled with apples, peaches, pineapple and bananas. Cook 1 cup of rice in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and add ½ cup sugar and pack into a ring mold. Boil 3/4 cup water, 1/3 cup sugar and 1/3 cup Karo. Add 2 cups fruit cut in small pieces and cook until tender. Unmold rice and fill with fruit. Cover with sliced marshmallows and garnish border with slices of maraschino cherries. Set in a very hot oven until marshmallows are golden brown.

#### **PANCAKES**

- 2 cups flour
- 4 heaping tablespoons baking powder
- tablespoons Karo syrup
- 1 teaspoon salt

Once when I started to make up a batch of Flannel Cakes I discovered that there were no eggs in the house. Likewise, it was a Sunday morning so the stores

were closed. But the family demanded pancakes so something had to be done. The result was this simplest of all recipes. Measure and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add syrup to milk. (Evaporated milk, half and half, may be used). Amount of milk varies according to taste. If a thin batter is wanted 4 cups are necessary, otherwise 3½ are sufficient. Beat well until entirely smooth. Yields about 12 pancakes.

#### BAKED WHOLE ORANGES

Slightly grate skin of 6 whole oranges. Boil oranges 30 minutes. Cool. Cut slice from blossom end of each orange and remove core. Crowd into each orange 1 teaspoon butter and 1 tablespoon light brown sugar. Cover oranges with a syrup of 2 parts water and 1 part white Karo. Bake closely covered at moderate temperature (375° F.) 1½ to 3 hours, depending upon color desired—longer baking gives a darker fruit and more like a preserve with a thicker syrup. If oranges are not completely covered by syrup baste frequently. Serve with or without remaining syrup. This is a grand and variable dish. It is delightful served with ham, roast fowl, lamb or pork. It may be used as a salad by removing center of baked orange and filling with cream or cottage cheese, or quarters of orange may be arranged around a mound of cheese and served with any desired dressing. It makes a nice dessert by simply browning a marshmallow on top of an orange or a slice before serving.

[Continued on page 70]

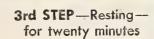


\*1st STEP-Mixingtakes a minute



IN 4 EASY STEPS







Why not try Linit Complexion Mask NOW? All Grocers Sell LINIT

ook how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: \*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.



and here's

SOMETHING NEW! LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!









## Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW



GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery . . . the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

You readily understand how this superwetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel, where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

#### The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.



TYPICAL DANGER ZONES
WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE
MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS



Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



### TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

N TOUR with her celebrated Ice Revue of 1939 Sonja Henie meets innumerable stage door Johnnies who ask her to have supper with them after the show. Says Sonja with a cute smile, "Certainly, if I may bring my entire troupe."

BELIEVE it or not, Asta, the dog in the Thin Man series, has a clause in his contract which gives him top screen billing over any other animal actor.

THROUGH sun baths, which have been discovered to influence her assimilative processes, Olympe

by Mrs. Kerstin Wijmark, editor of Vecko-Revyn and correspondent for Film-journalen, leading Swedish publications, who came over on the SS. Kungsholm with Greta.

"Prior to her departure, Garbo was invited to an important social event," declared Mrs. Wijmark, "which was to be attended by nobility. She appeared wearing slacks—to which, incidentally, the hostess and guests, immaculately attired,

paid not the slightest bit of attention. Later, slacks became very popular as a result of the Garbo influence."

SILVER

SCREEN

Bradna claims she has lost 15 pounds.

QUITE a sense of humor has Loretta Young. She collects all the erroneous romance stories about herself in a scrapbook labeled, "Oh, My."

HOLLYWOOD is about to let loose a

"no" to fashion dictators which will be heard around the world. A check of leading feminine personalities of the screen reveals a universal ban against the "little girl just out of the bathtub" coiffure smiled upon so beamingly by the creators of chic.

Garbo leads off, with a shoulder-length coiffure for her new starring feature, "Ninotchka." Norma Shearer wears a modern version of a Dutch-boy bob in "Idiot's Delight." A simple, half-length hair-do with side part is Joan Crawford's choice for her new starring production, "Ice Follies of 1939." The glamorous Hedy Lamarr allows her hair to hang loose to the shoulders, with a deep cen-

ter part for "I Take This Woman." And Myrna Loy continues to be the "perfect wife," by refusing to go in for the "skinned rabbit" effect in the new Thin Man production.

Keeping up the spirit of the month, Olivia de

Havilland poses for your Valen-

IT TOOK Garbo to introduce Hollywood slacks to royalty. This was the word brought to the film colony yesterday

IT MAY interest psychologists to know that movie stars, themselves objects of constant public gaze, find a construction job as irresistible a sight as it is to anyone else. (Remember that swell scene in "The Young in Heart" where Doug Jr., and Roland Young watch an excavation?) When Paramount studio excavators started shoveling up the bungalow which provided haven for Gloria Swanson in her hey-day, a crowd of "names" quickly gathered around. There were Martha Raye and

Bob Hope and Mary Boland and Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck and a dozen or so others. All stood around in fascinated silence.

"Must be looking for some of Swanson's diamonds," Martha offered, so Bob obligingly called to the excavator, "What are you tearing the place down for?" "Gotta," said the man, "Termites." Thus passeth the glory of Gloria Swanson's bungalow.

WALLY FORD tells of an actor who complains of seeing nightspots before his eyes.

SI WILLS, Joan Davis' husband tells on his wife, while Joan's face turns crimson. Says Si, "When Joan hurt her back at the studio not long ago and couldn't straighten up she said, 'Gosh, Si, suppose I can never take a bow again!'"

## "SOME BELIEVE THEIR



integrity lies in the

simplicity of his

acting.

a fall waiting for them.

The town of Hollywood is partly to blame,

## PRESS CLIPPINGS!"

### By Ed Sullivan



The popular Don Ameche. Is his laugh growing stale?



because it is a colony of incredible snobbery, and the daily routine of "keeping up with the Joneses" is an exhausting process. It is a process that exhausts salaries, dignity, modesty and a sense of humor.

Despite all this, some performers grow, instead of swelling. Take for instance, the case of Paul Muni, who is just about the most thorough actor in this business. Year after year, Muni has added to his professional prestige and retained his personal integrity. Muni and his wife have accomplished the exceedingly difficult latter task by refusing to be sucked into the social life of Hollywood. Mrs. Muni has not entered into a race with other wives in the matter of jewelry, furs, cars or mansions. It is a rare occasion indeed when you see them in a Hollywood night club or at a party. They live twenty miles from Hollywood, on the shores

of the Pacific at Palos Verdes, and they achieve a dignity of home life that preserves a sense of pro-

portion.

The manliness of Robert Taylor is not in

doubt any

more.

Clark Gable, the No. 1 hero of the screen, has much the same instinct for personal privacy and detachment from Hollywood's merry-go-round that distinguishes Muni. In twelve months out here, I saw Gable and Carole Lombard at a night club just once. That was the night of the benefit for the widow of Ted Healy, at which they appeared, and, following it, Gable and Carole showed up at the Clover Club for several hours. They seemed to be having a grand time, too. They sat alone, danced together and left the place hand in hand. Gable, in the course of ten years, has grown steadily—he has grown in acting ability, in popularity and in the development of a fine sense of self-humor that adds to his likability. It is Gable who kids about his ears, about "Parnell," and about his he-man reputation.

Yet Gable never sacrifices his dig-

nity. He can be pleasant without putting on a prop smile that some of the youngsters exhibit so continuously that they wear you down. Gable won't let an exhibitionist use

him as a target, just to prove that he is good-natured. Within bounds, he is genial. When pests go beyond those bounds, he can freeze up very swiftly and very effectively. In other words, he acts the way you expect a normal person to act.

There are few completely normal people in Hollywood. Exposed to abnormal publicity, it is little wonder that a lot of them begin to believe their press clippings. Don Ameche, for instance, has received so much publicity on his laugh that I imagine an unconscious act has become a very conscious part of his equipment. Fay Bainter has been given so much publicity because of her mobile eyebrows I imagine she is embarrassed now every time she lifts them. Zasu Pitts probably would like to put her hands in her pocket, but, until the end of time, she must flutter them to satisfy a public that [Continued tinued on page 69]



Robinson is eagerly interested in other things besides him-self.

The career of Adolphe Menjou goes on aided by a genuine personal liking.

### Women Know Why Clark Gable Has The Kind Of Popularity That Survives Poor Pictures And The Passing Years, And Why He Never Loses A Friend.

Y EDITOR was rather late coming across with my Christmas present this past year. For a while there he had me worried and I was beginning to regret that finely knitted scarf I sent him. But when it did come I was so deliriously pleased that you can be quite certain that I didn't exchange it at the January sales for a dozen hand embroidered sheets. It came by Western Union and it read, "I AM GIVING YOU GABLE FOR YOUR NEXT PROJECTION." Well, really now, there's nothing better than receiving Gable, even if it is only by wire. So it is with

little chirrups of joy that I fall upon my typewriter,

breaking a dandy set of finger-nails.

Although Hollywood doesn't go back so far in actual years, however, I do recall several glacial periods on the Metro lot-we have our traditions just the same as Boston, Charleston, and New Orleans. It has long been one of our better traditions that a young man cannot succeed to stardom in Hollywood unless he is handsome (Robert Taylor) or lavishly gifted (Paul Muni), or an ardent playboy (Errol Flynn). It has also long been an accepted tradition that a star can't keep on having flops and retain his popularity.

Well, I might say, in fact I will say, that Mr. Gable simply kicks hell out of those fine old traditions. He isn't particularly handsome, he isn't particularly gifted, he isn't particularly fond of the gay night life, and he's had two bad pictures lately that would send any other star deep into the glooms. But Clark is more popular today than he was yesterday. He never loses a friend; he gains them steadily.

What about this Gable guy? What's he got that the other leading men in Hollywood haven't got, and would give

their eye teeth to have?

Well, I'll tell you. He's got charm. Great gobs of charm. And you don't have to grope into the Barrie whimsies to explain the Gable charm. The secret of Clark's charm is his enthusiasm. He has probably never been bored in his life. He was born with plenty of the joy of living, and the wealth and fame of his last few years haven't managed to make him the least bit blasé about anything. He does everything with the enthusiasm and excitement of a first time.

For instance, when girl friend Carole Lombard says, "Let's drive down to the beach tonight and ride on the roller coasters," Clark immediately responds, "Oh swell, let's go right away." Other men (the men I know) snarl, "Aw, nuts, we've done that a hundred times. I'm sick of roller coasters. Isn't there anything new to do?" But not Mr. Gable. Roller coasters suddenly become the most exciting thing in his life.

Clark has seen litters of puppies and kittens ever since he was a shy little boy

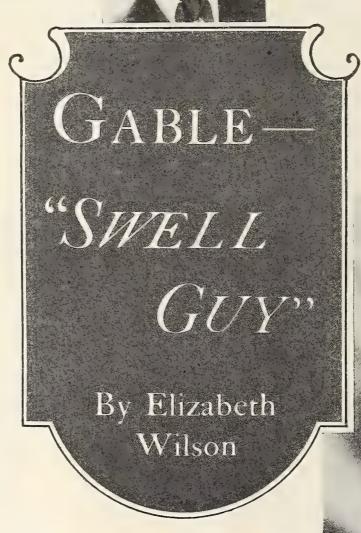
playing on his grandparents' farm way back in Pennsylvania, but all you have to do today is tell Clark about a new litter, or a new foal, and he will jump in his car and drive hundreds of miles to see it. The last puppies and kittens, and the last foal, are always the cutest and best. The Gable enthusiasm is about the most exhilarating thing we have in this neck of the woods.

His simplicity is also a definite part of his charm. Clark will gladly give you all the night clubs in Hollywood for one day at a county fair. The annual county fair at Pomona, California, is a big Event in his life, and if he is making a picture at the time he'll juggle his schedule somehow or other to get in a day at the fair.

He and Carole will climb into his station wagon early in the morning and set out for Pomona. In a park along the way they will spread their picnic lunch (Clark is simply daffy on the subject of picnic lunches) and gobble down great quantities of Jessie's fried chicken. Jessie, the Lombard cook for years, is the best chicken fryer West of the Rockies, and you can be sure Mr. Gable never misses a chance to tell her so.

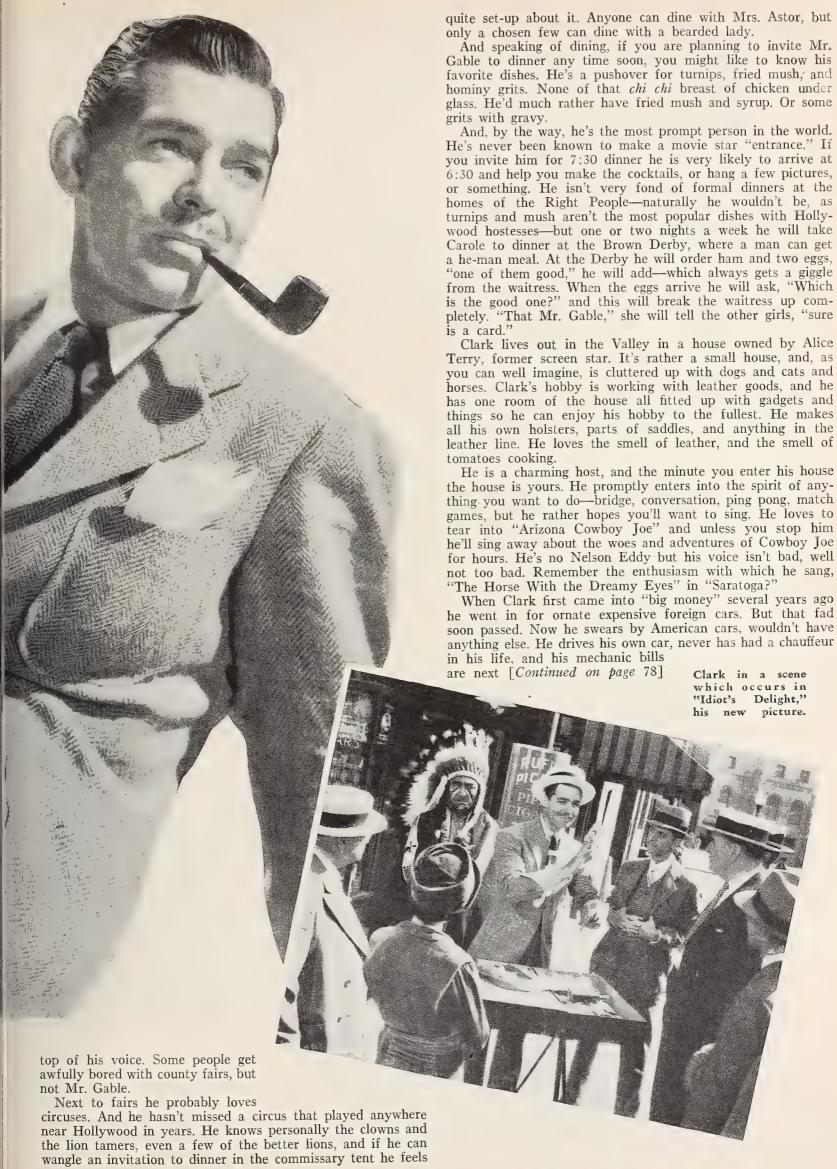
Once in the fair grounds Clark is in seventh heaven. "I'm only a country kid," he'll tell you, and boyoboy,

the country certainly pops out of him at a county fair. He gives Carole his critical opinion of all the cows, bulls, hogs and goats. He is very fond of the horses and spends hours with them. Then he goes through all the bazaars, tastes the jellies and the jams, jollies the old ladies from the Ladies



Aid, and most intelligently discusses crops with the orange growers of southern California.

If there are prizes to be awarded he'll gladly award them; little things like microphones and impromptu speeches don't phase Mr. Gable in the least—though they have been known to send some of our other stars to bed for weeks. After a dinner of hamburgers and hot dogs and root beer he will play all the concessions and win a flock of prizes, everything from Mae West dolls to ash trays, which he divides among the kids that gather around. All the way home he sings at the





Dorothy Lamour keeps her allure even in a sphone booth,

Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford at El Morocco. His arm is still strapped from his recent accident.

New York
ENTERTAINS
THE LINEYS

BETWEEN
PICTURES

By Jerome Zerbe

"Flashshots" of the Screen Big Shots Fred Perry, the tennis pro, and Helen Vinson, his wife, with the Bertram Weals, New Yorkers. Professional tennis is on the up-swing because of Perry, Vines and Budge.



EW events excite the interest of New Yorkers as much as a gala first night, and the opening of "Leave It To Me" with music by Cole Porter was no exception. Crowds of autograph hounds, the idle and the merely curious lined the streets to watch the celebrities arrive. Police pushed and admonished to no avail. Then late, after dining at the "Colony" and "21," the "Great Folk" began to arrive. There were poli-

fans and even more anxious radio announcers and newspaper reporters, very few movie stars. Fortunately, those few were, in a diamond merchant's language, "first water." There were the Stuart Erwins—he in a soft black hat and she in a dress of white tulle with a design of gold paillettes and a superb cape of blue fox. With them was handsome and serious Pat O'Brien.

[Continued on page 77]



her inner flame, the divine fire in her, that mysterious glowing



garage was our dressing-room. We used to parade up and own the street in costume to advertise our show to the neighbors, and we served punch to the audience. Our biggest take was \$1.42. I didn't think seriously about acting until I was graduated from high school, although I believe I've lived through every picture I've seen ever since I was that high." She smiled. Her long sensitive fingers played with her stitched sport gloves. "My childhood heroine was Queen Elizabeth. But then, I suppose every girl goes through the stage of playing queen."

Did she have a nickname as a child? "My uncle used to call me Dynamite," she laughed. "And my mother called me Twinkle-Toes. She says I used to twinkle my toes as a baby. She also says I was born with an angel's veil over my face. It's just a superstition, and is supposed to be a good sign." She assured me she isn't dynamite [Continued on page 74]

with tender lights. "She is very charming! I'm the second of three daughters. My oldest sister just married. I hope to marry some day, too, and I want to have either two or four children. I love children!"

"My mother is from Kentucky," she said, her eyes shining

bones, blue-gray eyes, which though sparkling with a healthy

vivacity, have a deeply sad look in them, and there is some-

thing Garboesque about her. Her Swedish inheritance may have something to do with that. Her father's parents came

from Sweden. He is the Northwest representative of Bendix

"What was your childhood ambition? To be an actress?"
"No, I can't say it was. Of course, we kids gave shows in our backyard, as kids do everywhere. My father put up a nice little theatre for us, with drapes and everything, and the

products.



RADE WINDS" would be an entertaining motion picture if it were filmed inside a tent. It's that kind of story. But, with the advantages of scenes which Author-Director Tay Garnett traveled half way 'round the world to film, one gets the "flavor" of the Orient and of far-off places and a fast moving detective story is made that much more interesting because of it.

Nearly four years ago Tay Garnett had a dream of exciting new adventure. He had already directed pictures in Greenland, in the Alps, in Tahiti, Cuba, off the Alaskan Coast, in Central America and in just about every state in the Union and his dream carried him away on his new 105 ft. yacht "Athene" to the Orient, and islands of the equatorial regions, Ceylon and distant shores where there was photographic and dramatic color Hollywood had not yet captured. It was quite a dream but all his life Garnett had been a dreamer and, the son of

a naval surgeon, he had always loved the sea and most of

without a real vacation and his present picture assignment was coming to a close. Before the picture plot was anything like completed Garnett, his wife and a competent crew of equally adventurous studio folk who liked the sea and had time to travel 'round

the world, set out for Hawaii aided by the trade winds of

which sailed across

the world in order

that a motion pic-

ture might be colorful and entertaining.

En route to Hawaii Garnett put more of his dreams on paper. Once in Honolulu he built up the native sequence of the picture and with his camera crew made specific background scenes. After an enjoyable visit to various islands the "Athene" headed for Japan for more color, thence South to Shanghai, Indo-China, the Malay Straits, India, Ceylon and the Laccadive Islands. Days became weeks and months and Garnett's story reached a climax, was re-written a time or two, polished up and "clocked" with a stop watch to establish a possible length for screening.

The entire crew knew the story plot. In the middle of the night Garnett would sit bolt upright in his bunk, stare into the darkness, snap his fingers with decision and get up and make notes of some new angle, some bit of comedy or dramatics which had just come to him. A dreamer, certainly, but a prac-

## o Hollywood

Muddy Rivers In China, And Coral Encircled Harbors Where Pearl Divers Hide, Have Been Brought To The Studio For Backgrounds For "Trade Winds."

> By Gladys W. Babcock



Ann Sothern snoots Fred March as he "deboots" Joan Bennett. What, no bootjack?

> Tay Garnett, at the wheel of his 105 ft. yacht, sets forth on the trail of a dramatic setting for his picture.

> > The characters in the story take a ride on the Road to Man-

> > dalay, or something.

As the cruise continued Garnett drew out camera angles and the base lines for sets yet to be built and made specific photographic shots to go behind them. "As we look out of the door we see the front of this Oriental hotel," Garnett would explain, the finished picture going through his mind, "and out of the window here, to the left, we see the street with hundreds of people, rickshaws, coolies, oxen." Then armed with na-

Below — Curious vessels and strange boatmen give reality to a spritely detective story.



tive police permits, government orders and frequently with the cameras hidden in laundry wagons or shielded by coats, telephone poles or unbrellas "those secretive Americans" would photograph the "angles" later to fit so perfectly in the finished film.

After nearly 18 months the "Athene" returned to the port of Los Angeles, Garnett brought 150,000 feet of film negative and an equal amount of positive printed film ashore with his typewriter, his script, now dog-eared from constant reference changing and pencilled [Continued on page 63]

### Miss Stanton's Letter, Which Won The Prize Offered In Miss Stanton's Letter, Which Won The Prize Offered In The November Criticism Contest, Has Been Read At The Holly woo Warner Brothers' Studio And Here Are Some Answers.

N EXTOLLING the universal virtues of "White Banners" and "Green Light" Miss Stanton—winner of Silver Screen's letter award—reflects not only the attitude of the motion picture public in its cinema likes and dislikes but sounds the

clarion cry of Hollywood as well.

It's a well-recognized fact that film moguls strive to turn out pictures appealing to all classes of audiences. Too often, though, it must be admitted, producers miscalculate, misjudge the popular mind, with the result that such pictures as Miss Stanton decries are foisted upon none-too-responsive theatre-

Drama significant and possessed of human qualities is what

the public really wants.

At the risk of sounding very sentimental," Edmund Goulding, director of "White Banners," told me, on the set of his new picture, "Dark Victory," "I have long since learned that nothing counts in life more than the simple, old-fashioned truths. That is why 'White Banners' was so splendidly received.

You will remember that the central character in it was a woman with a philosophy so beautiful and homely that it changed the life of everyone who came in contact with her. Its content was so moving and so compassionate that it affected all of us on the set, even while the film was in production.

"Between scenes, the actors would sit around discussing this woman as though she were a real person, rather than a character in a book. The public may tire of swing and jazz and modern 'isms,' but it will never tire of the things that bring

a spiritual uplift.

It is no mere coincidence that Goulding's latest directorial effort is also a tale of a woman's courage. He has always tried to choose stories with an underlying human theme, and he believes he has succeeded in this film starring Bette Davis. In "Dark Victory" hers is to be a gallant, emotional role, and with such a combination-Goulding lending the gentle simplicity of his genius, Bette offering a deeply inspired characterization—the picture cannot fail to score. It is a story of courage against all odds, even the shadow of death, and undoubtedly will reveal a new Bette Davis as well as a screen classic of distinction.

Claude Rains, who co-starred with Fay Bainter in "White Banners" and who will next be glimpsed in the role of Napoleon III in "Juarez," grows enthusiastic every time he looks back upon the picturization of that Lloyd C. Douglas novel.

"The thing that impressed me first about 'White Banners'

was that a story so typically American seemed as familiar to me in spirit as if it had been laid in my native England. When I analyzed this, the answer was easy. Good old-fashioned courage and decency are just the same wherever one

goes. And therein lies the appeal of simple human stories. "The author of 'White Banners' knew this. I know it. You

know it. I have no patience with the half-baked modern intellectuals who think it is clever to make fun of simple virtues. Anybody who thinks at all must realize that if Life has no

spiritual meaning, it has no meaning at all.'

On the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter," Fay Bainter presented a figure that was a far cry from her drab Hannah of "White Banners." Smartly-clad in a light morning dress, she presided over a cheerful breakfast-room scene, in which Ian Hunter, Roland Young, Genevieve Tobin and May Robson also sat at the table. As the mother of Priscilla Lane in this screen version of the widely-discussed stage play, she struck a highly sophisticated note, mod-

ern, gay, intellectual.
"'White Banners'..." she breathed, at mention of this film, after the scene was finished . . . "how I loved making that. It carried a real message, to which people unconsciously responded.

These are troubled times. The world has need for such pictures right now, pictures that comfort and help restore





#### THE \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Dear Silver Screen:

"Gone Hollywood" is the term applied by the Moving Picture fraternity to fellow actors and actresses who, spoiled by success, attempt to high-hat their world. That's spoued by success, attempt to high-hat their world. That's been the trouble with many mammoth productions which failed to click with the public in recent years. They have "Gone Hollywood" and tried to high-hat Mr. and Mrs. Average American and the little A.A.'s, who still call their evening meal "supper," don't consider it old-fashioned to go to church on Sunday and love their homes and the

simple homespun happiness these homes symbolize.
Pictures like "White Banners" and "Green Light" strike a responsive chord in the hearts of these average millions, who find in them not just an hour's frothy entertainment,

but the wine of philosophy and spiritual bread.

Because such pictures really GIVE something to humanity, they SUCCEED, as worldly, wise-cracking pictures can never hope to do.

Sincerely yours, M. Elisabeth Stanton Chicago, Ill.

## TALKS BACK

By Whitney Williams





Left-Fay Bainter and Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." "White Banners" caught the eyes of the world and proved that Fay is a great actress.

Another Contest This Month! Write A Letter To Silver Screen And You May Win A Prize Of \$50. What Pictures Do You Like-And Why?



IN THE past, gossip from Hollywood has reached you. Silver Screen now offers an opportunity for you to tell Hollywood your opinions, and the best letter of constructive criticism will receive a prize of \$50. Every letter printed will be paid for (\$5.

#### CONDITIONS

- 1. Make your letter about 150
- words.

  2. No letter will be returned.

  3. Contest closes January 26, 1939.

  4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.

  5. Address your letter to PRIZE
- LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in "Dodge City," a "Western" of the days when prairie schooners carried Destiny ever westward.

Edmund

Goulding,

the famous

director (at left) arrang-

ing a scene

for Bette

Davis' new

picture, "Dark Vic-

tory."

one's faith, one's confidence in life in general. The same high principles that distinguished the young doctor in "Green Light" somewhat flavors the character of Spencer Tracy's role in "I Take This Woman," Frank Borzage's most recent film. Borzage directed the "Green Light"

of Miss Stanton's letter, and recalls its filming as one of the most interesting experiences of

his career, which has been a long one.

"From the very first, it was evident we had something bigger than any of us imagined while reading the script. Of course, the Lloyd C. Douglas book was unusually fine, but very often much of the original spirit and charm of a book is lost in adapting it to the screen. After viewing the first few days' rushes we were confident we were doing something really worthwhile."

Borzage's deft touch has been seen before, but never has his ability as a director been more pronounced. That is one reason why "I Take This Woman" promises so much in the way of treatment; some of the same philosophy is embodied that made "Green Light" such an outstanding success. It shows conflict, conflict of soul and purpose, and is a character study of a man who comes back from the ragged edge. Incidentally, it will offer new and enticing glimpses of the delectable Miss Lamarr.

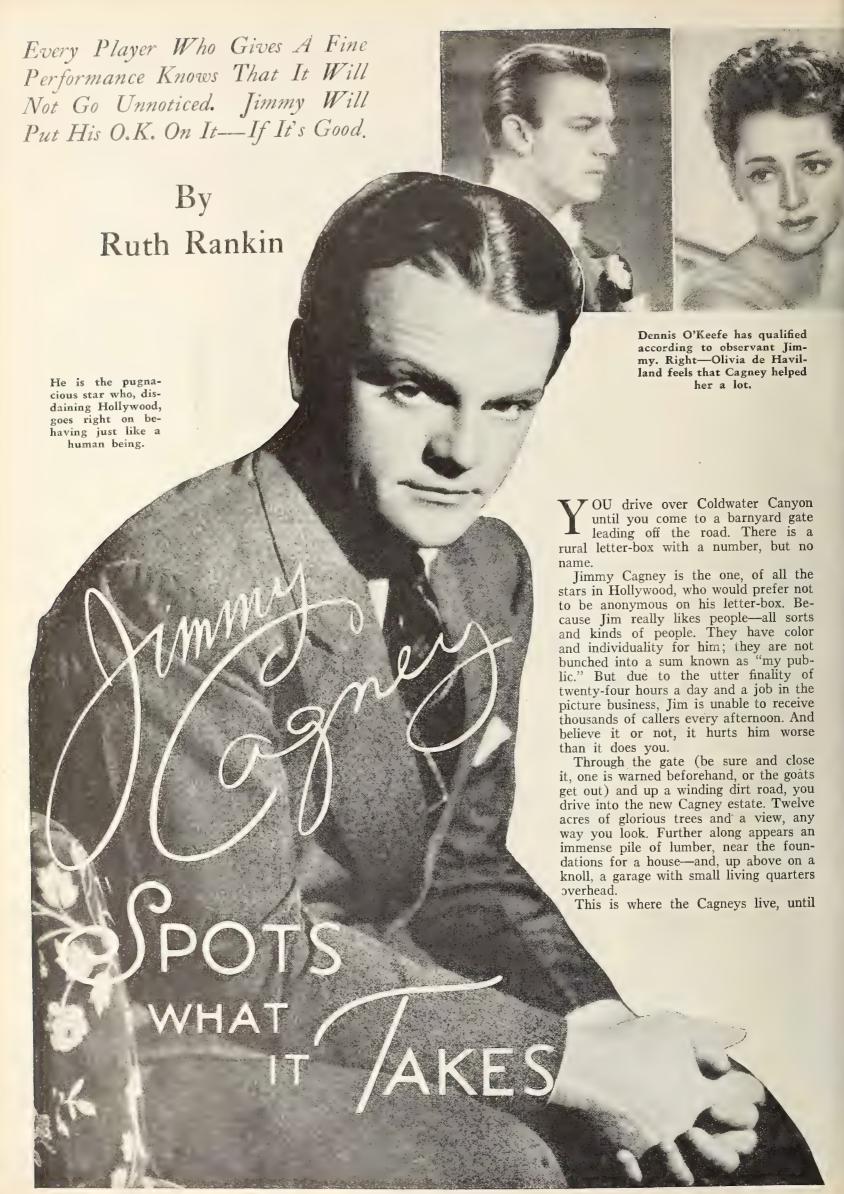
As "Green Light" introduced Errol Flynn in his first important straight role—before that he always had appeared in costume dramas—so does "Dodge City" offer him his initial opportunity to don the raiment of our own Wild West. "Dodge City" is a story of the days when the Santa Fe Railroad terminus was in that famed Kansas town, "when Hell was a-poppin'." Olivia de Havilland is the girl in the piece, and Flynn plays the part of a tough but gallant young desperado.

He had just finished a gun duel with Victor Jory and Bruce Cabot, a couple of "bad men," when he strolled over to where I was awaiting him. His usual British nonchalance already had returned, and his clean handsome face showed an eager interest

"'Green Light,'" he repeated, after hearing my question, "indeed I do remember it. That production convinced me an audience reacts more keenly to a story with a significant than an exciting theme. Studios should take heed of that, for after all we're in the business to satisfy the public, give it what it wants rather than what we want to give it. If the industry followed this procedure there would be better films."

Margaret Lindsay, prominent in "Green Light" and seen last in "Broadway Musketeers," made this comment.
"I think Miss Stanton's letter should be read by every young girl in America," she confided. "Whenever you see girls headed down the wrong paths, you can be very sure it's because they have turned their back on old-fashioned truths."

for FEBRUARY 1939



Gloria brought home a Title, Hollywood's first, I think . . . when Betty Blythe was the sumptuous satiny Oueen of Sheba, still unforgotten . . . when Myrna Loy was an exotic and because she was an exotic was "discovered" by Valentino who knew nothing, mark you, of her abilities or her talents but only that her photographed eyes had an Oriental cast, her face was not as other faces.

Yes, Hollywood, the days when all their ways and all their days were lit with glamour, strangely exciting because nothing is ever so provocatively exciting as glamour and love and desperation and desires when they live in the bodies of beautiful women . . . and strangely lasting, too, the memory of these glamorous ones and because they are lasting, these memories, glamour is important . . . a Barbara LaMarr, a Swanson, a Negri, a Naldi . . . Ann Sheridan, a Lombard, a Paulette Goddard, a Dorothy Lamour, a Joan Bennett, a Wendy Barrie . . . for we do not believe that Hedy has a corner on the glamour market. Not really. Not if Hollywood bestirs itself among its own, remembering old delights with which to delight us.

And Hollywood is remembering, make no mistake about that. Every studio in town is eying its own particular Garden of Fair Women hoping to find an orchid, a Passion Flower among the daisies and the buttercups. MGM is making a picture titled These Glamour Girls. RKO has signed Wendy Barry of the light green eyes and romantic aura hoping to emphasize in her



Betty Grable is a blonde of devastating shapeliness. Above, right-Hedy La-

marr in one role made

the world realize what

it had been missing.

For many years SILVER SCREEN, in its Ivory Tower, has looked down upon a strange procession . . . first upon the stormy petrels we have mentioned, the flamey ones . . . and then the procession changed colour, muted its voice, slowed its dancing step and the glamorous ones were buried under the tomb called Good Taste . . . they were frowned upon by thin-lipped Censorship . . . the sweet little sepulchres were whitened, uniformly, drably, puritanically. Joan Crawford shed

thanks to Lamarr.

Miranda for a Lamarr spot in the limelight. Warner Brothers watch Priscilla and Rosemary Lane thru rose-coloured lenses. MGM speaks of Ruth Hussey. Yes, Hollywood is glamour-conscious once again,



Isa Miranda, poised and proud, but with a "come hither" look.

who, with her silence, her mysterious seclusion, had a corner on glamour not even Hedy could touch, let the bright robe slip from her indifferent shoulders because on the rare occasions when she does emerge from her hermitage she wears flat-soled shoes, lank hair, last year's felt hat, pale lips and pale words.

When the candid camera came in, the last incandescent cobwebs of glamour were swept away. Beautiful Joan Bennett was snapped squinting at the Races. Imperial Kay Francis, who is as luscious as any heroine of fable, as dark and desirable as Shakespeare's Dark Lady of the Sonnets, was shown doing a Big Apple, riding a bike in shorts. Red-gold Ginger Rogers who could summon us, a dryad from a silver birch, was depicted squirting seltzer water behind a soda fountain or whipping up a little dinner at home or getting a cup of water flung in her face (accidentally) by Katy Hepburn wearing overalls. Beautiful-as-the-dawn Virginia Bruce, who should be empedestalled on a marble column and hymned by Today's laureate, announced that she likes to ride in the rumble seats of roadsters

and eat wienies at beach piers and amusement parks. The sweeping discard of glamour and excitement and colour has been too drastic. There have been too few Magnificent Mummers, too many sedate Missuses, with manners and morals. But the zeal of the reformers has not lessened the appetite of the public for girls with rhymed bodies and veiled, inviting eyes, the Jones Family notwithstanding. It is still true that the immortal and imperishable names are those of Guinevere and Elaine, Faustine and Dolores, Isolde and the burning true that a Valentino is remembered when a Charles Ray is, alas, all but forgotten.

And if you don't believe that we have been ahunger and

athirst for glamour, consider the case of Hedy Lamarr

Lamarr has taught us such a lesson as is causing Hollywood to turn in its sleep, restless and unquiet. For Hedy appeared and never has a girl, with a relatively unimportant bit of acting in a relatively small part, ever been greeted with such universal, such feverish acclaim. It is ridiculous to suppose that Lamarr is a sensation because of her brilliant talent. Talent she undoubtedly has got. But "Algiers" did not give her sufficient opportunity to prove her talent one way or the other. We will be better able to judge of that when we see her in her next picture, "I Take This Woman," with Spencer Tracy. And then in the picture after that. But certainly it was not the Duse in her that put her on the front pages of movie news the world over, that caused her name to top practically every other Hollywood name in practically every Hollywood column written, on practically every Hollywood broadcast given. It was not the quality of her mind, the depth of her character nor how good she is to her mother that made Hedy-but literally overnight-the talk of this town and all others.

No, Hedy stormed the fortress of the screen and took it because she has a storm of midnight hair, inviting hot eyes, inviting sultry lips, a tall, subtly curved figure, a withdrawingness into Mystery which makes all men

who glimpse her start from their seats as though to follow her even as, in "Algiers," Pepe Le Moko followed her—to his death. It is also because she is a foreigner, with the established glamour of Vienna as her back-ground. It is because she was the star of "Ecstasy" which should have hurt her career, perhaps, but did not . . . it is because of the rumors of young men, young officers and diplomats who killed themselves for love of her . . . it is because of her tycoon husband who lavished his millions upon her the while keeping her prisoned in a jewelled cage . . . is the stuff of Glamour. It is nothing that Hedy did. Actually, Hedy did almost nothing, on the and dangerous and desirable. Or seems to be. come to a definition of called Glamour.

beauty, yes . . . beauty framed exotically. This screen or off of it. It is simply that Hedy is Beautiful. Is mysterious and provocative And that charming is the nearest one can the indefinable quality

Danielle Darrieux is lovely, clothed in mystery.

> But we do not, I repeat, believe that Hedy has a corner in the glamour market. For there are others, home-grown. And although to be homegrown does seem to be something of a handicap to Glamour, we can take heart remembering that other Lamarr and Swanson, and recently Jean Harlow, who dazzled the heart of her world while she lived, and broke it when she died. And there is Shirley Temple who has glamorized childhood for all of us. And there is the case history of Bette Davis. Hollywood is remembering that it wasn't until Bette bleached her dark hair golden, dropped her Boston primness that Hollywood stopped calling her the "Little Brown Wren," that Hollywood started her on her triumphal parade of pictures which led to "Jezebel," which gives you the Bette you will see in "Dark Victory". in the not-so-long-ago days when Hollywood said "Bette is a swell actress but she has no sex appeal" they might as well have been writing Bette's epitaph. Bette is now rated as Hollywood's No. 1 actress but her abilities might well have remained hidden under her primness for it was [Continued on page 64]



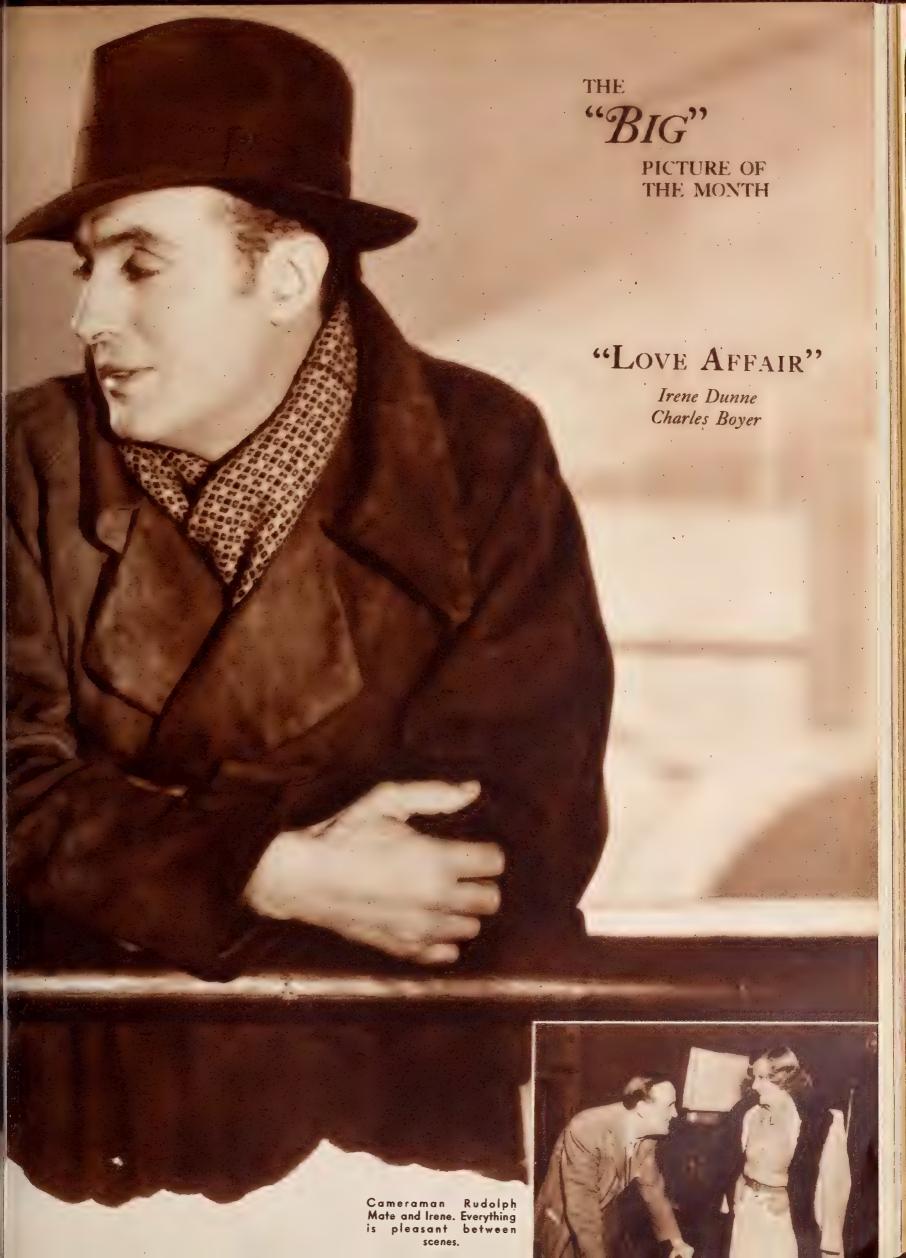


















# Year Ilying Start



In "Ambush," Gladys Swarthout and Gene Morgan go melodramatic and songs are forgotten.



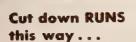
Joyce Compton, Preston Foster, Kay Linaker and Frank Jenks have Raymond Parker all upset in "The Last Warning."

# Do we cut down RUNS with Lux?"

"You bet we do," girls say

EVEN WITH THE STOOPING AND STRAIN OF HOUSEWORK, MY STOCKINGS DON'T POP RUNS NEARLY SO OFTEN WITH LUX

MRS. F. S. PEARSON Housewife "With a job and a wee salary I'm more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less often!"



Runs come easily when silk loses *elasticity*. Save the elasticity of your stockings—Lux them after every wearing.

AT COLLEGE
ALMOST ALL
THE GIRLS LUX
STOCKINGS. WE'VE
LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE LUX
CUTS DOWN RUNS

A little goes so far

—Lux is THRIFTY



T'S EASY to cut down runs with Lux," girls say. Lux saves elasticity—stockings give under strain. Runs don't pop so often! Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity—then runs may come!

saves elasticity









It was four o'clock in the afternoon and from the dimly lit grillroom came music for the tea dance, softly subdued. The "shuff-shuff" of the dancers' feet, the polite tinkle of crystal against thin china, low murmur of voices . . . tea time in Hollywood. But to young Mr. Ayres as

In "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres as the interne carried this scene to a climax, the dramatic intensity of which will not soon be forgotten.

he made his way through the crowded room to the table reserved for the musicians in back of the bandstand, there were weightier things on his mind. His immediate future was at stake, especially that part of the future which embodied a slight formality of eating, and if he didn't get this job something hugely unpleasant seemed almost certain to happen. Well, after all, he was one of the best banjo and guitar players in town and if, as he had heard, the guitar player in this band was leaving, there was no reason why he shouldn't get the job.

Lew seated himself at the musicians' table and waited for the boys to take an intermission . . . he knew them all and had worked with most of them at one time or another so he felt reasonably sure a few of them would put in a good word for him to the leader. Oh, he was getting more confident by the minute and even the future was taking on a mild, pinkish hue as he sat there and mused on the job he was about to get. He even managed to spend a part of his first week's salary.

Mr. Ayres had just started a bank account with his second week's pay check when a stranger came up and seated himself at Lew's table. "My name is Ivan Kahn," he said, as if that explained everything.

Lew automatically extended his hand. "My name is Ayres," he said, wondering vaguely if this fellow was another musician on the trail of the same job. Fervently, he hoped not.

"You waiting to see the leader, too?" he asked.
"No," said Mr. Kahn, "but I'd like to have a talk with

you, though." "Okay," Lew said, "What about?" Funny thing, he thought, for a fellow just to come barging up and saying he wanted to talk to you.

"Are you in pictures?" asked Kahn. "Or are you tied up with any agent or anything?"

Aha, so that was it! A gag, huh? Somebody in the band, knowing his all-consuming passion, had framed up a rib with this chap Kahn. Well, nothing like ribbing the ribber.

"No," Lew replied, innocently naive, "I'm not tied up with anyone and as a matter of fact I've never thought much about pictures one way or another." Politely, he stifled a small yawn.

Mr. Kahn said, "Well, unless you're an eccentric millionaire

or something I think it's high time you gave the matter some

thought. I think I might be able to get you a test."
"Oh, I don't know as I'd care much about that," Lew said, "I'm pretty busy right at this [Continued on page 72]



Under The Management Of The Sound Engineers Your Ears Play You False. Every Noise Is Phony - Even Bird Seed Becomes Sleet.

mythical men from Mars. When radio came into being years ago, it was noticeable that the first plays presented over the air didn't get over at all with the listeners-in. This was because the technique of writing for radio was so new that the script men failed to recognize the importance of background. They didn't understand that they were attempting

When next you hear the ominous sound of footsteps remember this sound effects crew at the Columbia Broadcasting Studio.

SEEING is believing. At least, so they say. But you and I do not believe everything we see in the movies. We know that the great train wreck was made by crashing miniatures which, through trick photography, were blown up to life-size dimensions. And Nature never cooperates to the extent of staging hurricanes, rain storms and earthquakes just when they are required to help along the plot of a scenario-and then keeps on repeating these catastrophes for as long as they are needed for rehearsal. No, we know that the special effects department in each studio can and does duplicate these feats of Nature and does them even better than Nature, for the technicians can control the damage to be done.

Well, just as you can't believe everything you see on the screen, it's a good idea not to believe everything you hear on the radio, where Nature faking is prac-ticed as a fine art. For what scenery is to the stage and screen, sound effects are to radio. They provide the necessary background or setting for microphone drama. In the opinion of many people it was the realistic and awesome sound effects rather than the dialogue that was responsible for the nationwide scare when everyone took as real Orson Welles' vivid broadcast of the destruction of the world by the



# DECEIVERS OF RADIO

#### By Ruth Arell

man to produce a play on an "empty stage," a stage that existed only in the imagination of the air audience.

the imagination of the air audience.
Soon, however, authors learned how, through the medium of sound, to construct the necessary scenery that the listener must set up in his mind as the background of the drama. This scenery, of course, came from the sound effects department, and by their use they can create the weather, tell the time, and set the locale for the action. They give pace to the action, denote transition from scene to scene, and give perspective. But most amazing of all is how they produce this background scenery that you "see," for it is seldom

Na C

what it's supposed to be.

Take one of those tense melodramas that director Cecil B. DeMille likes to send across the network. The announcer tells us only that Madeline Carroll, Franchot Tone and George Brent are seated before a cozy fire while a storm rages outside when footsteps are heard, a shot is

footsteps are heard, a shot is fired, and someone drives off in an automobile.

Actually what the listener "sees" is a cheery living room with a blaze crackling in the fireplace while the wind howls outside and the sleet beats against the window panes. There is a crackling sound as the door opens on its hinges, and wind and sleet howl in through the doorway. There are quick steps across the room, a brief scuffle, a stifled scream and a sharp report. Quick feet run across the room and the door slams shut, causing the sound of wind and sleet to diminish. Outside, a car starts off into the night.

Now, beyond the announcer's few words, nothing has been said, but the listener is aware of every movement. And here is how it is done.

The three principals cluster about one microphone, while apart from them at a mike of his own, the sound effects man faces a table with equipment he needs. To get the sound of the

Listeners seethe with excitement. Death misses by inches. But inside the studio peace reigns. It is really the broadcast of "The Gang Busters."



Top—Elsie Mae Gordon, a scream expert, and no girl for a Romeo to start tickling.

Above—left. Bradley Barker, who can make a whole barnyard voluble.

crackling blaze, he crumples sheets of Cellophane. Simultaneously he presses buttons which set in operation two motors, one in each of two black boxes. One of these boxes is a wind machine which, by blowing air through sirens of different pitch, gives the sound of howling wind. The other has paddles which pick up and drop bird seed onto tissue paper, giving the sound of beating sleet. Near him mounted in a bare frame is a door which, when he opens it, gives a rasping sound as it swings on its hinges. The electric motors are then speeded up, thus increasing the sound of the wind and sleet heard through the open door. After the scuffle, which he made by shuffling his feet on a board, and the choked scream which was played on a phonograph record, he fires the cap pistol. He then steps lightly on some specially prepared board to simulate retreating footfalls, slams the door shut and turns down the electric motors to muffle the storm sounds. Turning on another record, he gets the complete effect of starting a car, turning it around, having it gather speed and then fade off into the distance. [Continued on page 62]

## LETTERS FROM The GRAND **URY**

OF THE MOVIES

The Writers Of The Following Letters Received "Honorable Mention" In The

Contest For Opinions About Pictures. (\$5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)

Ralph Bellamy and Ginger Rogers in "Carefree." Ralph's brilliant playing in this picture added to his popularity.

"Drums" was a source of great joy to Kipling readers.



EAR EDITOR: Once or twice in a blue moon, Hollywood gives us a picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. This time it's "Sing, You Sinners."

The story is a simple one about the home life of plain folks, but it's so well-cast, well-acted and well-sung that it's a pleasure. Not only is the plot perfectly logical from beginning to end but it can take the mental re-hashing on the way home from the movies.

Believe it or not, in spite of a winning horse this family doesn't get rich quick.

If anything the race track is de-glam-orized and the good life emphasized.

Certainly this is no sissy story, but why the title "Sing, You Sinners"? Even a homespun monicker like "Just Folks" would hit closer to the bull's eye. Or is sin still supposed to be a box-office at-

Whatever the case may be, I just can't stop humming that swell number "Small

> Candidly yours, AUGUSTA ROSENBERG, Newark, N. J.



Ellen Drew, Fred MacMurray, Elizabeth Patterson, Donald O'Connor and Bing Crosby. "Sing, You Sinners" was a winner, thanks to its sane plot. In fact, maybe we'll see more of the Beebe Family.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I believe that the actual physical suitability of an actor for a part is sometimes overlooked.

Let us take, as an example, the picture "Carefree." First, however, I wish to say that I enjoy both the acting and the dancing of Fred Astaire. But my imagination refused positively to be persuaded that he could take the beautiful heroine away from Ralph Bellamy. You would not ask us to believe that Freddie Bartholomew could overthrow Man Mountain Dean in physical combat; neither should you ask us to be convinced that Fred Astaire could take a girl away from a man with the charm, appeal, and physique of Ralph Bellamy. It was unfair to both of the men.

There should be a believable realism in the actual physical endowments of the actors, as well as in the story plot, in

Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy in "Boys Town." This picture, along with the Judge Hardy series, received the most complimentary letters. Mickey is in both—perhaps he'll also be in the Academy list?

order to make a satisfying picture.

CEE HAGEN,
Salt Lake City, Utah

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

There has been much discussion as to

why "Marie Antoinette"—a picture skill-fully directed, beautifully acted and magnificently produced—has not been more staggeringly successful.

staggeringly successful.

Might it not be that its very overelaboration defeated its purpose? Its glittering background and gorgeous costumes
are impressive; but their brilliance dazzles
and confuses, blinding the audience to
such exquisite bits as, for instance, the
doomed father promising to mend his
child's toy. Such little human touches as
this are what make a picture truly great.

The other-worldness of "Lost Horizon" excites our imagination, and the pageantry of "Drums" is thrilling; but what we remember best in the former are certain commonplace episodes, and in the latter the natural boyishness of the pact between the prince and the young drummer.

Give us glamour, movement, color; but stress the everyday things, the simple actions that so potently lend to makebelieve the conviction of reality.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. GEORGE ROBERT ARGO,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Now that the "jazz-age" has passed, it's the quiet, homey, peaceful things that count.

Note the sensational success of "Boys Town" and "Four Daughters." Nothing elaborate about them, yet both reached deep into the hidden core of us all, and made us live with the actors.

The greatest scene it's ever been my privilege to witness, either on stage or screen, was that tiny bit in "Boys Town" where Father Flanagan, watching the departure of his errant ward, fills a glass with water, sips it, and then pours the

remainder into a small plant on his desk. The sight of any man with his mind filled with the sorrows of mankind, taking a moment to nurture nature's growth, brought tears to the eyes of many hardened persons.

That is my proof, "It's the little things that count!"

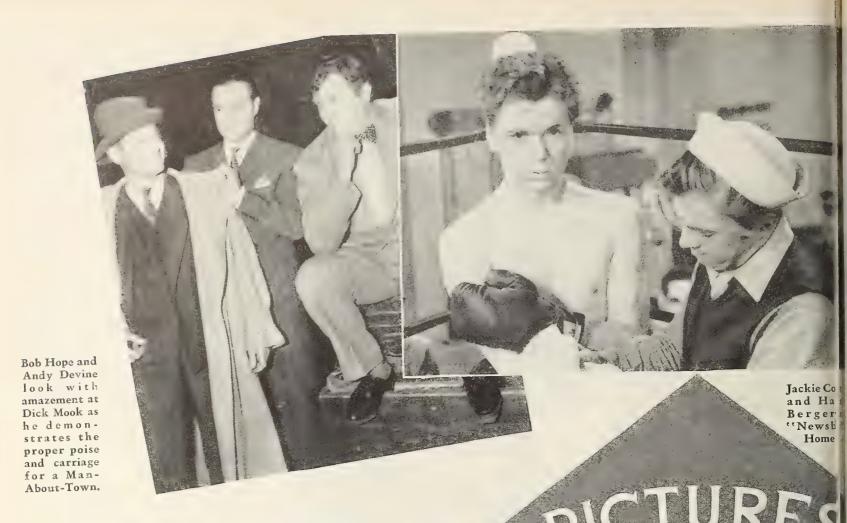
Respectfully yours, MURIEL CHERNOFF, Hamden, Conn.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

My father and R. L. Stevenson were in the University of Edinburgh at the same time, and I looked forward, with great expectations, when I heard that "Kidnaped" was to be filmed. Words fail me when I try to express my disappointment in the picture. Too bad the author can not see that mutilated version of his work.

Must we have a gooey love scene in every picture? Why have that silly, soft looking girl in a picture that should show something of the rugged people who lived in a wild, rough country?

Scotch music [Continued on page 80]



A Tour Of The Studios Of The Picture Maker's With A Glimpse Of The Artists At Work.

#### By S. R. Mook

T IS with mixed emotions I set forth on my pilgrimage of the studios this bright morning. Many of the people whom I know well are working, so there should be laughs. But, on the other hand, many of these same people are not above tossing a barb or two in my direction, which always embarrasses me. Well, heigho, as we used to say before Silver was discovered. Let's start with—

#### Universal

THERE is more doing here than there has been in many a moon. First there is "Swing, Sister" with Ken Murray, Eddie Quillan (who is seen all too seldom these days), Johnnie Downs, Kathryn Kane, Edna Sedgwick and Ernest Truex.

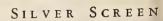
"Well, look who's here!" Ken burbles as I appear on the set. "My dear Mr. Mook," he goes on, "I will have you to know that last Sat. eve. out at Jimmie Fidler's, the erstwhile light of my life, Miss Sue Carroll, and I put the bee on Mr. Jimmie Fidler and Miss Dorothy Manners-Ramsey," he adds slowfully and regretfully, "to the tune of twenty three slugs." He takes time out for smirking and then continues, "Mr. Fiddler is fit to be tied and keeps yelling, 'It's the cards! I've never held such MEAN hands in my life.'"

"Well, look who's here!" Ken burbles with Mr. Fidler because, not only is he



Frieda Inescourt and Patric Knowles in "Beauty for the Asking."

a crackerjack bridge player, but in all the years I know Mr. Murray (which is quite some years) I never knew him to win at bridge except once when he is playing with an over-ripe tomato by the name of Lew Ayres, and Lew, knowing nothing of Mr. Murray's peculiar and unfathomable system of bidding, takes him at his word on a two-bid and boosts it up to a grand slam which I double



and they re-double and Lew's hand accidentally fits with Mr. Murray's. So they collect to a tune I had much rather forget and, personally, I would rather discuss Edgar Bergen with Mr. Murray than bridge because I am convinced Mr. Murray knows nothing of bridge and he seems to know a lot about Mr. Bergen.

Before we become seriously involved over the merits in Mr. Bergen, Mr. Joseph Santley, who is directing the picture, busts into the scene and says like this: "Mr. Mook, will you kindly, in the future, refrain from sending double malted milks to my luncheon table when you know I am on a diet as you must be well aware by this time that I can resist anything except a double malted milk. And, furthermore," he says, "you are aware that for the past ninety years of my life I am trying to graduate from being a dancer and actor into being a director and no sooner do I begin to be recognized as one than you do everything in your power to force me to get out the dancing shoes and work off my waistline. Will the talent kindly step in front of the camera?"

So everyone takes his place and Mr. Santley continues thus and so: "Inasmuch as we have not yet shot the beginning of this picture, I think it no more than fair to tell you that Mr. Downs has been a gas station attendant in Glenvale. Mr. Murray is a high-powered, but temporarily insolvent (I'll say he is!) pressagent who sees his chance to get back into the financial groove with a new dance created by Johnnie and his partner Snookie (Kathryn Kane). Johnnie promotes Professor L. Orlando Beebe (Mr. Truex), last and least successful of a long line of dance instructors, for \$500 to bring the team to New York, along with Satchel Lips Peters (Mr. Quillan), an erstwhile grocery clerk and hot trombonist. Mr. Truex is to receive credit for thinking up the dance. Well, they perform the dance and Mr. Truex's studio is swamped with jitterbugs, and that is where I come in.

"Come on, kids," Mr. Murray invites

Johnnie and Kachryn (I can remember when Kathryn was spelled C-a-t-h-e-ri-n-e), "get your things off and start pitching! All these dopes are here for lessons in the Baltimore Bubble. And the only thing Beebe (Truex) can show 'em is a bad imitation of a sprained ankle."

"Looks like it's gonna catch on," Johnnie opines hopefully. "Come on, Snookie, let's get started."

"Snookie is going to have a little talk to somebody about finances before we take another step," Miss Kane announces unreasonably, "or Snookie and the Baltimore Bubble go blowing right out of here."

"Now, honey," Mr. Murray interposes soothingly, "just you leave everything to me and—"

"We'll end up behind the hashball," Mr. Quillan cuts in.

Mr. Murray looks somewhat more than puzzled at this interruption because that line is not in the script. It is interpolated by Mr. Quillan. Mr. Murray has one thing in common with John Barrymore. It is neither his profile nor his acting ability. It is his inability to remember his lines and when people start interpolating it confuses him more than somewhat, a fact of which Mr. Quillan and his brother Johnnie are well aware. And before the day is over Mr. Murray is ready for an insane asylum because the two Brothers Quillan have been polishing Eddie's lines until Mr. Murray doesn't know from his cues whether he is the high-powered press agent or merely the end man in an old time minstrel show. And all this is no surprise to me because the Quillans are Scotch and they have never let go of anything-even Opportunity—long enough to see whether it would knock once or laugh twice at their lame gags.

Mr. Murray's discomfiture is a source of quite some enjoyment to me because it is the first time I ever saw Mr. Murray discomfited, except once when he was playing bridge with Dr. Joe Harris and Dr. Joe bawled him out in front of a roomful of people for not understanding a psychic bid and told him he was mentally deficient, which caused Mr. Murray to turn a lobster red. So I laugh heartily at the Quillan Brothers, because anything they say is funny to me and I still think Johnny's account of the time he left the family act to go into a musical comedy production is the funniest thing I ever heard. But my merriment is not at all to Mr. Joseph Santley's liking and he comes up to me and says, "Mr. Mook, you are disrupting my troupe and if you will kindly take yourself and your mirth elsewhere it may be that I can catch up on my shooting schedule.'

Well, nobody has to drop a ton of lettuce on my head to let me know I'm not wanted to dinner so I betake myself to another stage where "The Son of Frankenstein" is shooting.

Both Mr. Karloff and Mr. Lugosi are working in this, aided and abetted by Miss Emma Dunn, Mr. Basil Rathbone, Mr. Edgar Norton (who is still my idea of the perfect Jeeves), Miss Josephine Hutchinson and little Donny Donnegan who hails from my home town of Memphis. There is so much horror going around in this picture that Mr. Rathbone is nothing but a gilded lily, which may

Reginald Denny, E. E. Clive, Heather Angel, John Howard and H. B. Warner. It's "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police."





James Stephenson and Rosella Towne in "Adventures of Jane Arden."



James Cagney, Rosemary Lane and Donald Crisp in "The Oklahoma Kid."

Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Billy Lee and Donald O'Connor in 'Parents On Probation."

give you some slight idea of the horror

I tell Miss Dunn I see her all too seldom and she rejoins that that is music to her ears and about what she has been thinking herself (because she was once a big star on Broadway). And about this time the director calls her and she takes her place with Donny on the landing of some stairs. It is quite apparent to one in the know (meaning me) that Donny is Jo's son and that they have just arrived at this place (and a very gloomy place it is, too, with sinister shadows flooding the stairway leading to the upper floor). As Miss Dunn and Donny start up the stairs (she is the maid and on her way to put Donny to bed) they pause and turn as Jo speaks.
"Are the bedrooms cheery?" Joe in-

quires anxiously.

"Yes, quite cheery, Madame," Miss Dunn responds. "I think you will be surprised.

I'll bet they will.

The last picture of the month—on this lot-is "Newsboys' Home" starring Jackie Cooper. It has a swell cast, including Edmund Lowe, Edward Norris, Samuel Hinds, Harry Beresford, Elisha Cook, Jr. and the five roughnecks whom you may have seen in "Little Tough Guys in So-

Jackie is a waif, wandering aimlessly from town to town. Arriving broke and



hungry in a big city, he seeks the shelter of a newsboys' home. Before he can eat he is forced to fight the champion of the home-Mr. Cooke (whom I still insist woke me up one morning at five o'clock, demanding breakfast—as though I run a short order house). He (Jackie) climbs into the ring. As he waits for the bell he sees boys all around him eating. One

boy is eating a monstrous sandwich. Another is gobbling hot dogs—one in each hand. A third is gargling from a bottle of pop. A fourth is slowly and carefully peeling a banana.

"Gosh, I'm hungry," Jackie whispers

The bell rings and the fight is on. Mr. Cook once again resorts to some unethical tactics which infuriate Jackie so that he finally pastes Mr. Cook on the button, is acclaimed the house champion and all he has to do for the rest of the reel is pick and choose from the hot-dogs,

bananas and pop.

There is one thing about Jackie. No one who saw him as Skippy or Donovan's Kid or in "The Champ" will ever forget him. The only time you don't remember Jackie is in some of the awful pictures he made where he hadn't a chance and no one went to see them. Every performance he has ever given has been on a par with the ones mentioned.

Well, that takes care of Universal. We'll proceed to—

#### R-K-O

I HAVE never known this studio to be so busy—eight pictures shooting. The Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer picture I told you about last month. "The Castles," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, I'll tell you about next month. "Arizona Legion" starring George O'Brien, "White Slaves" starring Ann Shirley and "Fishermen's Wharf" starring Bobbie Breen are are on location. However, there are plenty left.

"Pacific Liner" starring Chester Morris and Victor McLaglen, with Lew Landers directing, is shooting. Chet is a specialist on tropical diseases but he has the wanderlust so he ships as a ship's doctor on a vessel from Shanghai to San Fran-

cisco.

Mr. McLaglen, the ship's husky chief engineer, is a hard-driving tyrant below decks and resents it when Chet announces he'll hold a daily medical inspection among the "black gang." A few nights out a native stowaway is discovered in the hold. He seems to be ill and Vic sends him to bed in the firemen's quarters to await Chet's visit in the morning. Chet finds the man dead—from the dreaded Asiatic cholera. Quietly he tells Vic the entire engine-room and fire-room areas must be quarantined. If possible, the pas-

sengers must not know for fear of panic.

Although the passengers are kept in ignorance of the volcano beneath them, the disease spreads and we find Vic facing Chet in the improvised sick-bay in the hold, furious because Chet won't let his men out.

"Personally, I don't give a hang about you," Chet informs him bluntly, "but there are rumors on this ship that you are an indispensable nuisance. "That's no idle—"

"That's no idle—"
Mr. McLaglen re-



Martha Raye, Andy Devine, Bob Hope in "Never Say Die."



Eddie Quillan, Kathryn Kane, Ken Murray, Ernest Truex, Edna Sedgwick and Johnnie Downs in "Swing, Sister."

turns vehemently and then blows up in his lines.

"Chit-chat," the script girl, prompts him.

"Chit-chat?" Mr. Mc repeats in a

puzzled tone.
"Chatter," Lew Landers explains helpfully.

"That's no idle chatter," Mr. McLaglen takes it up.

The scene goes on with the boys hurling insults and epithets at one another. When it's finished Chet comes up to shake hands.

"As soon as this picture is over," he volunteers, "I'm going back to do more personal appearances."

"Ya know," I conjecture, "as long as I've known you and as well as I knew you—dinner about three times a week," I explain meaningly, "I never heard any mention of all this magic with which you're nowadays mystifying the popu-

"I never inflicted it on my friends—before I found it paid," Chet explains modestly.

Well, I'm not going to be any guinea pig for anybody—whether it pays or not—so I wish him well on his trip and try the next stage where "Beauty for the Asking" is shooting.

This features Lucille Ball (the girl who knows all the answers and doesn't hesi[Continued on page 66]



Fay Bainter, May Robson and Roland Young in "Yes, My Darling Daughter."



Robert Young, Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas who are so fortu-nately cast in "The Shining Hour."

#### THE SHINING HOUR A DRAMA FOR ADULTS—MGM

N HER newest picture Joan Crawford plays Maggie Riley, a girl from the Tenth Avenue slums, who by sheer determination and hard work has danced her way into fame and fortune at the elegant El Sirocco Club in New York. She marries into a smug, venerable and very stuffy family who pride themselves on being landed gentry, and who definitely do not want her and her cheap back-ground in the family.

When her husband, Melvyn Douglas, brings her to the ancestral home she walks right into a sister-in-law, Fay Bainter, who is positive that Joan is a bad girl and will stop at nothing to prove it. The younger brother, Robert Young, who is somewhat of a neurotic, falls in love with her and makes a play for her. All of which is quite upsetting to his tense young wife, Margaret Sullavan, who loves him so devotedly that she is willing to die so that he can find happiness with Joan.

Everyone becomes thoroughly unhappy and suspicious until the burning of the new home being built for Joan, and Margaret's attempt at suicide in its flames, brings them all back to normal-and to the right wives and husbands.

Frank Albertson plays a small town

guy who gets ideas about Joan, Allyn Joslyn plays a night club master of ceremonies, and Hat-

tie McDaniel plays Joan's faithful maid. The cast is excellent-Joan outdoes herself with a brilliant performance—but the story, alas, is not so brilliant. In the opening sequence Joan does a dance with the famous Tony DeMarco which is beautiful and glamorous and has the Crawford fans in ecstasies.

#### THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

GARY COOPER'S FANS WILL ADORE This—UA

ARY COOPER and Merle Oberon J are romantically teamed in the newest picture from the Goldwyn workshop which shows signs of breaking records wherever it goes. Gary, our best All-American, plays Stretch Willoughby, a cowboy who leaves his home ranch to become a rodeo performer, in hopes that he might meet a gal who will occupy the

little house he is building out West. He wants a good work horse, and no show horses need apply.

Merle, who has more "heart" on the screen than most actresses, plays the daughter of a man who is ambitious to be nominated president, so ambitious that he has sacrificed everything, including his daughter's happiness. To avoid a scanda he sends her off to the Palm Beach house where she, practically dying of boredom begs her two maids, Patsy Kelly and Mable Todd, to take her along to the rode and get her a blind date.

When she meets Gary she tells him that she is a lady's maid and wins him with a sad story about her drunken father and four little sisters. He marries her and takes her to his rodeo camp near Gal-

veston.

But the climax comes when Cowboy Gary discovers that his wife is not a lady's maid, and there is a swell scene where he tells off her father and a lot of stuffed shirt socialites. Harry Davenport as Merle's understanding uncle stands out in the cast. Walter Brennan and Fuzzy Knight play cowboys and Emma Dunn is grand as Ma Hawkins. The sequence

> OF TH NEW PICTJ



where Gary is caught playing house in pantomime reaches a new high in comedy.

#### SAY IT IN FRENCH

FRIVOLOUS, FROTHY AND VERY FUNNY—Par.

RAY MILLAND plays a golf champion who returns from Europe with a cute little French bride, Olympe Bradna, only to discover that papa has gone broke in his absence and has arranged for him to marry rich Irene Hervey to save them from financial disaster. Before he has a chance to tell papa about Olympe she is mistaken for the new French maid and coaxes her husband into helping her conceal her identity.

It's all a delightful joke with Olympe until she discovers that the beautiful Irene is in love with her husband. You can well imagine that the household complications are spicy and diverting. There are excellent performances by Janet Beecher and Holmes Herbert as Ray's parents, and Mary Carlisle as his sister.

#### LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY

CHILDREN WILL "EAT THIS UP"—U

THOSE little tough guys are here again, so hold on tight to your lorgnettes. Jackie Searl is cast as a very spoiled and very wealthy Mamma's boy who solves life's problems simply by staying in bed. His fluttery screwball mother, Mary Boland, calls in a phony psychi-

atrist to diagnose his case, and naturally Dr. Mischa Auer isn't going to miss out on a chance like this to make some easy money.

He arranges for Jackie and his society friends to do a bit of mingling with a gang of roughnecks from the slums, which mingling of course is conducive to much rambunctious hilarity.



Irene Hervey and Ray Milland in "Say It In French." They seem to have an interested audience in Josef Swickard and Billy Lee.



The kissed Merle Oberon signals to her pals that Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady" is doing all right. Eventually the sissies and the tough guys share honors and heroics in the rout of a bunch of stick-up thugs.

Edward Everett Horton appears as a harrassed butler, and Frankie Thomas and

Helen Parrish stand out among the kids. This picture will appeal mostly to the youngsters.

ARREST BULLDOG DRUMMOND

As An Amateur Sleuth He Drives Scotland Yard Mad—Par.

Mischa Auer, Mary Boland and Jackie Searl in "Little Tough Guys in Society." DULLDOG DRUMMOND is at it again, meddling in the solution of crime. This time, two murders are committed by an international spy to gain possession of a valuable invention—a death

ray designed to set off explosives at any range.

The murderer will soon try to sell the machine to the highest bidding government for use in warfare—but ah, they failed to reckon with England's ace amateur sleuth, Bulldog Drummond, who "gets there" faster even than Scotland Yard.

John Howard again plays Drummond, and again deserts his girl right before their marriage to go off sleuthing with Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive. This is by far one of the most exciting in the very popular Bulldog Drummond series.

### THANKS FOR THE MEMORY YOU WILL LIKE THIS COMEDY WITH MUSIC—Par.

ALL on account of they were such a sensation when they sang "Thanks for the Memory" together in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," good old Paramount decided to team Shirley Ross and Bob Hope in a picture named after the song. And a very agreeable decision it was too. Nobody can put over a song number as well as that Ross gal and nobody can de-

liver lines so cleverly as Bob Hope.

Just for old times' sake Shirley and Bob sing "Thanks for the Memory" again—it has been dressed up with some new lyrics—and also share honors in a new and delightfully tuneful ditty called, "Two Sleepy People." The story's all about the marital adventures of a young author whose wife takes a job as a model so that her husband will have time to write the great American novel—after he has finished the housework.

Patricia Wilder plays Louella Mae, the helpless little Southern girl who lives in the apartment next door and who is always trying to lure our hero with beaten biscuits and Virginia ham. In the "gang" who are always dropping in we find Roscoe Karns, Hedda Hopper and Laura Hope Crews. [Continued on next page]

#### OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS

ANOTHER GRAND SUCCESSOR IN THIS SERIES—MGM

ANOTHER high spot in the Judge Hardy series. This time Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) takes his family out West to help Ralph Morgan, an old friend, keep his ranch. Andy (Mickey Rooney) bounces about in his cowboy clothes, gets a good case of jitters, and becomes the Dream Prince of one little Virginia Weidler, who practically steals the picture.

Virginia is the daughter of the foreman of the ranch and when she discovers that Marian Hardy (Cecilia Parker) has fallen in love with her Daddy she makes things

plenty hard for Marian.

It looks as if the Judge has just about lost his fortune in his efforts to help his friend when Mrs. Hardy (Fay Holden) comes to the rescue with an Indian blanket with a map on it. Continued next month—we hope.

#### SPRING MADNESS

A DIVERTING LITTLE COLLEGE FILM-MGM

IN THIS Lew Ayres continues on the comeback trail—much to the pleasure of everyone. Lew plays a serious minded Harvard senior who is determined not to mess up his life by marrying while he's young. But he becomes the target of Maureen O'Sullivan's romantic attentions, and first thing you know he is attending the college spring dance and falling in love.

Maureen doesn't land her man too easily, however, she has to call on the strenuous support of her loyal sorority sisters. Her pretty classmates who lend a helping hand are Ann Morriss, Joyce Compton, Ruth Hussey and Jacqueline Wells. Burgess Meredith plays Lew's sidekick, and the college boys are Sterling Holloway, Frank Albertson, and Dick Baldwin.

#### EVERYBODY'S BABY

IF You're A Jones Family Addict, You'll Love This—20th Century-Fox

THE latest Jones Family film has to do with babies, and is unquestionably one of the funniest in the series. Russell Gleason and Shirley Deane have a baby, and of course Russell and grandpapa Jed Prouty go in for plenty of cor-

ridor pacing.

But the fun really gets under way when Dr. Pillcoff (Reginald Denny) arrives at the hospital to act as an authority on the correct bringing up of the hygienic offspring. New Mamma Shirley falls for the stuff and immediately the entire Jones household is dominated by a super hygienic nurse, extremely well played by Claire Du Brey.

The poor Joneses have to swathe themselves in sterilized gowns and peer at the newcomer from behind gauze masks. Six months of that and Mamma and Papa are living under separate roofs. But of course Granny Jones (Florence Roberts) gets everything straightened out in the

#### UP THE RIVER

A SWELL BURLESQUE ON PRISON LIFE-20th Century-Fox

IF YOU weren't born yesterday, and if you can remember eight years back, you'll probably recall seeing this picture when it served to introduce to the screen a sterling young actor by the name of Spencer Tracy. Eight years have improved both Spencer and "Up the River." The picture is now an out-and-out burlesque on prison life and played for laughs -which it certainly gets.

Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher play a couple of trans-Atlantic card sharks who are picked up when they arrive in the U. S. A. and sent to prison. Well, it's like old home week when the boys get behind the bars again. They join the football team, coached by Slim Summerville, and they dress up like dames and make merry in the Prison Follies. (Wait until you see Preston and Arthur impersonating a couple of floosies.)

In their more serious moments they make the acquaintance of Tony Martin, a nice kid who has been railroaded to prison by Sidney Toler, a crooked promoter. When the boys learn that Toler is about to wrest the nest egg of Jane Darwell, Tony's mother, they escape prison in their Follies costumes and personally attend to the crooked Mr. Toler -but they get back in time to play football. Alan Dinehart plays the warden, Bill Robinson a tap-dancing convict, and Eddie Collins a cheer leader. It's a lot of fun for the family.

#### The Gay Deceivers of Radio

[Continued from page 53]

All of this is done in a few seconds' time, ever so much less than it takes to tell. But because of the strong appeal that these sounds have made to the listener's imagination the drama of the scene and the spookiness of the setting have become more tense and realistic. In fact, Edward G. Robinson sums it all up when he says: "Just as every movie star sends up a prayer for an ace cameraman, every radio producer does his utmost to obtain for his show a topnotch sound effects man. These sound illusionists are the powers behind the throne and are absolutely indispensable. I never cease to marvel at the ingenuity with which they produce various effects."

And well might Eddie wonder for on his own radio show, which features Claire Trevor, in which the two of them have to get rid of a fresh batch of law-breakers every week, a lot of sound effects are required. But the one that amused him most was the time they had to show a gangster knifing a double-crosser. To get that across the network, the sound technician took a dull kitchen knife and plunged it into-

a potato! That's how it is in radio. Of course they couldn't very well plunge the knife into the actor, just for the sake of realism. But even so, so sharp are the ears of the microphone that in many instances the actual sound cannot be used. It doesn't sound like the real thing when magnified to the degree that the microphone boosts all sounds.

It is here that the ingenuity of the technician is called upon. For instance, in a recent Spencer Tracy-Joan Crawford broadcast, they had to get the sound of a person crawling through crackling underbrush. They tried setting up some underbrush in the studio, but the sound wasn't right. Snapping twigs in front of the mike sounded like rifle shots. After dozens of experiments they found the answer-by running an ordinary whiskbroom up and down a pane of glass. Maybe when you try that at home, it won't sound like crackling underbrush. But remember when the sound men listen to it, they listen as it comes over a microphone, and mike makes all the difference in the tone.

Recently when Jack Benny did a bur-lesque of the movie "Yellow Jack" they tried every known electrical device from door buzzers to scalp vibrators to create "mosquitoes" until they discovered that a dozen tightly stretched rubber bands would turn the trick satisfactorily. And if his arch air-foe Fred Allen desires to go nautical he doesn't have to drag a boat into the studio. Flexing and unflexing a dollar bill in front of the mike makes a "put-put-put" sound like an outboard motor.

Not so long ago Al Jolson staged a back-to-the-farm saga but he didn't use a real cow. When it was time to milk bossy in front of the mike, they got the same sound by squeezing water-filled ear syringes into a bucket. For the paff! zam! zowie! of fisticuffs, the fight to the finish is fought by the simple expedient of whacking a rubber bath sponge with the knuckles. And as for sex on the networks, it's really love's labor's lost for any time Gracie Allen or other lovelorn laddies or lassies get sentimental, their steam-heated kisses get no further than the back of their own hand. Honest, that's how they make love on a national hookup.

And don't think the listeners don't check up on sound. The Gang Busters show, a cops and robbers affair, prides itself on the accuracy of its sound effects because they use so many of 'em. Yet, to their chagrin, they received the following note from a chauffeur: "You made it very clear that it was a Ford truck used for chasing the robbers and I distinctly heard shifting of gears; but unless I am mistaken, the year that robbery took place there was no Ford on the market with a shift." And he was right!

Sound effects aren't used only for the background of plays. Vocalists, too, find them very useful and such singers as Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith, Martha Raye, Jane Froman and Al Jolson employ them very frequently as settings for their song

dramatizations.

Not all sound effects, however, are produced mechanically. Radio has a group of actors who are specialists in making the human voice sound "like what it ain't" over the air. These performers give out, on cue, sounds that range from the whinny of a horse, the bay of a hound on the scent, the grunt of a pig, to the wail of a hungry infant and the cackling

laugh of a crazy woman.

For many reasons it isn't always practical to use canned sounds so these folks are called in to do them and play regular parts in the drama besides. They all started out as straight actors but soon found that their sound specialties, which many developed as a parlor trick or a gag, soon put them on the preferred list in the casting office. So they developed as

many new effects as possible.

The most versatile of these human sound effects is Bradley Barker. That's his real name and not a gag, despite the fact that he is probably the dean of animal imitators. He used to make noises for sound pictures in the early days and once roared for Leo, the M-G-M lion. On the air he has played every conceivable animal. Nothing stumps him, not even when he had to play a dinosaur and a wounded dinosaur at that. It was a poser, he admits, but since no one knew what that prehistoric beast sounded like, he just used his imagination. "It started with a roar and ended with a squeak," he re-called, "and everyone seemed satisfied." No one complained either when he had to do a mongoose, and a phone call to the zoo revealed that a mongoose is dumb. He just gave a faint mousey squeal and let it go at that.

According to him, it is all a matter of voice placement. How he twists his vocal chords to get the right effect he is unable to explain. But he does know that for a small dog the voice comes from the throat and he stands at a distance from the mike. For the roar of a lion, the voice is deeper and he stands close to the little black box. For frogs and crickets he puckers up his lips as for whistling. The hardest he had to do was growl like a rhinoceros. The human vocal chords just aren't capable of that, so he roars into a megaphone to get the necessary resonance.

Harry Swann is another radio naturalist who specializes in the barking of a dog. And he just doesn't go up to the mike and give a yip. He wants to know the kind of a dog he is impersonating, its age, and the circumstances of the bark: whether it is a friendly "wurp" of greeting or the warning "arp" of the watchdog. On a recent Rudy Vallee show he had to be a whole pack of dogs and a man escaping from them. It was a sight to see as he talked close to the mike as a man, dashed to a far corner to do his multiple barking, and then rushed back to the mike again for his speaking lines. In case you've been wondering, he says he's very fond of hot dogs.

The expert on bird calls is Clarence Straight, who used to make the noises for Walt Disney cartoons. Straight has been everything from a dove of peace and a sailor's parrot to a turkey gobbler and a mocking bird, between turns as juveniles

Men, however, do not make all the noise in radio. Women do their share, too. There is Elsie Mae Gordon, a dramatic actress who has an enormous repertoire of odd character parts. She specializes in cackling crazy women and is an especially grand screamer. "I just hold my head back, think of something horrible, and out it comes and I never get a sore throat," she explains. The whole scream gamut-from smothered screams of pain to screams of squealing joy-is part of her technique.



In "Sweethearts," Nelson Eddy, the famous baritone, wears modern clothes for the first time, and the "technicolor" of his hair and eyes you can see for yourself.

But she definitely refuses to laugh on the air; says it's too hard to do.

For a gal who cries herself to prosperity, there's none to beat Sally Belle Cox. Her infantile breath-catching, heartbreaking baby sobs are a gold mine to her and every payday she wades to the bank through a welter of tears. She can play a cooing, prattling baby and in the next breath go into the nastiest six-year old brat you ever heard. Not only can she cry *like* a baby, she can cry *better* than a baby because she shuts up on cue. To get the proper effect, she uses a pillow as a prop. Being a big girl now, she must stifle her sobs, gurgles and wails to the proper volume for a baby's lung power and that's where the pillow comes in. You can gauge the age of her baby by the amount of pillow she uses. For newborn infants she completely buries her head in the pillow. For babies six months old, she holds it lightly around her face. For children over two she discards it entirely and wails away

"A baby's cry or gurgle is the same in any language," she has found. "It is as universal as music. Nationality, color, race or religion have nothing to do with the kind of noise it will make. There is, however, a definite baby vocabulary and a baby can express itself by an infinite variety of sounds. There is a certain noise for the newborn, the plaintive wail of a hungry tot, and the furious outburst of the angry child. Men particularly like the coos and gurgles of the happy baby.'

In this connection a bachelor once wrote the studio saying he would like to adopt the baby that was so adorable on a certain Kate Smith broadcast. That baby was Miss Cox so the studio replied that the babe he so admired was a pretty brunette, five-feet six-inches tall. To which he wired back, "O.K. Offer still good!"

This then is the human and mechanical bag of tricks that the networks use to set the stage with sound so that you can "see" a broadcast unfold before your ears. There are other actors in addition to these who do sound effects, just as there are many more gadgets than are mentioned here. The networks have discs recording about 10,000 different sounds ranging from the rattle of washing dishes to an

airplane in flight and the sizzle of frying eggs. They get variations by running the discs faster or slower than normal speed, or by running several simultaneously. In addition they have many pieces of equipment which they use to produce sounds that are not recorded on these discs. And they are continually experimenting for new effects.

But recently the NBC sound effects department thought it had met its Waterloo when it was handed a script and found that it was supposed to provide the noise made by: (1) a man slipping into a heavy overcoat; (2) a child sinking into an easy chair; and (3) a woman coming down velvet-carpeted stairs. While they were pondering, the script was withdrawn. Which made everybody happy but the author. So they sent him a recording of a man grumbling against fate!

#### The Far East Comes to Hollywood

[Continued from page 27]

While he was making his leisurely cruise around the world, Garnett's business agent was busy. The director had to make pictures immediately to replenish his treasury from which the cruise drew heavily indeed. Walter Wanger's "Stand In" with Leslie Howard came first and while directing it Garnett interested Wanger in "Trade Winds." With three other films ahead of it on his production schedule Wanger couldn't make "Trade Winds" at the time and so Garnett went to RKO to direct Irene Dunne in "Joy of Living." But Wanger made good his promise and as soon as he had finished "Algiers" and Garnett had finished "Joy of Living" they got together, reviewed all phases of the story as Garnett had written it and selected the scenes (4,000 feet of Garnett's 150,000 feet) for "atmosphere."

Art Director Alexander Toluboff, who had been a practicing architect in Turkestan, China and Japan before coming to Hollywood created 79 sets for the picture,



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Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds—at contact; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



## DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic

Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

**1.** Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. This gives head an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!

3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.

4. Rinse very thoroughly. This leaves scalp clean and sweet.

**5.** If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness*. Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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We are convinced that if you use this
Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. That is why we
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FIRST AID • SORE THROAT BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF FEMININE CLEANSING ranging from a piece of the dock at Bombay to a dainty Japanese geisha house in Tokyo, a set which was the first authentic reproduction of such a Nipponese house ever erected in a studio. The walls were of oiled paper and bamboo, the floors covered with rattan matting. The only furniture was a tea table 18 inches high and about 40 inches long, a tea stand with a dwarfed maple tree in a simple pot on top of it, a small platform for the native musicians and a small silk tapestry on one wall.

Into this set comes Fredric March, and later Ralph Bellamy, in search of Joan Bennett, who is trying to flee from the police in San Francisco after she thought she had shot Sidney Blackmer. March is a private detective, Bellamy a member of the regular force—a self-righteous fellow who took his 90 days' training too seriously and frequently becomes more amusing than he intended.

Ann Sothern created a new character for herself in "Trade Winds," a type of

part that is bound to win her many new friends. She is March's secretary, hungry for romance but well enough acquainted with her boss to know that he should be watched if the \$100,000 reward, he is after, is actually won.

Matching Garnett's Asiastic atmosphere scenes with studio sets gave the production department some real problems at times.

The first day on the set Director Garnett learned that his two sound men were former navy men who had once rescued him at sea when he 'pancaked' a 21 passenger flying boat to avoid a fire in midair, off La Jolla, California, in 1920. Their enlistments in the navy at an end just as motion pictures became 'talkies' Commander Paul Neal and Radio Officer 'Curley' Nelson took up film sound recording. Their work with Lieutenant Garnett was one of the many happy coincidences which made the filming of "Trade Winds" almost as romantic as the story of this new film play.

#### Allure! Mysterious-Provocative

[Continued from page 34]

not until she sluffed the crinolines and stood revealed, small waist, shapely bosom, heavy-lidded eyes, quite remarkable legs that she came into her own. What lesson does this teach? I'm not trying to answer a question, simply to propound one . . . which is that Bette's ability was always there, no doubt, but not until she added glamour to her handful of talents did she set off a star which now glitters round the world.

(Hollywood not glamour-conscious? When they tried to glamorize mouthy Martha Ray, need you ask???)

And there is Ann Sheridan, right here among us, at Warner Brothers, Texas born and bred. I ask you to consider the pictures of Ann Sheridan and then tell me that glamour must be a foreign import. Ann with her tawny red hair, jewelled darkling eyes, 109 pounds of richly curved beauty. Ann has talent, yes. Ann has courage. Her pals call her "Annie." She has the kind of popularity which was Jean Harlow's and, like Jean, she has astonishing beauty of face and form. She can sleek her hair back from her lovely face, let it fall into cascades of curls on one side. She is snaky and sinuous in a satin negligee, one leg showing, slippers with glittering, jewelled heels. Ann knows how to pose on a tiger skin .. and does. For five years Hollywood kept the simply sumptuous Sheridan hidden under a bushel of "B" pictures. pictures in which she played a shop-girl, a school-marm . . . drab parts, drably dressed . . . and during this time people would see her around the lot, around town, in her effulgent loveliness, and they would exclaim "Good God, who is THAT?" And wouldn't believe it when they were told that "That" was Ann Sheridan, the Lost Lady of the "Bs." Then she played in "Letter Of Introduction." She wore smart clothes. Her beauty began to "so shine" that her studio rubbed its eyes and opened them wide on the glamorousness of Sheridan. They asked themselves "What has Hedy got that our Annie

doesn't have?" And there was no rational answer to the question. Orry Kelly himself began to dress her (his assistants had "done for" Ann before). She made "Broadway Musketeers" and shook a sheathed and shapely hip and sang a song in a bluesy, come-hither voice. Then she made "Angels With Dirty Faces" and now Hollywood is Awake to Annie, all eyes. all ears . . . catching up her resemblance to Harlow . . . now they are giving us Ann as she really is and could have been from the beginning . . . imperiously lovely and vibrant and velvety and satiny and ripe with song and summer and the joy of living and all the wine-of-life qualifications which go to make for Glamour. Now the Warner Brothers, even when remembering Hedy Lamarr, can sleep in

The late Irving Thalberg realized the value of glamour when, a year or so before he died, he advised Norma Shearer to give no more interviews about herself as a wife, a mother. He well knew that the Helens and the Guineveres are not remembered for their stable virtues but for their dangerous allure.

Dorothy Lamour brings glamour with her. It is in her soft, dark folded hair. unawake eyes, full soft mouth . . . her quietness gives us something of that dark throb which is the pulse of glamour. Her voice when she sings is like the scent of the gardenia, throaty and laden. There is a suppression about her which provokes and arouses the heady passions of men who admire women in kitchen aprons but throw over kingdoms for a Dietrich.

For Dietrich, too, has glamour. Holly-wood laughs a little at Marlene, at her temperament, at her Narcissism . . . but Dietrich never enters a room, a theatre, a cafe but what every head is turned in her direction, but what the eyes of men keep wandering toward her, the lodestone, and the women instinctively "fuss with" their hair, take out their lipsticks, adopt more alluring poses.

In Hollywood we say that Paulette

# Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM







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Big Moment—Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin beautifully for make-up."





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ONE OF AMERICA'S

GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

Goddard "has glamour"... and in her case, as in the case of Lamarr, it is not because of what she has done on the screen that people are conscious of the slim dark Paulette. She has made only two pictures, the first with Chaplin, the next her comparatively small part in "The Young In Heart." She is not beautiful in the ravishing manner of Lamarr. The glamour of Paulette may have to do with Chaplin, their romance, their oft-discussed marriage . . . but Chaplin has been married before, more than once, and his aura did not glamorize his other wives as Paulette is glamorized. There is that quality in her to which someone recently referred as "purple." She has the quality of glamour which cannot be defined nor explained and perhaps that is the most lasting quality of all because what cannot be explained cannot be explained away. Paulette is News.

Carole Lombard has all the requisites of glamour. Once not long ago, Carole was one of our Glamour Girls, de luxe. She is tall and slenderly made. She has pale gold hair and a mat white skin and temperament and a throaty, Barrymorish voice and her romance with Gable. But Carole, for a time at least, threw off the velvet mantle of the Glamour Girl. Carole has romped her way through antic, uproarious comedies. She has been seen, off the screen, streaking about on a motor bike, roping calves in the Valley with Gable, going duck shooting in cords and

a felt hat. Carole has been Funny. And somehow the one ingredient which never mixes with glamour is-Comedy. But Carole may go glamorous on us yet again. In the Selznick International picture, "Made For Each Other," in which she and Jimmy Stewart divided acting honors, Carole goes very dramatic indeed. And more, has been seen around town of late, pale face, pale gold hair groomed, wearing black gowns and sables and orchids . . sign-posts pointing to glamour, I'd say, black gowns and sables and orchids.

Yes, Hollywood, now you are remembering . . . now you are turning Lamarrawakened eyes on the girls who may be Schooled, not for Scandal, but for Glamour. Young Lana Turner over MGM way, for instance. Lana has a figure turned in such curves as arrests the breath in any normal young man. She has gold eyes and a skin like pale saffron and is very young and very full of the joy of life and of living. And MGM is watching and waiting . . . and hoping.

I have heard young girls say that Margaret Sullavan is glamorous. Now Maggie is not a beauty. Maggie is married, a mother, about to become a mother a second time. You feel the Sullavan brain ticking when she works. Which again goes to prove that there is no pat definition for glamour, no set of rules, no grocery lists of ingredients. "Why is she glamorous?" I asked. They answered: "Oh, don't you know? She just is!"

#### Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 59]

tate to let you have them), Donald Wood, Frieda Inescourt and Patric Knowles. You may recall Frieda and Patric as husband and wife in their first American picture—"Give Me Your Heart."

They are husband and wife again—only this time Frieda is an awful frump, in partnership (a silent partner) with Lucille who runs a swank beauty parlor. Pat, cad that he is, falls in love with the glam-orous Lucille but Lucy, knowing which side her bread is buttered on (and there's a stupid saying because bread is bread and butter is butter and what difference does it make which side of the former the latter is spread over?) remains loyal to Frieda. However, she makes it a point to tell Frieda there is no excuse for any woman to go around looking like she does. So, while Pat is away on a "business trip" Lucy not only rejuvenates Frieda but renovates her, too, with a new hair-do and some glad rags that should make Pat feel he's retiring with a perfect stranger when he returns. And, apparently, a change is what Pat wants. She also tells Frieda to pretend she no longer cares and in this way pique Pat's interest.

In the sweet by and by Pat comes back and, my word! Is he stunned when he takes a gander at the new Frieda. He rushes towards her, sweeps her into his arms and prepares to do his stuff. But Frieda turns her cheek, instead of offering her lips, murmurs something about being glad to see him back and politely suggesting they round up a gang and do a little stepping in some swank nightclub.

#### Warner Brothers

HOLY smoke! There seems to be no end to the number of pictures shooting out here this month and not one of them is on location and not one of them has a "POSITIVELY No Visitors" sign on the door.

Jimmy Cagney is working in "The Oklahoma Kid" so we may as well start

This is practically the beginning of the picture. The time is 1893, Sept. 15th. Next day the Cherokee strip (Oklahoma's fertile Indian lands) are to be opened to the white man and there are miles of settlers stretched along the roads awaiting the starting gun at noon next day. Rosemary Lane and her father (Donald Crisp) are in town but, naturally, can't get a room in a hotel. Jimmy spies her. falls for her and when the clerk won't give them a room (because he hasn't one), Jimmy goes up to a room which about twelve men are sharing, tells them they fired the starting gun sooner and they all stampede out, except one drunk who has passed out. Jimmy obligingly slings the blotto gent over his shoulder, goes downstairs and tells Rosemary and her pa they can have his room. Thus romance bloomed in the latter days of the nineteenth cen-

"Thought you were coming up to Martha's Vineyard while we were there,' Jim begins accusingly as he catches sight

"I was," I hedge, "but I remembered the canning season was on and my lumbago has been to the fore or to the aft again and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to help you pick fruit so, as I didn't want to get in the way, I decided to wait until either dead of winter or dead of summer when there'd be nothing to do but sit on the porch and fan."

"Why not?" Jim rejoins laconically but I hear him mutter "slacker" as he turns away and later I hear from Pat O'Brien he will find something for me to do when I arrive if it is during the Heart of Midlothian, which is all very discouraging to me.

Next comes "Always Leave Them Laughing" which, although it may be a good title, is certainly an optimistic one. If cast names mean anything you dames had better leave your corsets at home when you go to see this because every first class comic in Hollywood is in this, including Zasu Pitts, Granville Bates, Halliwell Hobbes, Jerry Colonna, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom AND Helen Broderick (who is seen all too seldom these days)

This is the picture in which Dick Powell portrays the professor of music at college, writes a rhapsody, takes it to New York to market, falls in love with a writer of lyrics for popular tunes (Gale Page), has his rhapsody bought and played over the radio in swing time, sung by Ann Sheridan (the lyrics having been supplied by the double-crossing Miss Page), gets drunk off Hurricane cocktails, wins a jitterbug contest when someone slips a hunk of ice down his trousers

decaying food par-

ticles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath.

Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polish-

ing agent cleans enamel-makes

teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's -regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it." -and Love conquers all again.

These plots that sound so looney when you tell them ofttimes turn out to be riotously funny when you see them.

When I catch my breath again I am on the stage of "Yes, My Darling Daugh-When I saw this play the opening night in New York I got up and walked out, which just goes to prove how much I know because it immediately proceeded to run for a year and a half. It is all about a girl who wants to go away somewhere for a week-end or a month with her latest crush. Her mother won't hear of it until the daughter finds out that even as long ago as 1914-18 mothers (who were young themselves) were doing a little plain and fancy chiseling.

At this juncture Fay Bainter (who plays the mother) is going to be faced with either her past or else her daughter (Priscilla Lane) and the latter's boy friend (Jeffrey Lynn). And May Robson, who plays Fay's mother, is in her chair watching the proceedings with a great deal of interest and amusement.

"They're coming!" Fay announces panically as she turns from the window.

Please go, mother."
"Nothing doing," May announces. "I want my tea.'

"I'll send it to you!" Fay promises frantically.

"I won't budge," that stubborn May announces. "I want to see how you handle a situation of this kind."

"Well, then don't sit there smirking like the cat who swallowed the canary.

I can tell her Fay will handle the situation all right because it isn't the first time she's been in such a pickle. I saw her once in a rotten show that David Belasco produced called "The Other Rose" and in the end Henry Hull had his arms around her.

The other two pictures going out here are "Nancy Drew, Reporter" starring Bonita Granville and "The Adventures of Jane Arden." But it's getting late so we'll let well enough alone and content ourselves with wishing 20th Century-Fox had never invented pictures that go on in series, and skip over to-

#### Paramount

THERE is more doing here, too, than I have any relish for. "Midnight" starring Claudette Colbert and "Union Pacific" starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea are just starting so I'll tell you of them next month.

In "Hotel Imperial" (the picture that certain German actress whom I cannot tolerate, started and refused to finish, and which Margaret Sullavan then started and broke an arm—I didn't say "to keep from finishing") you will finally meet Paramount's new "find"—Isa Miranda. Without having seen Isa in action, I can tell you she is an eyeful. At the moment Mr. Ray Milland is busily dashing up a street on horseback and falling ignominiously off the horse into the mud. And what his public is going to say when they see that classic profile streaked with dirt instead of looking like an Arrow shirt ad, I don't know.

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR

PLAY SAFE! USE

BREATH IS OKAY!

COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY





#### WILL HE KISS YOU, TONIGHT?

Your heart is ready...but your lips are not ...if harsh greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away...and take his kisses to a wiser girl...with sweeter, more natural lips. So...



#### FOR LIPS THAT LURE-TANGEE!

Here's orange magic in a lipstick known the world over for its "young" appeal! Watch it change on your lips to your very own shade of blush-rose...see how it makes them glow with life, as though your heart beat through them!



#### ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO!...

Tangee Rouge to match, Compact or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "natural" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Ideal for blondes, brunettes, redheads.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.



Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



#### 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact. Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet, I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Powder Desired ☐ Peach

Powder Desired	☐ Peach	Rachel
Name		
. \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \	(Please Print)	
Street		
City-	State-	SU-29



Director Edward H. Griffith aboard his yacht the "America." Madeleine Carroll is on his right and, hidden by the script girl, is Fred MacMurray. Left is the assisting director. That's how "Cafe Society" grew to a picture.

"Gwan," says Mr. Milland when he catches sight of me. "You never write anything nice about anyone and I'm not in the mood to be interviewed today. My stomach is upset."

"Well, that's a nice crack," I begin indignantly, until I remember that when I interview Mr. Milland I am not supposed to write about him. All that ever comes out of a Milland interview is a free lunch for both of us. Nevertheless I think he is being unduly severe because my stomach isn't upset—or wasn't until I saw him.

But as I said, no one has to drop a ton of lettuce on my head, etc., etc., so I jaunt over to where "Never Say Die" is shooting. This stars Bob Hope, Martha Raye and Andy Devine. Years ago—before my time, naturally—it starred William Collier, Sr., on the stage and I may add that Mr. Collier was the dry type of comic who has never been equalled since—until Mr. Hope, of course.

As I glance over the synopsis my heart sinks because this is not the show Mr. Collier starred in—before my time.

To give you an idea of the story, Mr. Hope is a millionaire hypochondriac. At a swank resort he meets Martha Raye whose father (Paul Harvey) has struck oil and brought her here to marry a title (Alan Mowbray). But Martha loves Andy Devine, a bus driver back home. Bob marries Martha to save her from Alan and himself from Gale Sondergaard, who is after his millions. And then Andy turns up and he, Bob and Martha go on a honeymoon together. This is just a sketchy idea of the plot. I am afraid I have left out the high-lights, but don't let it upset you.

Not being interested in the picture, I take a close gander at Mr. Hope who, these days, is Esquire's idea of the well-dressed man.

"You're quite the fashion plate, Mr. Hope," I vouchsafe. "I'm sure Mr. Robin Burns will be quite dismayed when he learns the extent of your wardrobe—and how you wear it."

Then Andy chimes in and says, "You know the old saying around the YMCA:

'If we can't make a man of you, Mac-Intosch will.'"

That nettles Bob and he snaps at Andy, "Well, the YMCA certainly didn't do much for you and I haven't seen MacIntosch trying to hang anything on you, either."

So I think I'll pour a little oil on troubled waters and I pipe up with: "Now, there's nothing to get excited about, Bob. It's a well known fact that clothes make the man."

"Clothes do NOT make the man," Bob snaps. "Here! Put this coat and hat of mine on and see for yourself. I wear them with sang froid. You wear them as though they weren't paid for."

"Well," I counter with some acerbity, "that's the way I feel in them. I don't profess to be an actor."

profess to be an actor."

"Maybe you don't," he comes back at me, "but you're sure giving a swell performance when you profess to be a writer."

The meeting breaks up at this point and I proceed to—

#### M-G-M

THERE are several big pictures going here but "Ice Follies" starring Joan Crawford, James Stewart and Lew Ayres is only in the rehearsal stage so I'll tell you about that next month. Also the new Spencer Tracy picture. Also "Idiot's Delight" if Miss Shearer will ever take a day off so I can get on the set.

That leaves "Honolulu" with a cast

That leaves "Honolulu" with a cast consisting of Robert Young, Eleanor Powell and Burns and Allen.

This set looks like a sun parlor—but it has a fireplace in it. Gracie and Eleanor are wearing a couple of very lovely, very filmy little evening numbers, the while Gracie strums a ukulele and sings "My dog has fleas" in an off-key. But she isn't discouraged, even though she knows something is wrong. "You know, Dotty," she confides to Eleanor, "it isn't the uke

that's out of tune—it's the fleas."

"Will you stop that?" Eleanor hisses.

"Oh, please, Dotty," Gracie pleads,

"just because your date is late you don't
have to get all nervous and irresistible.

Maybe his car hit a bridge. Maybe it hit

a truck. Maybe he had an accident. That

would make him late."
"Sure," Eleanor squelches her. "And maybe he's sitting up with a sick pineapple.'

I tell Eleanor she's looking very lovely

and beat it to-

#### 20th Century-Fox

UCK is with me here. I have already told you about Constance Bennett and Alice Faye in "Tailspin" and Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess." "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" is on location and that leaves only "Wife, Husband and Friend" starring Warner Baxter and Loretta

It's a big set with a lot of very beautiful extras. Loretta is the wife who wants to be an opera singer but it turns out Warner is the husband with the voice. And here he is singing magnificently under the direction of that superlative artist-"Actor, Playwright, Director"—Mr. Greg-ory Ratoff. The song is called "Drink From The Cup Of Tomorrow" and it is a knockout. It was written to order by Mr. Sam Pokrass in twenty minutes so they wouldn't have to use the "Road to Mandalay." And even if this weren't a knockout song it would still be a welcome substitution.

And even if this month's "Projection" by Liza weren't a knockout I'm sure you'd still find it a welcome relief from this.

#### Some Believe Their Press Clippings

[Continued from page 19]

expects it just as they expect "Some of These Days" from Sophie Tucker. Mona Lisa, hanging on the wall of the Louvre, has an easier time than the film celebs; her smile is pinned on for all time. She can live up to her publicity without even a struggle. The stars are not so fortunate.

Joan Crawford has grown in many ways, and yet has failed to grow in others. Her will-power, her concentration and her ability to work away at a problem have lifted her from the ranks of chorines to a commanding position in the industry. Yet Joan hasn't grown a defense against newspaper or fan magazine criticism. Few people are able to "take it," mind you, so it is not strange that she can't. What is strange is that a girl who has mastered herself in nearly everything else has failed to master her instinct to cry out when someone raps her. Perhaps it isn't so curious, at that. The biggest cry-babies, when they are attacked by another writer, are newspapermen. The wars between columnists prove how tender-skinned they are. I speak from first-hand knowledge. It is seldom that I can resist the impulse to answer back when a newspaperman jibes at me. In fact, I never do resist the impulse, but instead yield to it immediately.

Robert Taylor isn't full-grown yet, but have no fear about him because all the qualities are there. He is at that stage of immaturity now where references to hair-



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natural moisture. Two ingredients in

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helping soften harsh skin. Never sticky!

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Daily use helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

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on-the-chest still disturb him. A few years from now, as he gains in poise, Taylor will make those references himself and thus bury the bugaboo. Bing Crosby has grown, since he went into horse-racing. The racetrack is a great finishing school, because at the racetrack you'll find a very rigorous code of honesty. Associating with the big men of racing was a fine experience for Bing. It taught him a lot of things and the Crosby of today is a real man, in every sense of the word.

Bette Davis, among the women stars, has leaped to full growth. The "ugly duckling" from the Universal lot has travelled a long way since Carl Laemmle, Jr., permitted her to tear up her contract. Probably the qualities always were in her, but in the past year, they've come to full fruition. Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young-all of these girls have grown year after year. Talk to any one of them and you understand why she is successful. I've forgotten Claudette Colbert in this listing. The Colbert eyeful has her career planned out five years in advance, and can tell you exactly how many pictures she wants to make, what type of pictures, what directors she wants at the megaphone and what cameramen she'd like to handle the lens and lighting.

In Sonja Henie's case, it hasn't been so much a question of growing. Mentally, the little Norwegian was full-grown when she arrived here. Her background of disciplined training for the Olympic games supplies the key, and complementing that was a natural instinct for leadership and business. She is one of the smartest girls and one of the most practical in an impractical colony. Perhaps this is a Norwegian trait. Edgar Bergen thinks with the same clarity that distinguishes Sonja's viewpoint. He's a Norseman, too.

The kid stars, of course, present individual problems conditioned by their years. Mickey Rooney has not grown, in proportion to his success. In fact, many of the older players who have worked with him agree that he is a spoiled, fresh brat. He'll probably get over that. Shirley Temple might have been a spoiled kid but for her mother's strict discipline. The mother is her severest critic and there is nothing that Shirley does, even faintly out of line, that her mother doesn't correct. Freddie Bartholomew, Deanna Durbin and Bonita Granville are grand youngsters.

The career of Adolphe Menjou, which started years ago and is headed for an indefinite run, reflects his growth, rather than his swelling. Menjou, far from fitting the sleek, man-about-town characterization which he has established on the screen, is one of the most sagacious toilers in the Hollywood vineyard. Three times they counted him out, and each time he staged a comeback that raised him higher than he was when they interred him, professionally. "The amazing thing to me," reflected Menjou, "is how few people can handle success in this business. I've seen incredible changes in people. I've seen them swept away by self-importance. They don't last long, those egocentrics. That is the only consolation.'

Edward G. Robinson's success is in direct ratio to his own mental expanse. Robinson has a fine mind. He refuses to

permit it to stagnate. His range of interest is catholic in its scope. He is carving out a second career on the radio. He collects fine paintings with enthusiasm. Anything and everything that is mentally stimulating enlists his eager interest. So year after year, Robinson has grown and become more successful.

So you see that it is possible to escape the rigor mortis that sets in in Hollywood and maintain your individuality. It is entirely up to the individual whether he grows or stagnates in the midst of a caste system that is founded on social pretensions and a weekly salary check. If the performer can detach himself sufficiently, he will have no difficulty in getting a clear shot at his target. If he, or his wife, however mistake the social life and snobbery of Hollywood for the film industry, then the performer is well on the way to oblivion. Because the fan only knows what he sees on the screen of a theatre. He doesn't care whether or not a performer is the life of the party at the Trocadero. He only cares what an actor does on the screen of a neighborhood theatre. If a performer will remember that when he comes to Hollywood, and never forget it, he will be successful.

## Use Syrup for Energy [Continued from page 15]

#### HAM MODERNE

This recipe for canned, boneless ham is especially planned for the home maker who hasn't time to prepare Virginia ham. Remove ham from container and set in shallow pan. Add 1 cup water. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) and bake 3/4 hours. Remove from oven and stud with cloves. Spread over all a mixture of 1 cup light brown sugar and 1 cup grated pineapple which has been standing for 15 minutes in ½ a cup Karo syrup. Return to oven and bake slowly about 1/2 an hour until golden color has been obtained. A cider or champagne sauce is excellent served with this or baked oranges.

#### CREAM MAYONNAISE

This is new and tasty. Mix 1/2 cup mayonnaise with 1/4 cup cream, whipped, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons white syrup. If desired this may be put in small moulds and frozen in refrigerator.

#### ORANGE CANDIED YAMS

Here is another old favorite. Combine 1 cup orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons white Karo syrup, ½ cup butter, 1 cup cold water, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and pour over 4 medium-sized yams (sweet potatoes if yams are unobtainable) uncooked, peeled and sliced into a Pyrex casserole or baking dish. Bake covered in moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, 30 to 40 minutes. Baste occasionally. Remove cover last ten minutes to brown.

#### RED RELISH

Boil a cup of water and a cup of white Karo syrup together 1 minute. Add 1 apple, cut in eighths, cook until almost tender. Add 1 cup cranberries and I thinly sliced orange. Cook 10 minutes longer. Chill. Excellent with cold meats.

#### BOSTON BAKED BEANS

- 1 quart navy beans
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon mustard
- 1/2 pound salt pork
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper 2 tablespoons Karo syrup
- 1/4 teaspoon soda

Wash and soak beans overnight. Put into bean pot; wash salt pork and place in center; add 4 cups cold water; cover. Put into slow oven and bake 8 hours. Add more water if needed.

#### GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING

2½ cups grated raw yams

- 1½ cups milk ½ cup sugar

- 3 tablespoons butter
  3 eggs, beaten lightly
  ½ cup Blue Label Karo
  ½ teaspoon numils
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Pinch salt

This recipe is an old family standby. Add to grated raw yams (sweet potatoes if yams are unobtainable) all ingredients and put into a Pyrex baking dish. Place in moderately hot oven (350° F.) and bake 45 minutes, stirring twice to thoroughly mix butter and obtain an even brown. Serve with a sauce made by boiling about 2 cups water, 3/4 cup sugar, scant tablespoon butter and thicken with about 1 teaspoon cornstarch moistened with 1 tablespoon cold water.

#### "On The Dry Side"

[Continued from page 12]

fully removed, it gathers grime. Glenda Farrell applies her cream in a manner approved by many beauty parlors. She squeezes a square of absorbent cotton from ice water, scoops up cream onto it, then onto her face, where she smooths it on the cotton. By the way, have you used the new Co-Ets? Our favorite cotton squares, but far more efficient than ever. Tightly compressed, with no more paper separators to be removed, no loose frizzes of cotton to cling to your skin. Very nice and efficient they are now—far better than before, and a beauty necessity for a dozen and one purposes. It is important to remove all soiled cream from the skin. Use just enough, not too much; it's more efficient, economical and easier to remove.

If you want to remain young and beautiful, you will train yourself at an early age to use some night lubricant on delicate skin areas, notably about the eyes, on frown or expression lines, over the neck, elbows and hands. They are the points that weather. There are plenty of good creams for this purpose. A fairly new and very good product of this kind is Doveskin Oil, by Vita-Ray—a "sunshine" oil, says Vita-Ray, because of its vitamins D, plus A. The skin absorbs this oil readily, so that you need not go to bed looking oily. It is delicate, scented and is wonderfully softening, and I think just what the fine, thin skin needs-and all



#### New Under-arm **Cream Deodorant** safely Stops Perspiration



- 1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years be thinking their trouble to be ECZEMA and treating without results. Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free Dr. D. R. Parsons, 1249 Trust Bldg., Huntington, W. Va.

## One of the Best

is Made at Home

RIGHT in your own home you can, at small cost, make a gray hair preparation that has been the standby of thousands of men and women for over 25 standby of thousands of men and women for over 25 years. Here's the money-saving recipe: Get from your druggist one ounce bay rum, one-fourth ounce glycerine and one box BARBO Compound. Mix in half-pint of water, or your druggist will prepare it for you for a few cents.

BARBO combed into the hair as directed gives a soft, youthful, natural-looking color to gray, faded or streaked hair. It is not sticky or greasy; will not wash out or rub off; does not color the scalp or affect permanents or waves, Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.



skins, for that matter. Vita-Ray also reminds me of its excellent Blackhead Treatment. If ever those annoying dark pinpoints are going to appear, this also seems the season. The treatment consists of a liquid and powder to be mixed for each use. In addition to correcting blackheads, the treatment generally clears skin and contracts large pores. Delicate skins usually respond to a very few treatments; oily skins require a little more persistence.

I might also remind you of the Betty Wales Wrinkle Reducer, a wonderfully softening and smoothing emulsion of olive and avocado oils, plus tropical fruit juices. This, also, is readily absorbed by the skin, so you can go to bed looking pretty and sweet. It makes those dried, lined skins soft and younger looking and its continued use does much to erase lines and wrinkles, especially the kind that form so readily in parchment-like skin. This cream must be ordered by mail, but is well worth it. This I know-most women ordering once, continue to order.

And please remember your protective make-up base, especially you Winter sports devotees. We all need one, but especially the sports girls. There are so many good ones, but among the newcomers, an especially good one known as Powd'r-Base by Hampden. It is in a flat stick form, very easily applied. It will keep your make-up glamorous looking for hours and is also protective. In a de luxe package in department stores, or a simpler one in chain stores, but the product is the same good Powd'r-Base. A Powd'r-Base Rouge has just appeared. Very lovely colors. Apply the stick to cheeks, smooth with a powder puff kept for the purpose or fresh cotton. An unique form for rouge, and I think you will like it. Powd'r-Base Rouge is in the chain stores only.

These are only a handful of the aids that beautify you from the outside. Each of us, of course, has our favorite, the preparation that is right for us. At that, maybe we are going to avoid Winter skin. At least, we had better try!

#### Stand Back! Give 'Em Ayres!

[Continued from page 51]

time of the year, what with this and that." Which one of the fellows had framed this up, he wondered, pretty well pleased with himself for the way he was handling things.

"Now, look here," argued Kahn, persuasively, "you evidently think this is a gag, eh? Well, it's not. I'm an agent and talent scout. Here's my card." He produced a wallet and handed Lew one of several business cards, expensively engraved. "What's your telephone number? Where do you live? Have to know where to get in touch with you in a hurry."

The highly respectable Roosevelt grillroom spun rapidly around three times and then settled back to its normal position. So it wasn't a rib after all! This had actually happened to him . . . to Lew Ayres! Somehow he managed to keep his voice on an even keel as he gave Ivan Kahn his phone number and address and that gentleman got up to leave just as precipitately as he had arrived. He would hear from him in a day or two, he assured the astounded young banjo player.

Lew left shortly afterward (no, he didn't get the job in the band) in a state that can only be described as "beautifully dazed." Now, if he could only get outside and find the way to his parked car without any alarm clocks going off he could be reasonably sure he wasn't dreaming. He permitted the doorman a condescending nod and stepped warily out onto Hollywood Boulevard. Yes, there was Grauman's Chinese across the street . . . as far as he could tell the thoroughfare hadn't changed a bit; the sidewalk felt familiarly hard and the street noises seemed quite as usual. But not until he reached his car and started the motor did Lew Ayres feel wide awake enough to give off a little steam, and then passers-by were no little astonished to see a personable young fellow sitting in a dilapidated touring car yelling WOW! YIPPY! WHAM!! at the top of his voice.

But Lew Ayres' story, his saga of bulldog courage and tenacity of purpose, really had its inception three years pre-viously when he was attending the University of Arizona. And for sheer stickto-itiveness it probably has no equal in all the annals of filmdom. Lew's college career was brief in the extreme, for, having no sooner entered the school, he formed an orchestra and headed for points south and west. Hollywood, if you check your maps, is west of Tucson, Arizona. College was just another necessary evil, similar to the sales tax and the sooner he could get to Hollywood and into pictures the more valuable time he would save. For as long as Lew could remember, ever since he'd been in long pants, at least, he had been terribly, hopelessly movie-struck . . . not with the gauzy dreams of fame and fortune common to adolescence, but with the grim determina-

tion that some day, somehow, he would be a film actor, and a successful one! Money and adulation were, and still are, of minor importance. Which is the one true mark of the real artist. So the college band barnstormed all over the southwest and at last landed in San Diego, where Lew's mother lived. He promptly joined up with Henry Halstead, a popular southern California band leader, who was on his way to fulfill an

engagement at the Plantation in Culver City, which is only a good mashie niblick shot from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Lew was seventeen at the time and he reasoned that, working nightly right in the very heart of the picture industry, it would be no time at all until some astute director would spot him playing in the orchestra and offer him a contract. Somehow, though, although the Plantation was liberaly sprinkled each evening with film celebrities, both minor

and major, no one seemed to pay particular attention to young Mr. Ayres. If only he could get a break! Just one tiny foothold in a studio . . . any studio! But how to go about it? Ah, that was something else again. And when Halstead's orchestra left the Plantation for a tour through California Lew Ayres decided to quit and take his chances on getting another job somewhere near his beloved studios.

So for three years Lew played with this band and that one in and around Los Angeles, hoping, praying, constantly striving for the chance that he was dead positive would come, ultimately. And the music business, being what it is, brought long lay-offs between engagements with nothing but occasional one-night jobs to rely on. Lew, like most musicians, saved not a penny. But, unlike a great many of them, he spent his money, not on the bright lights and careless living, but on something he felt was an absolute necessity if he ever was going to get a break in pictures. Clothes. Every dime he earned that was not needed for the bare essentials of living he invested in clothes, until he had accumulated a wardrobe of which even an Adolph Menjou might well be proud.

This was the state of affairs, then, on the day in 1928 when Lew sauntered into the Roosevelt grill looking for a job as a banjo player. However, it was several weeks until the film scout, Kahn, was able to secure a test for him and then only after a great deal of strenuous haggling with Pathe. Pathe, is seems, just wasn't interested and Kahn had to all but blackjack them into even looking at Mr. Lew Ayres. On the day of the test Lew drove out to the studio in his old car and a close

observer would have noticed that the back seat was piled high with old battered suitcases. He didn't even have enough money for a room and, in fact, didn't know where he was going to sleep that night. But this was in the days when a screen test took very little time, and Lew walked out of the Pathe offices that afternoon with a six months' contract in one pocket and five bucks that he'd borrowed from Kahn, on the strength of the contract, in the other.

The contract Pathe gave Lew was nothing to become excited about. In fact, it was exceedingly modest, Hank Halstead having paid more for his services as a banjo player. But that meant little or nothing to Lew. At long last he was actually on the inside of a picture studio, and with a contract to prove it. He would gladly have worked for nothing had anyone in the Pathe offices suggested it.

Well, as it happened, he worked allright. Plenty. For six months he played
"atmosphere" parts, sitting at tables in
cafe scenes and the like, and one small
(very small) bit in something called "The
Sophomore." And at the expiration of his
six months he was once more out of a
job. But this failed to deter Lew Ayres
or even to dampen his spirits in the least.
He called Paul Bern, who had been instrumental in obtaining his Pathe contract and had at that time moved over
to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and explained
his predicament. He was a darned good
actor, he told Bern, had had six months
of intensive experience (?) and, as he
was at liberty at the moment, there would
be nothing he'd rather do than go to work

for Metro. Paul Bern previously had been impressed with the boy's fiery intensity, his utter confidence in his ability, and he could sense the latent genius striving so hard for expression. Bern conceived an audacious plan.

Greta Garbo was scheduled to make "The Kiss" but had not been able to find just the right young man to play the romantic lead opposite her. Bern showed her the tests of Lew Ayres and Garbo immediately knew her search was over. She would have Ayres for her lead or she wouldn't make the picture. This was prior to the time she commenced commuting regularly from Hollywood to Sweden.

Naturally, that one picture with the great Garbo was all that Lew needed to light the fuse to his cinematic skyrocket. Universal offered him a contract then, a good one, incidentally, and the first picture he made for that studio was the epochal "All Quiet on the Western Front." When Paul Bern saw the picture, and more especially the scene in the shell hole in which the young German boy (Ayres) has mortally wounded the bearded French soldier, played by Raymond Griffith, then he knew for a certainty that his confidence in Lew Ayres' dramatic ability had not been misplaced. The boy would go far, given suitable material upon which to work. Unlike "The Kiss," in which pic-ture he had all of Garbo's prestige and glamour to bolster him and in which there was nothing highly dramatic to test actual ability, the "All Quiet" story was really the "test by fire" because of the intensely emotional nature of the character he por-



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trayed. And the portrayal he gave would have done credit to an actor with years of experience behind him.

Oddly enough, in the four years that followed, Lew made over thirty pictures, the great majority of them less than mediocre. Which wasn't Lew's fault, there being an old adage in the theater that an actor is only as good as his role, and it takes only about three poor films in a row to spell the death knell of the best of actors. But fortunately, Lew Ayres seemed to prove an exception because, while he made nothing that even approached "The Kiss" or "All Quiet," still, he kept on making pictures, as poor as most of them were—C, D, and, as Lew says candidly, even E, F and G films.

From Universal he went to Fox and from Fox to Republic and in the next four years he worked for every major studio in town with the one lone exception of RKO-and how he ever missed making a few pictures for them he swears he doesn't know! Now, almost any actor who had been hand-picked by Garbo to be her leading man and who had made the sensational hit he had in "All Quiet" would have thrown up the sponge and retired from the screen rather than to humiliate himself by playing in pictures that most of the public never even heard of. But not Lew! He was in the business to stay and if it required a few years of film obscurity that was perfectly okay with him. Sooner or later he knew he'd get another chance and when he did he knew he'd be an even better actor than he had been at the beginning of his career.

About this time Lew became tremendously interested in directing. The technique of bringing out the very best dramatic ability in an actor or actress always had been a source of unfailing wonder and delight to him and while he was under contract to Republic he was given an opportunity to try his wings in that field.

From constant study and observation and from continually watching and absorbing the working methods of other directors Lew developed a technique of his own and his initial experience in back of the camera was a story he wrote, cut and directed himself entitled, "Hearts in Bondage," a really remarkable story based upon a heretofore unfilmed phase of history, the American Navy during Civil War days.

Contracts at Paramount and Columbia followed, but that was the only picture he directed at that time, and for the next couple of years Lew played in such minor films that even acquaintances of his wondered if he had left the screen for keeps. He hadn't. He was still working, and what was more important, still learning. "That's the main thing," says Lew Ayres today. "If you stop trying to learn all there is to know about your profession you won't even stand still. You'll go backward." And if you saw him as the slightly "jingled" younger brother in Katherine Hepburn's "Holiday," or as Cousin Henry in MGM's "Rich Man, Poor Girl," you'll agree that Lew has learned his trade thoroughly.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is sure of it as they have just signed him to a seven year contract and are starring him as "Doctor

Kildare" in Max Brand's widely read series. So, in a career that has had as many ups and downs as a busy elevator, Lew is once again, histrionically speaking, "high on a peak in Darien," and from the looks of things it will take a ton of high explosive to shake him loose.

I asked him between scenes of the "Ice Follies," on which he is currently at work, just how it felt to make such a resounding splash in his come-back after having been the "forgotten man" for so long. Lew seemed a little surprised. "Why, I don't know," he told me, "I've really been too busy to think much about it. Oh, sure, I missed playing in class "A" pictureswho wouldn't? But I figured that as long as I was working steadily I certainly couldn't unlearn anything. That's the main thing, I think. Never to allow yourself to become satisfied with your work, because there never was a job done well enough that some other fellow couldn't always come along and do it better.

"How do you feel about directing now that your acting career looks secure again?" I asked.

"That's really my horizon," Lew said. "When I honestly feel that I've reached my peak as an actor-that in all probability I shan't become any better as a performer—then I shall want to direct. That's why I still study, constantly. You know, I've made something like sixtyseven pictures since I've been in Hollywood and yet I don't consider myself a finished actor, or even a very good one. There's still too much to learn."

As I was preparing to leave the set I made some remark about his not having changed a bit in the past six or eight years. Lew grinned and examined himself critically in the dressing room mirror. "Can't understand that," he said. "Hadn't you heard? I'm practically the "grand old man of the screen."

How can you lick a guy with a philosophy of life and a sense of humor like

#### Screen "Debs"

[Continued from page 25]

any more, unless her temper is really aroused. But she subsides quickly. "I'm moody, I enjoy being miserable," she admitted. "Emotions and feelings have always played a great part in my life." That is obvious. She emphasizes her speech with her restless hands, and has a habit of carrying them to her heart when she is particularly earnest. She speaks with burning sincerity. She is delightful! She is just bubbling with the exuberance of youth, and her sadness is the natural sadness of artistic temperaments and makes her the more charming. Remember, there is no great beauty without an element of sadness in it.

For three years, on Saturdays and during the Christmas rush, she worked in the largest department store of Seattle, selling cosmetics and modeling. They paid her the minimum rate, 36 cents an hour. She didn't need the money, but she appreciated the experience and it was "a lot of fun." Meanwhile she went to college, and belonged to the Delta Delta sorority. The Tri-Delts, as college folk know, believe in good looks and good times, and Mimi had a wonderful time. She is bound to, with her beauty and

keen gusto for life.

She took Drama 53, and the lady who taught this course had Hollywood connections, and sent some photographs of Mimi's to Jimmy Moore at Paramount. But for a while, nothing came out of it. When she came to Los Angeles with her mother, grandfather and younger sister for a brief visit with friends, her teacher gave her a letter of recommendation to an agent in Hollywood. She didn't expect anything, couldn't imagine herself a movie star, but anyhow she took the letter to the agent. Now agents are not interested in anybody who is not already pretty well established in the profession, but this gentleman was definitely interested in Mimi. Meanwhile, she contacted also Jimmy Moore, who had moved to R.K.O. He too was favorably impressed, and arranged for a screen test. "They gave me a script from 'Love on the Dole.' It was quite a long test, five or six typewritten pages. I rehearsed for about three weeks before taking the test, with Jack Hubbard, who had an important part in 'Dramatic School.' My family went back to Seattle, and I stayed with some friends in Glendale."

Finally the great day arrived. They took her to a huge sound stage, the "Carefree" set, at R.K.O. She was tense, and her heart was beating fast, but she wasn't as excited as she should have been. She is a girl who takes things in stride. The stage, large enough to house an army division, was dim, except at one far cor-

ner where the test was to be given. It blazed with lights. She saw men crawling on the catwalks high up above, and the floor was covered with a tangle of wires. "So this is the glamour of Hollywood!" she reflected. It was a little terrifying.

At the blazing corner, men scurried about, adjusting the lights and reflectors, moving the big black camera, mounted on a small truck with rubber wheels, up and down, marking and measuring distances. They had poker faces, she didn't know what they thought of her. Presently, with Jack Hubbard she pretended to be rushing up a hill, as the camera and microphone followed her, the latter suspended from the end of a long metal bar manipulated by a man. She paused, took a deep breath, and said what a wonderful day it was. Below them spread the panorama of sordid factories, and the sun was setting in the distance, but on the hill the air was so good to breathe . . .

"They shot us from four different angles," she recalled. "And the test lasted four hours, from one to five. I was perspiring, the lights were so hot. When it was over, I went home. I couldn't even think. My mind was a blank. Not until the next morning did I begin to wonder what would be R.K.O.'s verdict."

Several days later she went to the studio to see her test. "I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh when I saw myself on the screen. 'Is that me?' I wondered. 'Do I really smile and talk like that?' There was no connection between us. The feeling within me, my conception of the part, and what I actually saw and

heard, didn't jibe. I thought I could have done better. But I lived every line I spoke. It just didn't come out on the screen."

The Front Office viewed the test, and didn't offer her the contract she half expected. "And I don't blame them. I had no acting experience, I was just a college girl. Every studio tests hundreds of girls; it doesn't mean much. So I decided to return to Seattle. The agent called me and told me M-G-M was very much interested in my test. But I decided to go home anyhow. After I arrived in Seattle, he sent me a wire, asking me to return immediately. M-G-M had made a definite offer to put me under contract. I came down, signed the contract in the agent's office, and here I am."

She joined the Metro roster on September 6, 1938, and was immediately cast in "Young Dr. Kildare." They gave her a tough part. "I played it mostly with my eyes. And I had to simulate insanity. I just imagined how an insane girl would act. I think you have to do most of your characterization with eyes anyhow, no matter what the role. The eyes are the windows of the soul, and your characterization must spring from here." She put her hands on her heart. The studio fortunately hasn't tried to glamorize her. The make-up department just changed her hairdress from a side to a center part. But, they changed her name to Jo Ann Sayers, I don't know why. It sounds "blah," as she said. Her real name is far more euphonious, distinctive, and fits her perfectly. I can't imagine her as anything else but Mimi Lilygren, and I

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earnestly hope the studio will let her use her real name. "Oh, I get so mad when they call me Joey," she said.

She lives with her mother and grandfather in Beverly Hills. She goes out a good deal, but not to night clubs. She doesn't care for them. And as for Hollywood men, she says she doesn't know them and hopes she never does. Her hobbies are skiing and winter sports, dancing and writing poetry. She has studied the piano and violin, and has composed four or five songs. She is planning on taking dancing lessons, ballet and classical steps. Her greatest disappointment so far is that she has never been on a train. Her greatest ambition she stated in these words: "I want to be a beautiful actress, not physically, but emotionally. I want to be able to make people see what I see, feel what I feel, laugh and cry with me."

So many pretty girls who are put under contract aren't interested in what they can give the world, but what they can get out of it. They think of screen success in terms of premieres, orchids, limousines, clothes. They are dropped after six months or a year because they fail to move the public, lack warmth, humanity, understanding of people, sincerity. Mimi is one of the happy exceptions. She is indifferent to the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood. She doesn't care for clothes, applause, the false, synthetic glories of this town, and is passionately interested in the real things Hollywood has to offer the world. She is still very young, and her allure will undoubtedly increase as she grows older. Youth has its charms, but age gives one character, takes off the rough edges, rounds out one's personality. As the years go by, her acting will gain in depth and power. I'd like to see her ten years from now.

Another newcomer worth watching is dark-haired, blue-eyed Ruth Hussey, who can develop into a star of the first magnitude if she will only let herself go, as Mimi does, both on and off the screen, so beautifully. Ruth is a gorgeous eyeful, with a healthy vigor, and that fatal school girl complexion, if you know what I mean. She is stunning, and believe it or not, holds a degree of bachelor of philosophy! The pathway that led her to Hollywood was from radio to stage to screen. She comes from a fine New England family, and has an excellent background. She had the feminine lead in "Rich Man, Poor Girl," and plays a college girl in "Spring Madness," which at this writing has just been released.

Ruth's case, I think, illustrates the importance of giving all you've got in order to reach the heart of the public and the higher rungs of stardom. Reserve is a good thing, but too much of it will create a barrier between performer and public. An actress can't be too much of a lady. Emotional exhibitionism is necessary for her success. Miss Hussey combines exceptional beauty with brains, and she is a regular fellow, too-but when you watch her on the screen you have a feeling that something is holding her back. But once her full powers are released, we'll have a combination of Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell, with a dash of Helen Hayes.

She came to Hollywood with the road company of "Dead End," in which she

played the part enacted by Wendy Barrie on the screen. On the opening night at the Biltmore Theatre, Bill Grady of Metro saw her, and offered to give her a screen test at the end of the first act. Lack of space prevents me from telling you her interesting story of how she took the test and signed a contract. Ruth knows exactly what has been the trouble with her so far, and spoke about herself with admirable detachment and candor.

"I found acting before the camera decidedly more difficult than acting on the stage," she said. "The limitation of motion before the camera made me feel tied up. I felt perfectly at home on the stage, didn't wonder if what I was doing was right, whether I should do it this way or that way. I feel perfectly free on the radio, too. Recently I was on the Good News program for two weeks. I got so many compliments from people in the studio who always told me, 'you are cold, you must give, give, give.' I really surprised them. Every movement you make before the camera must be just so, within precise limits. And there are so many interruptions and distractions. They will tell you, 'you spoke that line well, but you stood too far to the left.' It comes down to this: either you want to look right, and it is sometimes a matter of inches, or to heck with your photographic appearance, forget it and concentrate on your action. I think that's what I should do."

Miss Hussey had a slight cold and lay in bed in the home of her hairdresser, who is her closest friend in Hollywood. She lives alone in an apartment, and was staying there temporarily. She continued:

'I had to unlearn a few things that are necessary on the stage. Not to project my voice too much, not to be too precise, to condense eight or ten movements into two or three." As Basil Rathbone told me once, the secret of good screen acting is to know how little to do in order to secure the greatest effect, for the screen has a tendency to magnify and exaggerate. All stage actors have experienced Ruth's difficulty. In "Spring Madness" she is more her natural self.

Mimi's uncle called her "Dynamite," but Ruth was a quiet child. "Not that I didn't feel deeply," she explained. "But I was determined not to show my feelings, which of course is a bad thing when it comes to acting. If somebody misjudged me or upbraided me, I wouldn't say anything. I would go hide somewhere, and have my cry." She speaks calmly, and her hands are at rest. But sometimes she raises her voice and flourishes her hands through the air, and then you have a glimpse of the smoldering personality beneath her New England reserve.

Both Mimi Lilygren—pardon me, Jo Ann Sayers!—and Ruth Hussey are abundantly blessed with physical charms, but their appeal is different. The former is more poetic and emotional, and has an elfin quality about her. The latter is more intellectual, a little more mature, and sexier. The screen can use both types, but unless Miss Hussey learns to give everything she has before the camera, I'm afraid Mimi will steal a march on her. And for that matter, all the current glamour girls better watch out for their

## New York Entertains The Head-Liners

[Continued from page 23]

Bob Benchley had arrived that day from Hollywood and had trouble about his seat. That was bad enough, but the tremendous ovation he got from his friends and admirers complicated his comings and goings even farther. Bob Benchley, with his great wit and understanding, is so much a part of the American humor that it is hard to realize that New York, probably because of his "New Yorker" theatre reviews, claims him completely as its own, and when you, my fine feathered friend in Cleveland or Denver, see him in a short on the screen, it is rather as a loan from his devoted eastern public.

Kitty Carlisle looked very lovely in a red velvet, off-the-shoulders and hoopskirted dress with which she wore a cape of ermine. It was later that evening that

I asked her to pose.
It was also later that evening that I saw Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Buddy still had his arm inside his coat, not yet completely recovered from his bad automobile accident, but when I took the picture he pulled his hand out and showed that he can use the fingers. "Look, Jerry," he said, "in two weeks it will all be healed." And a mighty lucky thing for Buddy too, for it was his right hand, and his musician's career depends on it. Mary looks amazingly youthful. Perhaps that is

why she has brought out her own beauty preparations.

Dorothy Lamour's trip to New York was partly spoiled for her by her husband's illness and she called him constantly by phone, and it was in a phone booth that I photographed her. A nice guy from Paramount was with her, and when they were leaving he explained that the studio had to O.K. all photos of their stars before they were released. Before I had a chance to say anything Miss Lamour spoke up and said, "Not Zerbe, you can trust him always." Which was swell of her, for it saved me a lot of trouble and time, so Dorothy Lamour, herewith a printed bow.

Out in Astoria, on Long Island, Director William K. Howard has been filming a movie called "Cafe New York" about New York's Cafe Set. Certainly he ought to know all about it for he is constantly there, usually with Patricia Ellis, who is the leading lady of his movie, and Johnny Walker, who is making his return to the

screen in this picture.

Two former movie stars, who are now more or less out of the film limelight, are Helen Hayes and Gloria Swanson. Miss Hayes, of course, is having an un-precedented success in "Queen Victoria" and during the rest of the time she is at her Victorian home in Nyack, N. Y., with her daughter and husband, Author Charles MacArthur. Gloria Swanson I met three years ago in Hollywood and consider one of the nicest and most charming women I know. I had only been in Hollywood about two weeks and wasn't liking it much, and that day was

in an especially bad mood as Joan Crawford had kept me waiting five hours at M-G-M on an appointment to take a snap that took not two minutes of her time. Frances Marion took me to Gloria's to dinner that night and her sense of humor, her friendliness and charm won me over completely to her and to Hollywood. Today she has a lovely apartment on Fifth Avenue here in New York and has a host

The Jack Oakies' reconciliation was much heralded in the newspapers, but I'd not seen in the paper they had gotten to town, so it was with somewhat of a chagrined shock that cameraless one night I heard someone behind me at "21" at dinner say "Hello, Jerry" and turned to find it was Jack and his beautiful wife. Later that evening, with camera regained, I did catch up with them. They were in town for several weeks staying at the

Fred Perry, who runs Hollywood's very successful Beverly Hills Tennis Club along with Ellsworth Vines, and his actress wife, Helen Vinson, have also been much around the town, although they are on the verge of a divorce.

Other Hollywood refugees in New York were Ella Logan and Adrienne Ames, who has been visiting Mrs. Nate Spingold, the chic dressmaker. Adrienne had on a magnificent clip of rubies and diamonds that must have come from designs by Paul Flato or of Eugene Joseff of Hollywood.

All the signs are for a gayer and happier winter and that should bring a lot of movie people east to New York, and so to you.



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## Gable—Swell Guy

[Continued from page 21]

to nothing as he can take a car apart and put it back together quicker quicker than any garage man in town. Necessity made a mechanic out of him. With the first money he made on the stage in Los Angeles he bought a second-hand car, which literally fell to pieces every time he turned a corner. As he put all his money into the car, little that it was, he didn't have anything extra for repair bills-so it was either walk or tinker. He tinkered.

Of all the cars he has ever had he likes his present station wagon best. On the windshield is a sticker with PRESS on it, which was given him by the boys of the Fourth Estate last year during the famous Norton trial. There has never been a movie star to make such a hit with the court reporters as Clark Gable. I think they are planning to have him canonized.

All celebrities in Hollywood should be very grateful to Clark for what he did for them in the Norton case. It is an old fallacy in Hollywood that a movie star should never go to court because it will mean newspapers full of bad publicity. All matters should be settled out of court, and secretly, even though the star is the most innocent person in the world.

You can be awfully sure that the vultures that prey upon the screen great took full advantage of this. "But I am innocent," the star had always said to the blackmailer, "all right, take it to court. I can prove my innocence." "But ah," sneers the blackmailer, "there will be a lot of dirty linen aired. A lot of skeletons will creak in their closets. Newspapers like to make things as sensational as possible. And gods become awfully tinny when their past life is exposed to millions of fans. Better settle out of court and avoid the publicity." And the stars usually settled.

But not Mr. Gable. "Hell," he said, "I've never done anything I'm ashamed of. I don't care who knows I was a lumberjack once. I'm completely innocent of Mrs. Norton's accusations, and we'll just take this little thing to court." Which they did. And Clark came off scot free. Which was more than Mrs. Norton did. Since then there has been no attempted blackmailing of movie stars in Hollywood. Gable proved that a celebrity could face a barrage of newspaper publicity and not lose one iota of his popularity.

Clark has always had the happy faculty of making good friends. When he needed friends to testify for him in the Norton case all his old pals of the lumber camp days, even his best girl at that time, could hardly wait to travel down from Oregon to tell the truth to help an old friend. I don't believe that Clark Gable has ever met a stranger. He has always been a regular guy, and when fame came his way he never lost his old comraderie. He has a cheery greeting for everyone, always knows a person's name, and invariably makes him feel important. The trick of that is he's a good listener. He's one star who doesn't insist upon talking about himself, and gives the other person plenty of opportunity to talk about himself.

He is the greatest champion of the



If you saw "The Young In Heart," you'll fondly recall the Scotsman. Richard Carlson's career is off to a fine start.

"bit" player, the "extra," and the "unknown" in Hollywood. Just because he's a success now he hasn't forgotten the days when no one in Hollywood would give him a job, days when he plugged, and plodded, and struggled, and starved. So now, although he is a big star, he will make tests by the hour just to give an actor a chance to get a part in his picture. He is one of the few stars who will do a broadcast with a lot of unknowns to give them a break. On the sets the "extras" are his pals, not the stars.

Clark has a dynamic voice though it is a very soothing, easy sort of voice. He has never been known to shout or scream. Though he doesn't make a show of it he is the perfect gentleman and doesn't care whether good breeding has become oldfashioned or not. He still insists upon standing when a lady stands, and all those other little courtesies that are fast becoming obsolete. He is crazy about all kinds of sports, especially football and tennis, but his great love of course is hunting. Whenever he has a chance he goes into the mountains, fights through the brush with his dogs and his gun, and usually comes back with game. Always in the fall of the year, when the deer season opens, he packs back into the wilderness of the high Sierras of California or the mountainous country of Arizona, and spends a week or two in camps. He takes in several rodeos every winter and looks forward with boyish enthusiasm to the annual round-up and branding at the Rancho de Los Quiotes—a three thousand acre ranch owned by Leo Carrillo. You've got to be an awfully good rider to round up and brand cattle—and Gable is.

As everyone knows by now, Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on the first day of February. His mother died when he was seven months old and he lived with his grandparents on a farm near Meadville, Pennsylvania, until his father re-married and he went back to Ohio to live with him and his step-mother, whom he adored. His father was an oil contractor and Clark lived in the small towns of Hopedale and Ravenna, and at an early age learned all about the farm.

He decided he wanted to be a doctor

when he was in his teens, and when his father told him there was not enough money to send him to medical school, Clark announced that he would work his way through-which he was doing very nicely at the University of Akron, until that fatal day when he met up with a couple of stock company actors and they invited him to watch the performance "backstage." From that night on he was determined to be an actor. In between acting jobs, which weren't very plentiful, Clark worked in the oil fields, went barnstorming into hundreds of cities, towns and hamlets throughout the South and the Middle West, surveyed lumber tracts in southern Oregon, worked in a lumber camp at Silverton, Oregon, in the want ad department of the Portland Oregonian, and spent a year with the telephone company in that city.

In the fall of 1924 he found he had saved enough money to get to Hollywood—not for pictures, but for a part on the stage. He couldn't get a job. After his money gave out he began haunting casting offices and finally became an extra at seven fifty a day in an Ernst Lubitsch picture. When "Romeo and Juliet" arrived in Los Angeles with Jane Cowl, tall soldiers were needed to carry spears. Clark became a spear carrier. He played bits in "What Price Glory," "Madame X," "Lucky Sam McCarver" and "Lullaby." The best friend he made in the theatre was Lionel Barrymore, whom he supported in "The Copperhead." Lionel was,

and is, his ideal.

In between his theatre engagements he continued to play extra parts in pictures. But his first real break came when he landed a job in the stage play "Chicago," opposite Nancy Carroll. The play had a long run and Clark saved enough money to go to New York, where he immediately was cast in the leading role of "Machenal." The following year his agent got him a job to play "Killer Mears" in the Los Angeles company of "The Last Mile"—and from then on it was more or

less easy going.

There have probably been more false rumors of Clark's death than of any other celebrity in the world. Any time of night he is likely to be awakened by a member of the press who shouts excitedly into the phone, "Are you dead?" His favorite death story concerns his dentist. Clark had a couple of cavities and had made a date to see his dentist one Thursday afternoon. He was working at the time but managed to get away from the studio, and as he drove frantically through the afternoon traffic on Wilshire Boulevard he noticed that the newsboys were hawking extras. When he arrived at his dentist's office he was met by a young nurse who blandly informed him, "When the doctor read that you were dead, Mr. Gable, he took the afternoon off to play golf."

Exit the Jitterbug

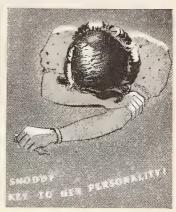
The younger set in Hollywood have decided to start a crusade to bring back the fox trot and the waltz. Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Peggy Stewart, Frankie Thomas, and Billy and Bobby Mauch, had their first meeting at the Grace Hayes lodge the other evening and refused to let the orchestra play a single swing number.

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## CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. WRITES ABOUT HOLLYWOOD WOMEN!

Never before has a screen magazine dared publish this controversial stick of dynamite! Hollywood women are admired, imitated, sought after, glorified—but—who dares defy the unwritten law by telling the truth about Hollywood Women? Knowing the story would take courage plus a real insight into never-mentioned facts, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. has written the frankest, brazenest, tell-thetruth-or-die story in the February SCREENLAND. It's a strong dose—but your eyes will be opened and you'll be a lot wiser about Hollywood stars.

BUY THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF THE SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE!
NEW LOW 10 ¢ PRICE BUT BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE!
—ON SALE JANUARY 4th—

SCREENLAND

## WAKEUP

Without Calomel -And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



# Chin Arms Legs

Chin Arms Legs
Happy: I had ugly hair ... was unloved ... discouraged. Tried many different products ... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 12, Chicago.



For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching A 25c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or ing. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for D.D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

### Original POEMS - SONGS WANTED FOR PUBLICATION

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## IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR

and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE .... then write today for my

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottleand book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 12, LOWELL, MASS

## Letters From The Grand Jury Of The Movies

[Continued from page 55]

is beautiful if the words are pronounced correctly, but it is harsh and horrid if the vowels are not given the broad, soft sound. Must the word "loch" always be called, lock? I am Scotch and that picture is a shudder to me.

JESSIE MACLAREN, Sioux City, Iowa

DEAR EDITOR:

You want to know the "why" of a picture flop? Too much concern over lavishness of sets and snappy wardrobes and not nearly enough attention given to perfecting characterization. The camera insists on a co-starring role.

What do we remember best about a Muni picture? Paul's superb acting, not the backgrounds. Muni keeps the camera in its place. We all liked "Mayerling" for its story—and who remembers anything

about its sets, or cares?

Why are the Judge Hardy pictures so popular? For their humanness and middleclass appeal. No arte moderne stuff in them, no penthouses, never a fashion hint! The story, the story, the story, Mr. Editor. That's all that matters.

Yours truly, D. W. DAVIES, Vancouver, Canada

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Unusual pictures appeal to me. I saw and liked "Algiers" because of its odd setting. But couldn't a picture of this type have drama, suspense, and action without such a depressing ending?

If parts of a picture must jerk tears, why not have it do so in the center, and not just before the curtain falls? It is so embarrassing to sit and sniffle and wipe the old nose when the lights come on.

Besides, I like to leave the theatre feeling that it's all worth while, not wondering why life is so grim.

Yours, for happier pictures.

MRS. LILA LIGGETT, Denver, Colo.

## Jimmy Cagney "Spots What It Takes"

[Continued from page 31]

said 'A girl named Bette Davis.' 'Who is she?' he wanted to know, never having heard of her. 'She just played a small role with Ruth Chatterton in The Rich Are Always With Us,' you said, 'and she's got what it takes.' Then this reporter wanted to know who was the best actor, and you said 'Spencer Tracy.' He had never heard of him, either. Seems to me that's quite an outstanding example of intuition.'

"If you want to call it intuition," Jim parried. "What it is, is the result of accumulated experience. But say," he was alarmed. "Be careful with that. Don't make it sound as if I discovered anybody. Nothing like that. Davis-she knew what she wanted. She was on her way. You could tell. Not many girls know what they want, or else they expect somebody else to get it for them. She was relying just on Davis-nobody else. And Tracy. He's been too good too long for anybody to dare say they discovered him. Long before Murder Man, the first I saw him do, he was good. He knew his job.

In that one, now. He had a cast of comics, tearing it up. Tracy-he just walked through. Calm-sprinkling those little things, those little Tracy bits. Underplaying. Oh it was lovely, all right. A lesson in acting. That guy's an actor."

Cagney was warming up-talking like Cagney. One was conscious of the subtle impact in that quiet voice, never raised, which stirs up excitement in his audience. Shorthand speech, staccato, shorn of unnecessary articles. He fills in the missing words with a lift of the shoulder, the eyes, and his eloquent hands-crisp sharp gestures. Finishes things before he goes to the next, with the least possible effort. He is so easy with it, so easy. A postgraduate course in how to get a point across.

"Marie Wilson-she has it," Cagney continued. "Steps off on the right foot. Instinctively. Ten per cent gift-rest is knowledge. And knowing what she wants.

"Dennis O'Keefe. Used to be around the lot—dress extra. Didn't know what he had; or how to use it. I'd go out and ride him. 'Howya, big and good-lookin'. With a start like you have, you oughta go some place, son.' You know-shoulders, height—everything. Lots of zip. Something happening with him all the time. Nervous energy—no grip on it. I rode him hard. 'Get goin'. Let's see what you got. You can do more than hold up clothes.' He's doing a lot more now. Metro has him. Going places, too."

"How about this kid who plays you as a boy, in 'Angels?'"

"Frankie Viselli? Great find. Strong personality. He jumps. Too nervous and excitable. Like that colt over there, now. Just a kid. When they calm him down, he'll be somebody to have around.'

It has become a legend at Warner's that if Cagney says a scene is good, then it is good-no matter how much high-powered doubt may be expressed at the rushes. And if he says it's bad, then it should be cut out of the picture pronto, before audi-

ences begin saying the same. Possibly it occurs to you that this is simply a part of the acting business-that all actors can "spot" a scene, But they can't. According to authority, they have not the broad vision—they feel responsible for themselves alone, which is no more than normal, and in viewing the work on the screen, see only themselves-not the entire scene. If the actor is good in it, he is blinded into believing the whole thing is good. And aren't we all?

A kind of an open secret is that Jim sometimes refuses to call a thing finished when he thinks it can be done betteror to make it at all if he doesn't think it will stand up; but it is no secret that he has never had a box-office failure.

And the instinct-intuition-whatever it is, about the "feeling" of a scene, Jim says is also the "result of accumulated

experience.'

"How can you tell if a scene is wrong? Why-you feel it. Under your skin. In your hair. It's out of timing-out of whack. You know it. Have to know it; or you miss. The way an artist has to know the exact amount of paint to use; the pianist, so much pressure on the pedal, no more. The wood-carver, depth. You can't measure those things in a cup or a spoon, the way a cook can. And cooks too-the best ones cook by instinct, not by recipes.

"Fellow up here the other day illustrates what I'm getting at. Old time boxer. Sharp as a tack. Smooth. Not a mark on him. So this kid, also here, wanted to take him on. Sparred for an hour. Kid couldn't touch him. Pretty work—this fighter, he's good. He told the kid: 'Don't ever get in a scrap with a fighter. They do things without thinking, you have to stop and figure out.' The kid asked 'How do you get it? How do you know?' Fighter said, 'You go into a gym when you're eight years old and stay until you're punch-drunk. Then you've got it.' "

"Anybody in Hollywood you can think of right now who 'has it?' Anybody un-

discovered, I mean."
"Sure," Jim said. "Frank McHugh. I don't mean acting—everybody knows he's a good actor. But what they don't know is, he's one of the best directors in the business, even if he has never directed a picture. He has a director's mind. It goes click in the right places. If his opportunity comes, watch him."

"There is a rumor," I proceeded with caution, "that you have a sister, Jeanne by name, who wants to be an actress. Any

predictions?'

"Well . . . anything I said would be prejudiced, wouldn't it? Naturally, you think your own family is the goods ...

A pleased grin broke out on the Cagney map. "She's plenty independent, all right. Wouldn't make a try at Warner's—people would say I helped her."

"What else about her?" (You have to

be persistent.)
"She's—they tell me she's pretty," he admitted, after considering the advisability of admitting this much. Evidently sister Jeanne has him buffaloed out of going around tooting her horn. "Majored in languages at Hunter College. Anybody who will read fifty plays in French, fifty in German—and knows every part that was even written by Shakespeare-well, what do you think? Wouldn't you say she was, anyway, interested? And you have to be interested before you can be interesting. I hear she can act, too. And she knows what she wants. Boy, does she know what she wants!" For an instant, Jim's pride broke away from his caution.

And that, my friends, is as much as you can pry loose from the Cagney about this candidate for fame in his own family. She has her own way with Jim, insofar as his promoting her case is concerned. But he has his way in one thing. "No Broadway," he says. "I want her out here where I can keep an eye on her."

We will have to wait and see what we shall see—but Jim gave it away when he said "She knows what she wants!"

No actor has ever known better what he wants than Cagney, nor been as willing to fight and sacrifice for it. And certainly no one is more capable of recognizing the trait in others.



You probably have not sent a valentine for a long time but you still thrill when you think of the ones all covered with lace and hearts that you used to get. Write a line to finish the verse of this valentine and send it to us before February 28, 1939.

## \$25.00 First Prize!

For the best line received we will give \$25.00. For the twenty lines judged next best we will give \$2.50 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. In addition to the cash prizes we are also going to give free for promptness twenty-one sets of Silverware to the lines, won first prize last ye are for her last line to the valentine. Send your line to day for the valentine on a postal card or sheet of paper and mail it to:

MY VALENTINE 103 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

## Lombard Not a Zaney?

They may call her "Screwball" but Lombard is far from being a Zaney! The February SCREENLAND now on sale tells a side of the screen's impetuous imp full of human interest!

## Robert Benchley's First Interview!

The inimitable Benchley gets his first interview as a screen star!

## "One Career" Mary Livingston!

One's enough! Mary Livingston Benny tells why. You'll love it!

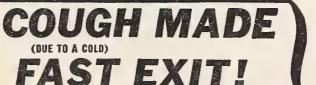
## What 1939 Holds for the Stars!

Norvell, favorite astrologer of Hollywood's famous celebrities, makes thrilling predictions for your screen favorites!

Don't Miss One of the Many Drama-drenched features in the new February SCREENLAND. Chock full of revelations and surprises!

10c New Low Screenland Better Than 10c

-ON SALE JANUARY 4th-



"I am an actress. Before a matinee I woke up coughing. I took Smith Bros. Cough Syrup. My cough was better before two o'clock." — Ann Fairleigh, 612 West 115th St., N. Y.

6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢



## The Final Fling A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Miliza Korius

ODAY a ringmaster can stand arrogantly poised, red coat shining, and shout his introductions confident that he will be heard by all. If we could borrow his clarion voice we would like heartily to introduce a New Entertainer to you all. (Please imagine the microphone and the ether waves.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen. We take pleasure in introducing the fairest and most talented of all the daughters of earth. From lands beyond the sea she came to bring us her great gifts, and now she is here—she is HERE! Her smile is a benediction of happiness, her loveliness is a new high in beauty and her voice is a marvelous instrument that only the gods may play upon. But such is its quality, its charm, its great power and its mystical tenderness that only the songs of the sirens, or the mellow sounds of the coming of dawn and the diapason of a whole earth waking to happiness, would be worthy to be set to music for her. Give her a welcome from your heart-Miliza Korius.

Do you like the circus? The troupes march in to do their thrilling exhibitions -then out they go and in come some others. They go out, too, in a few minutes, and then comes the sensation of the whole three rings, the sensation truly of all Christendom!

The beautiful woman who sings in "The Great Waltz" is so delightful and so fresh and strong and sure and forceful that no one can listen to her without realizing how good life can be, and feel his heart pulse strongly with a great feeling of joy. Not to have heard her is to live drearier and greyer years, which is the same as never to have lived at all.

We have seen "The Great Waltz" a number of times and you may be sure that our visits were our own idea and richly rewarded.

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By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS Singing star of "That Certain Age" Speck
Ex-Ukranian Prince in "Service DeLuxe"
The son in "A Man To Remember"
"Young Dr. Kildare" himself Nothing Secretary in "The Young in Heart" Loyal wife in "The Citadel" Loyal wife ...
Edges
Male descendant
One who mimics
Masculine name (abbr.)
Hideous monster of fairy tales
Jagged knot
Pronoun
Indefinite article
Publisher's assistant in "Spawn of the North" Publisher's ass Plural ending Upon Within Untruth
For example (abbr.)
Expression of merriment
Verbal

12 Expression of merrinent
14 Verbal
16 Ocean
17 Star of "Sing, You Sinners"
19 Star of "The Sisters"
11 Well-known radio tenor
15 Co-starred in "Too Hot To Handle"
15 Mrs. Eddie Cantor
16 Anger
17 Relation (abbr.)
16 A mischievous child
16 In "Thoroughbred"
16 Unit of energy
17 Lyric poem
18 Marcy Drew, Detective" herself
19 Northern state (abbr.)
10 Prophet
11 Masculine name (abbr.)
12 English actress (abbr.)
13 Exists
15 Measure of land
15 Slave
16 More than one (abbr.)
17 Reply sharply
18 Limb
18 Visions
1 Lovable old lady in "The Young in DOWN
Lovable old lady in "The Young in Heart"
Astringent mineral salt
Co-star of "Sweethearts"
Born
Stains

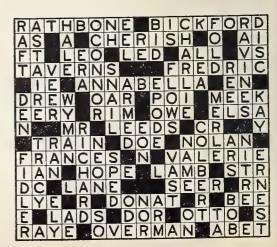
Stains
Either
Sea Eagle
Well-known stage actress
Process of preserving fodder
To cut short

Department store clerk in 'Youth Takes a Fling' Near

Therefore
Assist
French diplomat in "Suez"
Short poem
Modern
Father Connolly in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Now appearing in Paramount pictures (initials)
Continent (abbr.)
Director of "The Sisters"
Girl's name
To intend
Darling of all movie-goers
Native metal
In "You Can't Take It With You"
The lady in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
Army officer (abbr.)
Near at hand,
Champion prize fighter in "The Crowd Roars"
South Asian Islands (abbr.)
She made a big hit in "Algiers"
Surrenders
Myself
Straightforward
Col. Anthony Carleton in "The Young in Heart"

53 Myself
55 Myself
55 Myself
55 Straightforward
57 Col. Anthony Carleton in "The Young in Heart"
59 Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat"
61 Promissory note (abbr.)
62 Island, part of New York State (abbr.)
64 Kingdom
66 Cog-wheel
67 Always
74 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
75 Every (abbr.)
77 Type measure
78 Parent

### Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



# BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"



# Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST





ORGEOUS WOMEN-Hollywood's Pride

# Silver Screen

March ARY OF CON **Bette Davis** 

## "HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

- "Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"
- "I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

TERRET.

starring

TYRONE POWER HENRY FONDA NANCY KELLY RANDOLPH SCOTT

and HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL

Directed by Henry King Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson A 20th Century-Fox Picture

# JAMES

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR











# YOURS

CLEANLINESS that's unbelievable!

LUSTER you've always desired!

MOUTH FRESHNESS that lasts!

WITH THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth... on bite surfaces, — with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains. 2. Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth. 3. Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.



Kiss Him! for Pete's sake Kiss Him!



DIRECTOR: Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria -and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!



BARRY: My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!



DIRECTOR: What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

SCRIPT GIRL: You said it-and he owes most of it to you-and Listerine Antiseptic!

## Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not my fault. Tell

> Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

> Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

> LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS



## SPENCER TRACY

in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

## HEDY LAMARR

THE GLAMOROUS

Exciting BEAUTY...

YOUR SENSATIONAL

NEW DISCOVERY

Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...



TAKE THIS WOMAN

INA CLAIRE WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie Louis Calhern Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Lock and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans—
This is a fan letter for you.
I thank you from the bottom of
my lion's heart for the way you
have responded to this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

\* \* \* \* \*

## GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck' Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box T, Culver City, Cal.



Name	 •
Address	

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

See you on the screen.

-Leo

## REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MARCH 1939

VOLUME NINE NUMBER FIVE

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON Western Editor LENORE SAMUELS
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Frank J. Carroll
Art Director

### CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	PAGE
"ONLY YESTERDAY"	1 18
GORGEOUS WOMEN ADD TO THE HOLLYWOOD PAGEANT	
Movie Town Boasts of Many Marvels  PAUL KARFI	20
THE HEARTBREAKING UNCERTAINTY OF THEIR LIVES!  Players Live At High Tension Myrile Gebhari	22
THERE ARE "CHANCES" AT EVERY PARTY JERRY ASHER	2.5
ON LOCATION WITH THE "STACECOACH" TROUBE	
Recreating Pioneer Days  "SHOT AT SUNRISE".  "SHOT AF SUNRISE".  JEROME ZERBE	26
CIAUDETTE COES TO HED DICTUDE	
How Miss Colbert Reacted To "Zaza"  WHAT'S WRONG WITH RADIO?  An Analysis Of Broadcasters, Differentias	30
An Analysis Of Broadcasters' Difficulties  STARLET ON BROADWAY  BOB WILLIAM	32
Iane Bryan Comes To Gotham	
THE MAN WHO WATCHES THE LOVERSJ. H. HUTCHINSON	
REMARKS BY HOLLYWOOD AS TOLD TO WHITNEY WHITNEY	5 52
The Prize Winning Criticism Letter Stirs Up The Studio LOVE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE ARTIST!LAURENCE MORGAN	54
Careers Blossom For Lovers	
MONTHLY FEATURES	
THE OPENING CHORUS	5
TIPS ON PICTURES. AN APPLE A DAY	8
Some Delicious Recipes That Include This Fenit	
BLONDE BEAUTY.  Special Treatment For This Fair Type THAT'S TELLING 'EM.  MARY LEE	12
Honordhia Mantina Latinus	-
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS. PICTURES ON THE FIRE. S. R. Mook	16
Watching The Stars At Work	
REVIEWS A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE CHARLOTTE HERBERT	89
THE FINAL FLING. ELIOT KEEN	82
ART SECTION	
WE POINT WITH PRIDE.	
GAIL PATRICK AND ISA MIRANDA	
NELSON EDDY AND MELVYN DOUGLAS.  Cited For Distinguished Service	38–39
TO GREET THE FIRST ROBIN  Early Spring Daytime Fashions	
THE "BIG" PICTURE OF THE MONTH	
FORMAL ELEGANCE FOR TRUE SOPHISTICATES	44-45
RITA HAYWORTH, VIVIAN COE AND ELEANOR POWELL	46-47
SWING	48–49
A Tribute To The Jitterbugs WARNER BAXTER AND LORETTA YOUNG	
Stars From The Twentieth Century-Fox Constellation	-50
COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE	

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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## The Opening 6 hours

A LETTER FROM LIZA

EAR BOSS:
Well, here we go again with one of those popularity polls. Everybody else is having one so why should we be different? Mine is called the Fan Writers poll, and represents what we think of the movie stars.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Bette Davis is the most popular Glamour Girl with us writers. Bette has never yet failed to co-operate with us, she plays fair, she is wonderful copy, she is not fussy, and she stands by what she says, even when she says it impulsively. Barbara Stanwyck is runner-up. The most popular of the men stars seems to be Bob Taylor, who is sincere, cordial and considerate, and will give us an interview at the drop of a hat. Runner-up seems to be Jimmy Stewart, whom we writing folk call "a sweet guy." Jimmy has never gotten uppity to an interviewer, no matter how inane the interview. Nelson Eddy and Jean Arthur were voted on unanimously as the most unpopular. Assignments on Bette, Barbara, Bob and Jimmy are red letter days. An assignment on Nelson or Jean sends us right into the doldrums.

And here are some of the comments anent our glamorous girls and boys. "Melvyn Douglas . . . swell sense of humor . . . falls in with any idea . . . helps." "Clark Gable . . . not very good copy but cordial and co-operative . . . never refuses to see you." "Carole Lombard . . . keeps you suspended on a deadline . . . is swell when you get to her, but you can't spend all your life trying to get to her" "Claudette Colbert . . . friendly and gracious . . says, I know I said that but I didn't think it would look that way in print." "Norma Shearer . . . co-operative at stated occasions, and she states the occasions." "Katharine Hepburn ... Who's Hepburn" "Charles Boyer ... charming . . gives good interview if you can speak French." "Fred Astaire . . . won't give, but who cares?" "Tyrone Power . . . awfully nice . . . a great favorite." "Don Ameche . . . good copy . . most friendly . . . wife helps with stories." "John Barrymore . . . wonderful . . . wish there were more like him." "Constance Bennett . . . always sues." Irene Dunne ... vague ... lovely manners but bad copy." "Burns and Allen . . . in own estimation they do not need publicity." "Bob Burns . . . always too busy with important things to see fan writers . . . homespun philosopher, phooey." "Merle Oberon . . . swell . . . gives good interview . . . never rushed." "Myrna Loy . . . swell . . . lots of fun to talk to." "Spencer Tracy . . . too modest for good story . . . tries to be helpful . . . friendly." "Hedy Lamarr . . . grand copy . . . studio trying to surround her with Garbo glamour but don't blame Hedy." Sonja Henie . . . talks only in monosyllables." Well, now you know.

Lýs



Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us...the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch..."





VERY day more women are E discovering Tampax, and

spreading the news among their friends. This modern civilized sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over one bundred million Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who must keep busy and active at all times of the month-every month, every season.

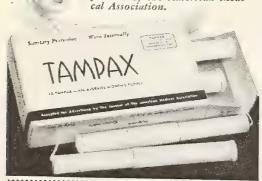
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Tips Om Beturn Films To See-One For Every Mood.

BALLERINA—Excelent. A distinguished French language film that should be a "must" on everybody's list, the English titles making it perfectly understandable to those not knowing French. It tells an intensely dramatic story of ballet dancers, and lovers of fine dancing and ex-quisite music will be enchanted. In addition it

boasts acting of the very highest order. (Janine Charrat-Mia Slavenska.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—Interesting. Dickens' famous story is a classic that everyone unearths in prose form at the holiday season. As a full length film, it retains all the sentiment, all the horror, all the vision of the original and should prove good entertainment at any season. (Reg. Owen, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart.)

COMET OVER BROADWAY-Fair. Again Kay Francis suffers and suffers, running the gamut of emotions, as they say. Beginning with a murder for which her husband is given life imprisonment, Kay strives desperately to support herself and her daughter. Her rise to theatrical fame provides the nucleus of the story. With her, along the way, we meet John Litel, Ian Hunter, Donald Crisp & Sybil Tason.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL - Good. This takes you behind the scenes in a French school where aspiring thespians are desperately in earnest trying to make a name for themselves on the stage. The principle protagonists being Gale Sondergaard as a jealous instructor; Luise Rainer, the most ambitious pupil; Paulette Goddard, one of the most blase, and Alan Marshall, as a Parisian playboy.

DUKE OF WEST POINT-Fine. This is tops so far as college films are concerned. Louis Hayward plays the ob-noxious youth, from Oxford, whom the West Point cadets proceed to humanize in hilarious fashion. Prominent in the cast are Tom Brown, Richard Carlson, Alan Curtis and Joan Fontaine.

GOING PLACES-Good. A pleasant comedy with music, concerning a salesman in a swank sports goods shop who poses as a famous horseman to pep up sales, and is inveigled into riding a temperamental horse in a steeplechase, (Dick Powell-Anita Louise.)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE-Fair. The title was taken from Mother Goose and concerns the crooked man who



Anita Louise and Dick Powell pause a moment in "Going places."

didn't play the game according to Hoyle. Akim Tamaroff is the ex-Russian Cossack turned cattle rustler in our own "wooly west," with Leif Ericson his loyal but doubting son and Frances Farmer the love interest.

SMILING ALONG - Fine. Gracie Fields, the celebrated English musical comedy star should gain a lot of American friends with her buoyant performance in this swiftly paced comedy which will give you more than a full measure of laughs—of the slapstick variety. (Mary Maguire-Roger Livesey.)

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING -Amusing. Light and fluffy as a cream puff, this comedy with music should prove fine light entertainment. The plot has to do with a national "average man contest" conducted with irrepressible results over the radio by Adolphe Menjou. (Jack Haley-Arleen Whalen-Jack Oakie.)

60 GLORIOUS YEARS — Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. (Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Good. Mark Twain's fascinating stories of Tom Sawyer and his pal, Huckleberry Finn, are known and loved by old and young alike. This recent edition to the films based on their exciting adventures is well worth seeing. (Billy Cook, Donald O'Connor, Porter Hall, Elisabeth Rison.)

WINGS OF THE NAVY-Excellent. Anyone interested in aviation (and who isn't these days?) will go crazy about this exciting yarn showing how navy aviators are trained down in Pensacola, Florida. Geo. Brent is perfect as the inventorinstructor, Frank McHugh and John Payne ditto as students, with Olivia de Havilland quite charming as the girl they both love.

## \*BETTE DAVIS Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!



## \*DARK VICTORY

Never a story of love so exquisite! . . . She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended.

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# an Upple a Day By Ruth Corbin

Some Delicious Recipes That Include This Healthful Fruit

> (All recipes kitchen-tested)

> > Apple Muffins for lunch! Yum...yum... Billie Burke is stirring up the batter.



HE apple is unquestionably the favorite American fruit. Since the beginning of time it has been an important item in the diet. In the early days the Egyptians regarded it as a fruit endowed with healing power. There is an old saying "an apple a day keeps the doctor away." It is at least 50 per cent right for apples are rich in vitamins A, B and C. They are valuable for their laxative properties and they make excellent between meal snacks for children. Since apples are available the year round at a price well within the range of most pocketbooks we are apt to overlook their value. They are quite adaptable, lending themselves to any number of unsuspected ways of preparation besides the well known and luscious baked apples, apple fritters, etc. You will find some old favorites and several new ones among the following recipes.

#### APPLE PIE

 $2\frac{\pi}{2}$  to 3 pounds cooking apples

11/4 cups sugar

1 tablespoon Hecker's flour

½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg2 tablespoons butter

Line a pie pan with pastry and fill with thinly peeled and sliced apples. Add sugar, flour and spices mixed together. Dot with butter. Moisten edge of bottom crust with cold water, cover with top crust. Press edges together and cut a few slits in top crust for steam vents. Bake in hot oven (500° F.) for 10 minutes and for 30

minutes longer at lower temperature—400° F. Brushing the top with slightly beaten egg white before cooking will give it a glazed surface. Serve with cubes of cheese, or, for a change, just before serving time put thin layers of cheese over top crust of pie, put in moderate oven or under broiler until cheese melts and becomes lightly brown. Serve while cheese is warm.

#### APPLE SALAD CUPS

Remove cores of 6 medium-sized apples, do not break bottom part of skin. Dig out apple meat leaving shell just firm enough to hold filling. Combine apple meat with 1 cup cottage cheese moistened with salad dressing. Refill. Serve on lettuce; top with a spoonful of salad dressing and sprinkle generously with broken walnuts. Red apples are best for this salad. Wash skins well before using.

#### APPLE SOUFFLÉ

Stew 3 cups sliced apples in 1/3 cup water until tender. Mix 1/4 teaspoon each nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon and 1/2 cup sugar with 2 egg yolks and beat well. Pour apples over this. Beat salted egg whites until stiff and fold into apple mixture. Turn into Pyrex casserole and bake in moderate oven—350° F.—15 minutes. Serve hot with plain or a very new hard sauce made this way . . . chop ½ cup cranberries, add 1 tablespoon sugar, let stand 1/2 an hour or longer. Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add few drops orange

extract and few grains salt. Add gradually 1 cup Domino Confectioners' Sugar. Add cranberry mixture and beat until light and fluffy.

Sometimes, for breakfast, try spreading stewed apples and raisins on cinnamon toast. For hot tea dip slices of small, sweet apple in a mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Serve on saucer like lemon.

#### APPLE SAUCE CAKE

Cream 1½ cups brown sugar (white if preferred) and ½ cup Crisco. Add 1½ cups apple sauce and beat until smooth. Add sifted dry ingredients (2 cups Hecker's flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg and cloves; add grated rind 1 orange) and beat well. Pour into greased loaf pan; bake 1 hour in moderate oven—350° F. Inexpensive and keeps well.

A quick apple pie and one you'll serve again and again is made by filling a baked pie shell with apple sauce and covering with sweetened whipped cream. Allow to stand in frigidaire 30 minutes or longer before serving. If desired, a little nutmeg or cinnamon may be sprinkled on apple sauce before spreading with cream. Apple sauce may be bought or made with fresh apples. If the latter, peel and core apples before stewing with sugar and a little water. This eliminates forcing through sieve

#### APPLE MUFFINS

2 cups Hecker's flour2 tablespoons sugar

2 tablespoons melted butter

- 1 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup diced apple

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine liquids quickly. Add apples, mixing just enough to blend all ingredients. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Before baking sprinkle muffins with cinnamon and sugar if desired. Yields 12.

#### GLAZED ONION AND APPLE SLICES

Peel 1 or 2 large onions, cut in four ½ inch slices. Place in skillet, cover with boiling, salted water; simmer 10 minutes. Carefully remove to Pyrex platter or pan. Divide 1 pound sausage meat into 4 parts, shape in flat patties and brown lightly on both sides. Place on onion slices. Core 1 large apple, do not peel, cut in 4 slices. Add ¼ cup sugar and 1 cup water to fat in skillet, bring to boil, add apple slices, reduce heat, simmer 3 minutes each side. Place on top sausage meat; bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes.

#### APPLE COMPOTE

Cut up and boil ½ dozen apples in a pint of water. When soft strain off juice without squeezing. Add to it ½ pound sugar, the yellow rind of a lemon shaved thin as possible, and the juice. Let this syrup boil 1 minute and skim. Pare ½ dozen firm cooking apples, core and boil them in syrup until tender but not broken. Remove from syrup with perforated

skimmer. When cold put apples in a compote dish. Boil syrup to a jelly and pour part of it over apples. Dip a plate in cold water, drain and pour enough of jelly in it to make a sheet about ½ inch thick. When it hardens warm underside of plate, slip a knife under jelly and slip jelly over apples.

#### UPSIDE DOWN DUMPLINGS

Peel 3 Rome Beauty apples down about 1 inch from stem end. Core and place stem end down in Pyrex dish. Mix ½ cup sugar and 1 cup water and pour into baking dish. Place in a 300° F. oven and bake 45 minutes. Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons Crisco, ¾ cup cold milk until dough is proper consistency for rolling. Roll to ¼ inch thickness. Cut 6 four inch circles of dough. Top each apple with round of dough pressing it into shape to fit apples. Replace apples in oven. Increase heat to 450° F. Bake 12 minutes or until light brown. Serve with cream.

### HAM AND APPLE ROAST

Arrange a layer of raw ham in a baking dish. Sprinkle with a mixture of brown bread crumbs, a little sage and 2 minced onions. Cover completely with a layer of sliced apples. Continue these layers until dish is 3 parts full. Bake in oven 400° F. one half hour. Beat 2 eggs with 3 ounces Kraft's grated American cheese. Spread over top. Return to oven until cheese is melted and beaten eggs set—about 10 minutes.



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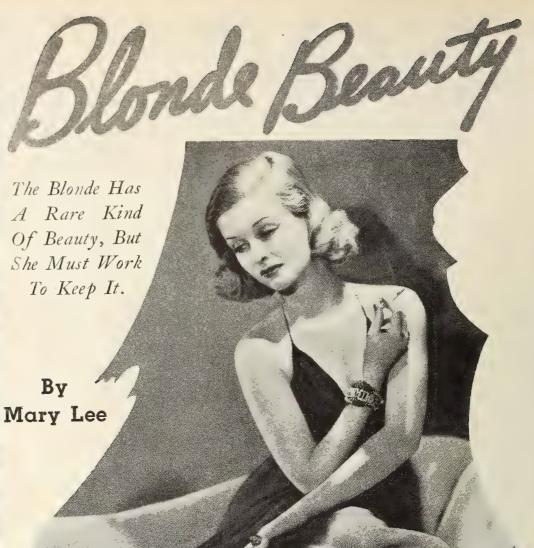






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Blue-eyed, golden-haired Joan Bennett is one of the most beautiful blondes in Hollywood. Joan wears her hair very simply.

B LONDE and beautiful! Magic words that go so well together! Just because you are blonde, it seems that you should be beautiful, that others expect it of you. And though many blondes are no more beautiful than other color groups, there is an undeniable aura of beauty about their pastel coloring. Theirs are the colors of early Spring, of soft sunsets; there is an air of romance about these pastels because they are fragile, feminine and poetic. They are also fleeting, and this is the blonde's great beauty problem.

Once upon a time, Hollywood was practically a blonde colony. It still boasts plenty of them. But the type has changed. Gone are the brassy tones in hair, the startling black eyebrows. Today, the natural blonde, or the blonde so artfully simulated that she looks natural, holds the stage. This is the ash blonde, that soft, light, baby-tone of hair. Greta Garbo, Margaret Sullavan, Carole Lombard and Anna Nagel have this type of hair. Marlene Dietrich has naturally more of the red gold lights in her hair, and Joan Bennett is the truly golden type.

Light hair is beautiful. But how to keep it that way is the question. Practically all blonde hair has a tendency to darken; all red or auburn hair, a tendency to fade. To seek to remain the type that you were born seems very good sense; to seek to change your appearance entirely, seems an error, except for extra-special reasons.

Scalp and hair care is the first step toward keeping that crowning glory lovely. This means cleanliness through a mild shampoo and through brushing. Don't turn aside when I mention brushing. I know it is a chore for many, but so are all the other acts that make us more attractive. As to the shampoo, Lechler Laboratories, an cld and very reputable company well known for its specialized aids, makes a Golden-Sheen Shampoo, ideally suited to blonde heads, because while it is in no sense a bleach, and contains no ammonia or peroxide, it will highlight your hair, put a touch of sunshine in it and gradually but surely lighten it ever so little and keep that hair light. This is exactly the type of shampoo you blondes need. It comes in powder form to be mixed with water, then used as any shampoo. The blondes I know who use it are enthusiastic, and it leaves their hair soft, gleaming with cleanliness and life and altogether lovely

This Golden-Sheen Shampoo is also recommended as an excellent shampoo for bleached hair.

There is a recent development in beauty parlor service that should be of immense interest to us all, especially the blonde, whose sensitive skin flushes and sometimes mottles from the heat of the hair dryer. Of course you need to have those curls set, but I think few enjoy the waves of heat that we must bear for the sake of curls. A simple paper device may

change all this. When you next have your hair done, ask your operator if she has a Protex-A-Face for you. This new paper shield is to be placed at the forehead hairline, and extends over the forehead like a visor and down over the ears in cup formation. Thus, it deflects or causes to blow away from your face the heat waves from the dryer. The usual net then slips under a notch in the shield, which holds it firmly. Ordinarily, there comes the time when you can't stand the dryer any longer, yet the operator urges, "Just five minutes more." That five minutes more often means the success or failure of your coiffure! The use of this device by your beauty shop also means no red, indented net lines on your forehead, because the net slips on outside the shield. This simple idea makes a world of difference in your personal comfort and even in appearance when you have your hair done.

Blonde skin has somewhat of a problem with face powder, too. This skin usually needs a light textured powder, yet one that will adhere well. It also needs an artistically blended tone—one that enhances the porcelain quality of this skin and at the same time adds to its vitality and warmth. Tangee powder is well suited, and now there is a lovely new tone, Peach. Magically, this tone seems to flatter all skins, and particularly the blonde, who wants her rouge and lipstick of the pinky-purple type, will find this Peach especially harmonious with this make-up and

flattering.

Perhaps you would like to be an orchid lady for evening. And certainly these violety tones can be beautiful on the blonde. Then try the new Orchid Matched Make-Up by Irresistible. The Irresistible products have a fine reputation for quality, and you will find this make-up in chain stores. The rouge is satiny and blends perfectly; the lipstick is creamy and indelible, and the powder many times sifted to a super-fineness. You can get a smart and dramatic effect with this new tone.

I have had a number of requests—from blondes—for a brown eyebrow pencil that is light in tone. These blondes have the good judgment to know that if they accent the brow, it must be kept in harmony with light hair and not made too dark. harsh or obvious. Maybelline makes an exceedingly good pencil of this type, and I am happy to report that the brown is a lovely, light tone, especially if used gently on the brows. One of the best eye make-up ideas I know of for blondes is to accent the brows naturally, and darken the lashes more emphatically. This gives a natural and beautiful effect, whereas the too definite brow is hardening.

In the way of a grooming aid for brows and lashes, there's Kurlene, made of rich natural oils and scientifically compounded. A little used nightly unquestionably grows nicer, smoother and silkier brows and lashes. Some use it over the lids by day in place of colored shadow, and lashes that don't need mascara look lovelier with a little Kurlene brushed on. Kurlene is in a smart, new tube now that holds one-third more than formerly, but the price is the same.

Truly, if you're blonde, you have a special beauty. Work to keep what is naturally your own! For the faded blonde is only a reminder of personal neglect.



## Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid undergrm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath

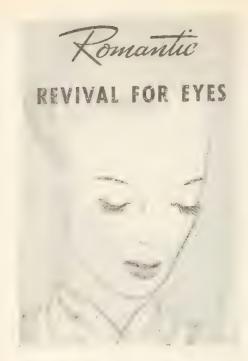
removes only past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. Mum is such a dependable aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!





· It's a romantic year for hats, hair and eyes! So curl your lashes demurely, for that sweet old-fashioned effect. Kurlash requires only a few seconds, is effective for hours . . . an easy, mechanical beauty-routine. And it's yours for only \$1.

With your Kurlash, use its companion piece, Kurlene-a scientific cream that keeps lashes silk-soft, easier to curl. (Adds a dewy lustre to eyelids too!) Try KURLASH and KURLENE together -your twin eye-beauty aids!

FREE — your Eye Make-Up Chart! Write Jane Heath, Dept. C-3. Give color of hair and eyes.

### KURLASH

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC. Rochester, N. Y. Canada, Toronto, 3 The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line Copyright 1939, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

### ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . . Send Poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13; Toronto; Gan

## BEAUTY SECRET

OF SOME OF NEW YORK'S LOVELIEST MODELS



Models who must daily face truth revealing cameras are far too smart to ever let constipation result in dull eyes, headaches and the aggravation of blemished skin.

They consider it wise not to let the second day pass and how smart they are to rely on a purely vegetable laxative like Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating his patients for constipation.

Olive Tablets are harmless-they contain no harsh drugs. They ALSO (important) help stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods. Test Olive Tablets TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

# Tolling Em That's

A recent picture entitled "I'd Give a Million" depicts humanity as willing to be kind only when something substantial is to be gained by it. This is hardly true to life, and to imply that people "cast their bread upon the waters"

only on the end of a fish - line, insults our good natures and makes poor comedy.

Yours for less cynicism in pictures, BORIS RANDOLPH, Whittier, Calif.

KIND-GENTLEMEN:

I believe the "story" has about as much to do with a picture not clicking, as much as any one individual thing. If the story is weak you could use all your ace players and it would still be a flop picture, I believe.
The studios appear

to be furiously making any and all kinds of pictures to fulfill the demands of the "double feature theatres." In the long run I believe

this is a detriment to our "Best Entertainment" program.

If some of our less popular actors and actresses were handed good stories, I believe, while the pictures may not be necessarily sensational, they will nevertheless give the audience a sense of satisfaction.

Better stories-I'd say

MRS. RAY GROSHONG, Selma, Calif.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I am proud of this opportunity to express my feelings in solemn unity with hundreds of members of your southern

My criticism is of the speech of the women playing the southern belle roles. All of them have caused a feeling of resentment and anger. In one instance, in a scene from "The Little Colonel," the belle used the word "sho'" or "shore" for 'sure.'

A slow drawl is our true accent. But don't mistake it for the dialect of typical old cotton-patch negroes.

Numerous articles have appeared in our papers in regard to this injustice. Our pride has been hurt and our ire fanned to a white-hot temperature after seeing several of these southern pictures.

I feel that the prestige of "Gone With the Wind" will be lost here in the south if it's filmed in negro dialect instead of



The Writers Of The Following Letters Received "Honorable Mention" In The Contest For Opinions About Pictures.

(\$5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)



Bob Burns and Dickie Moore in a homespun drama, "Arkansas Traveler." A successful picture.

the speech used by Scarlett's class. Please, a correction.

Sincerely MRS. H. B. ALLEN, JR., Memphis, Tenn.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I enjoyed "Arkansas Traveler," with Bob Burns, immensely.

The characters are ordinary, every-day people, with every-day problems.

There is nothing far-fetched, or exaggerated in this picture—except probably the guest cell in the jail, but that was very refreshing, especially after seeing so many

depressing jail scenes in gangster pictures.

I liked this picture because there is no lavish display of wealth; also there is no over-beautiful, sophisticated women strutting around, holding a cocktail glass in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Too much of this type of picture is like being forced to eat cake—when you are really craving roast beef.

That is why I liked "Arkansas Traveler," it satisfies the soul as roast beef satisfies the hunger.

MRS. HAZEL LASURE, San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR EDITOR:

Though, from time to time, I've tried to put movie producers on the right track, they are still inefficient and wasteful; still

making floppos. It gets pretty discouraging sometimes. If they'd only take my advice! Well, I bear you no ill will, Mr. Producer, and if you still want to make a lot of money in a hurry, here's how.

Don't think you have to spend a million on big names. You can do it for one tenth that sum—if you have a story and if you have a smart director.

Nix on the cavalcade, the costume epic, the tin unionsuit opera. Who do you think you are—De Mille?

Leave the war pix and politico-economic "ism" stuff to the newsreels. They don't have to take sides.

If you're going to do a doctor film—I bet you are—don't! And if you must, get it in the works quick. That one will be colder than a zombie's handshake ere long.

Ditto the "girls' school" dingus—the "family" wotzis.

Lay off sex, slapstick, horror, unless you're a genius.

Make more films based on current problems, pix like "Arson Racket," "Smashing The Rackets," to name two.

Make your characters easily understandable and appreciated by the fan, characters he can identify himself with, people like himself, in the same kind of situations he encounters in real life.

Above all, first and foremost, and don't you ever forget it, your picture must entertain. If it does, you can throw all the other rules out the window.

You're welcome.

ART LONG, Ozone Park, N. Y. DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

It appears to me that the casting department catches the least amount of hell for the disappointing pictures than any other, and while I don't know how far their word goes as law it seems that they, too, might make some improvements.

For comparison: "Carefree" was unconvincing, not because of the absurdity of its plot, which might have been entertaining, but because of sticking Fred Astaire in the leading role. No, no, we're not taking anything away from the Astaire's hoofing. Who doesn't like to see him dance? But let his dancing be coincidental to the story.

In "Sing, You Sinners" this was adroitly avoided by placing Mr. Crosby in a role that he was perfectly at home in YET supported by Fred MacMurray, whom the public accepts as a leading man with accelaim

Yep, a lot of it is in the CASTING, as an old fisherman once told me.

TOM HOWARD, St. Marys, Ohio.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

There is an old adage that says: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and, after analyzing good, bad and indifferent pictures I have seen, I cannot but feel that "The way to a person's purse is through that person's heart." To my mind, Hollywood producers have too often tried to take a short cut—through the person's eyes.

They have "strained" to produce the unusual—the big spectacle—something

cold and hard, rather than something warm and emotional. They build the most expensive sets, buy the most gorgeous gowns, but forget simple basic things that appeal to the inner being. Will Rogers had a large following—through his writings, on the radio and on the screen. Will had "heart" appeal, pure and simple. It is a quality all pictures should have—a quality that pays dividends.

FRANK G. DAVIS, Springfield, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN:

Continuity, or the lack of continuity has ruined numerous otherwise fine pictures. For instance, Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both screamingly funny comedians, were co-starred in "Tropic Holiday," which should have been an excellent show, and was, instead, a disappointing series of jumpy, vaguely-connected sequences.

First we were given Bob in some side-splitting antics; then we jumped to Martha in an hilariously funny scene; then back to Bob in another humorous sketch. All very funny in their way, but no definite feeling of a connected plot.

Vaudeville would have been better—at least we wouldn't have expected smooth continuity!

Lack of continuity is your trouble, Hollywood. The cure? Mold your characters into the plot of your play, don't build suitable situations around them!

MRS. J. L. POPE, Dallas, Tex.





## Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hands. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But Jergens Lotion supple-

ments the insufficient natural



NEW FACE CREAM-Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream-gives special help against dry skin. 50c, 25c, 10c.

HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call moisture; helps do beautifying and them—the soft hands whose softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Get Jergens today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

## FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2351 Alfred St. Cincinnati, O., (In Canada: Perth, Ont.) I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name	
(PLEASE PI	
Street	
0:	

## Topics For Gossips

GRACIE ALLEN hasn't decided whether or not it is an honor but she recently learned from a member of the Westwood college set that her name has become part of collegiate slanguage. When a gallant young football player wishes to convey the idea to his lady love that he thinks she's dopey he says, "Aw, you're a Gracie Allen."

CONSTANCE BENNETT may be the type of a gal who knows what she wants, but she also has a keen appreciation for others' opinions. Recently when a friend whose opinion she respects made a comment to the effect that the perfume in the lipstick of Connie's cosmetic company could be improved, the Bennett listened attentively—so attentively that the entire stock on hand has been replaced at great expense by a lipstick with a very new and different perfume.

E DWARD TAMM, executive of the U. S. Department of Justice, visited Clark Gable on the set of "Idiot's Delight." The talk turned to the exploits of the G-men and the capture of Dillinger.

"Well," laughed Gable. "I helped capture Dillinger myself. He stayed to see my picture twice.'

The picture was "Manhattan Melodrama," which Dillinger was watching when Department of Justice agents caught up with his trail.

WHAT a grand time everybody had when Darryl Zanuck entertained in honor of the Governor of Kentucky and his party of notable Kentuckians at the Trocadero (opened up for the occasion) following the brilliant Carthay Circle

preview of "Kentucky."

Highlights of the party were: Governor Chandler singing "My Old Kentucky Home" which led one of the Marxes to remark that all presidential candidates would probably be crooners next year. . . Marlene Dietrich, fresh from Europe, all in black with practically no make-up doing a mean Lambeth Walk with Henry Fonda and never missing once on the "Oi"... Norma Shearer in a Daniel Boone cap, of all things... Richard Greene, now there's really a handsome guy, blushing something awful when a misplaced footstep tears into a bit of Loretta's dress. . . . Loretta, breathlessly beautiful, caring not at all and stopping in the middle of the dance floor to tear it off. . . . David Niven dancing with the Governor's daughter. . . . Kay Francis with a marvelous sun tan acquired on her trip to southern waters doing a fine rhumba with Baron Barnekow to whom she is still engaged. . . . Both Kay and Marlene would like new contracts, gentlemen. . . . Bing Crosby and wifey Dixie Lee talking horses with Director Dave Butler . . . the Spencer Tracys and the Don Ameches slipping out early on account of those six o'clock studio calls.



Lew Ayres, Joan Crawford and James Stewart have their fun even though Hollywood is getting slippery. They're cutting didoes in "Ice Follies."

Finn" company, near Sacramento, has been boxing daily with Max Baer, and trots along beside him when Maxie does his road work. Maxie is training to fight Joe Louis in the early spring. Mickey is training to fight any hecklers or socialites that get in his way. Those old days of sissy movie stars who occasionally swung but never hit is over. Errol Flynn's fisticuffs with polo playing Aiden Roark were the talk of the town for days, and that wasn't an aenemic punch that Robert Taylor gave a cop who pushed his Barbara at a preview either. Mickey expects to be right up there with the big time—so polo players and cops look out.

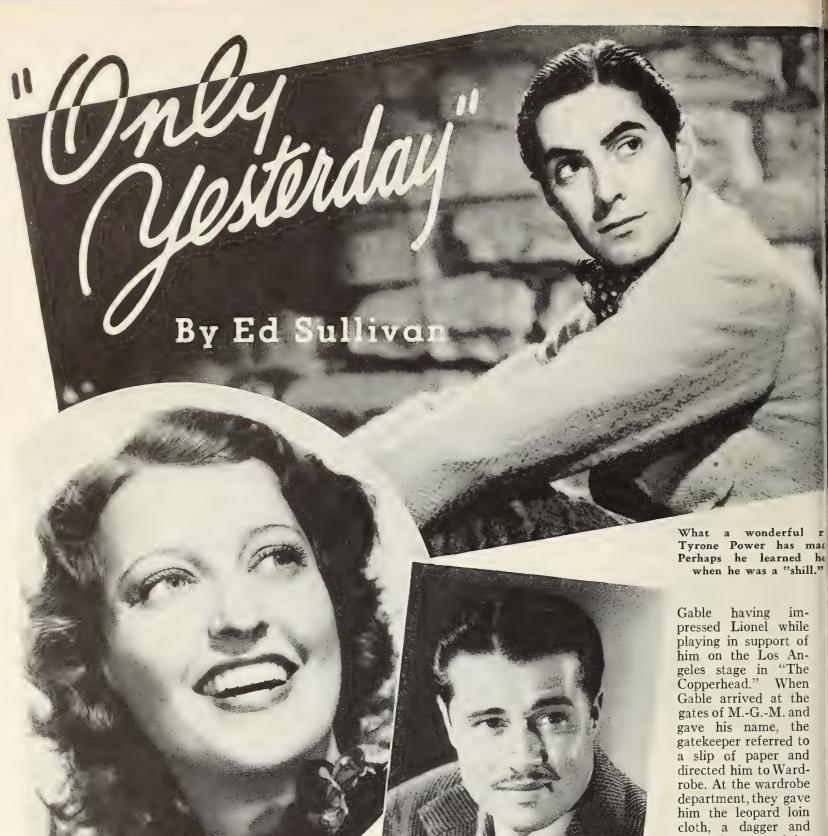
LUISE RAINER, it seems, doesn't content herself with collecting Academy Awards, but also gathers in, this year, the First Passenger Award for 1938 from the TWA. It seems that Luise has traveled back and forth from New York by plane exactly forty times this year, which is a record. Her most exciting trip was when, late one night, she suddenly decided she would like to be in New York the following day; so, with not a second to spare, she caught the plane in her nightgown and mink coat. Her last trip (she is in New York now) was to get herself reconciled with her playwright hus-

band, Clifford Odets. Despite the reconciliation, however, nothing has been done about stopping the divorce action.

Let responsible for more fashion innovations than any other star. Her latest is to bring suede into the jewelry realm. Joan appeared at a luncheon the other day wearing a bracelet and twin clips of black suede mounted with flowers and leaves.

HOLLYWOOD comics outdid their own gag men in devising congratulatory wires for Glenda Farrell on the eve of her installation as Mayor of North Hollywood. Hugh Herbert advised her to make sure the key to the city would open the bank; Andy Devine suggested she appoint the "Dead End" kids to her vice squad, and Al Jolson wired: "If you make as good a mayor as you have an actress, you'll be president in no time."

MILD consternation reigned in the Bing Crosby household one night when Bing came home from work to find that his infant son, Lindsay Harry, had swallowed a marble. (It was Gary's marble and he wasn't very pleased about it either.) After much excitement everything turned out all right and there were no ill effects. But Bing is considerably peeved at his chubby pal, Andy Devine. Andy arrived at the height of the excitement but just couldn't get too upset. "Why don't you feed him some pins too," suggested gravel-voiced Andy, "then we could use him for a gambling device."



HE best stories about the players rarely reach print, perhaps because often the family skeletons are locked away in the vaults where old film is kept. Today, for instance, when Clark Gable walks along the M.-G.-M. lot, studio employees

nudge each other covertly and point him out. Yet Gable will tell you hilariously of the day that he ran like a hunted figure through that same lot, naked save for a loin cloth, his skin painted black and with a red rose in his hand. At the sight of this strange figure running from the make-up department to the stage where he was to be screen-tested, electricians and other workers saluted him with whistles and cries of "Yoo-Hoo-o-o," but Gable held only tighter to the red rose that aroused this ribaldry and kept on running for dear life.

That was Gable's first appearance at M.-G.-M. He had been summoned by Director Lionel Barrymore for a screen test, Above, left. Beautiful Jeanette MacDonald, brilliant songbird who once was a dancer.

To Don Ameche the past left only pleasant memories.

the red rose and instructed him to go to the make-up depart-

ment. At Make-up, when Gable gave his name to the man in charge, they instructed him to strip and, over his protests, two men started blacking him from head to foot. "Now put on your loin cloth and go directly to Stage 7," they told him. "But I can't go out undressed like this,"

protested Gable, panic-stricken. "Nobody will pay any attention to you," the make-up men told

Ordinarily that is true, because on the movie lots you see all sorts of characters. However the rose in the hand was worth more than ten on the bush as an attention-arrester, and Gable ran into a barrage of "Hey, Cutie" before he had walked ten feet.

The Famous Columnist Has A Way
Of Getting The Good Stuff. Some
Amusing Incidents Never Before Told.

Then he started running but, as he flashed by, rose still in hand, he says that he never heard such whistling. Likewise he says that he'll never forget the startled look of a party of sightseers who were being shown through the studio, but hadn't counted on seeing a rose-loving African sayage on their tour

counted on seeing a rose-loving African savage on their tour.

Indignantly, he told Lionel about the indignities heaped upon him when he arrived, winded but still carrying the rose, at Stage 7. "Disregard them," thundered Barrymore. "Tomorrow those same ignoramuses will be hailing a new star. Get over there and do what I tell you to do." Gable, softened by the promise that he would be a star, went before the camera. "What shall I do with this damn rose?" he asked. "Put it behind your left—no your right ear," said Lionel, squinting through the eyepiece of the camera. That's the way the test was made, and when Lionel showed it to Irving Thalberg, he ordered Lionel and Gable out of his office. He thought they were both drunk.

That bizarre experience is locked away in the M.-G.-M. vaults, but this is the first time that the story of it ever has been told by Gable. "Any time I'm tempted to get swell-headed," he observes, "all I have to do is to think of the red rose, and my blood pressure goes back to

normal-quick."

There are untold stories aplenty about the other leading men, too. Today Don Ameche is a big name in flickers. Not so many years ago, he was playing in the late Texas Guinan's vaudeville act, enacting the part of the district attorney in a stage parody of her arrest during prohibition days. . . . Tyrone Power will tell you of the days at the recent Chicago Fair when he worked as a shill in one of the concessions, pulling in customers to see how movies were made. . . . Robert Taylor, now a big shot at Metro, got \$35 a week when he first went to work there, and he might have never got his picture break had not

Marcella Knapp, now secretary to Louis K. Sidney, begged the higher-ups to look at a test he had made with the girl who is now Mrs. Hamilton MacFadden. . . . "Flying Down to Rio" launched Fred Astaire. It's interesting to know that Astaire, after seeing the picture, offered to return his salary if the studio would only destroy the print. That's how bad he imagined himself to be.

One of the biggest big shots in this town is Darryl Zanuck. Yet he will tell you of his early experiences here, after the war, when he came here to join his mother who had quit Wahoo, Nebraska, because of her failing health. Zanuck will point out the drugstore in which he arranged window displays for \$15 a week. The day he showed it to me, I grinned at a show-card in the window advertising a Sonja Henie picture—grinned at the irony of it, because the showcard said: "Darryl Zanuck, Vice-President in Charge of Production." He was crouched in

that same window, arranging a display, when he learned that Munsey Magazine had bought his first story and he almost leaped right through the glass in his excitement at the check for \$25.

How many of you fans know that Jeanette MacDonald's first actual contact with Hollywood covered her with blushes? She was dancing in a musical show at the Liberty Theatre, on 42nd Street, and in doing a kick, her right slipper flew off sailed out into the orchestra and landed in the lap of Marquis Henry De La Falaise, who was sitting in the fourth row with Gloria [Continued on page 62]

Everyone likes Alice
Faye except one
man—and she is so
sorry for what she
did.





thought that someone ought to throw some light on not only what was what, but also which was which, and who was who. All the descriptions of

Hollywood I had read somehow always stopped just short of their goal of telling all there was to know. Important details, it seemed to me, were always omitted.

I had always wanted to know just what the studios looked like and how big they were and, of course, which was the biggest and the most beautiful and which one had the most of those magnificent stars' bungalows I had heard about. I wanted to know if each of these star havens from the worldat-large had circulating ice water and chairs covered in zebra skin and ermine bedspreads and all that. I wanted some description of the spot that Garbo hid out in while at the studio. I wanted to know which stars were the most beautiful. I wanted to know where the biggest pictures were made and actually how many people were in the largest cast and which pictures were costing the most money and just how

much. Î was eager for things that no one ever seemed to write I'm sure you'll agree when you think it over that changes out here come pretty rapidly and things like Dietrich's glamour

title and the Vendome and resorts like Malibu have all been

replaced long ago. It's Hedy Lamarr and the Victor Hugo and Laguna now. You see what I mean?

So I want to tell you just who, what and which, right now, this month stand head and shoulders above all the rest because they are momentarily unparalleled. And I assure you it's going to be a pleasure, because I had always wanted someone to do just this for me when I was one of you back there Pageant By

Paul Karel

in that great unknown.

You probably want me to start off by telling you first who makes the most money and who is the most beautiful, and who the best dressed, and I mean to satisfy your curiosity as nearly as I can.

Garbo and Ronald Colman without question make the most money per picture. And that price, it is said, is near \$200,000. Shirley Temple and Bing Crosby, however, earn more money because their names or talents are used for more than a handle to label their acting personalities.

Madeleine Carroll is considered by many to be the most gorgeous. But, of course, that is a matter of opinion. Others favor Virginia Bruce, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett, Olivia de Havilland and Norma Shearer. But, take your choice. They really are all gorgeous women.





romance. In fact, they act like little boys just before Santa Claus time!

drama be disastrous?

Many a glamorized actress has appeared at a premiere, to the casual eye a successful and envied girl, only her agent and her intimate friends aware of the tension held taut.

Their whole lives—as luminaries—depend upon pleasing a guy named Mr. Option. He isn't handsome or humorous. He is very practical, dealing in such hard facts as money and boxoffice statistics. And is he critical! Why, he is very interested in the teeniest wrinkle!

But sometimes he's the nicest boy friend that a movie gal ever had! And an actor's best pal!

Business managers tell me that a certain amount of a star's

earnings is invested in rental property and bonds with a quick turn-over, in case Mr. Option turns sour, so that the star can be assured of ready cash to maintain a "front" until another lucrative contract can be arranged.

By the terms of an agreement between producers, a film company must exercise its option on a player's services within thirty days of the termination of the usual contract, which calls for renewal with a salary raise each six months—or cancellation. Only then,

if the studio has turned thumbs down, can an agent start negotiations to place an actor on another lot.

If the verdict has been negative, those last thirty days are tinged with melancholy. It takes courage to plaster a smile on, to try one's best, knowing that the bell has rung.

That's all the more reason to applaud spunky Margaret



for MARCH 1939

freedom.

23



the night life of the cinema gods holds sway. Unlike any other artistic center of the world, business and social life in Hollywood is as closely related as the Siamese twins. It's up to a movie star to look his best and put a pretty foot forward upon all occasions. He never knows who is going to see him. So the business of having fun becomes a serious propo-

Hedy Lamarr's great chance came when she attended a Hollywood party. As she dressed to attend the social Dorothy Castlerose affair, little did Hedy realize that on this night her entire life would change. She was under contract to MGM at the time. But there were no bowing executives to cater to her whims. No producers fighting to star her in their pictures. In fact, the very publicity department that works itself into a lather today regard-

ing her, is the very one who were advised to lay off Lamarr. As it always happens in Holly-

wood when Hedy makes an en-

Lew Ayres had a "surprise" at a party and a very pleasant one, too.

There Are

trance, everyone stopped and stared at her great beauty. Later on a group of them, the Douglas Fairbanks, Srs., Paulette Goddard, Constance Collier, the Groucho Marxes and

the Charles Boyers, sat talking over the possibilities of Hedy's career. So much seemed to depend on that first picture. It was Charles Boyer who suddenly exclaimed:

"I know of a part that would make you a star over night. Walter Wanger is going to remake a French picture called "Pepe Le Moke." I must tell him about you. There are two parts that you could

play. I think you would be wonderful in either."

Now it just so happens that Hedy had heard the story of "Pepe Le Moke" ever since her mother



## By Jerry Asher

Charles Boyer's suggestion meant so much that Hedy dared not even voice her excitement. However, Wanger had no trouble in getting Hedy over for a test. (Today he couldn't buy her for a King's ransom). Not only did she play in the picture, which was released as "Algiers," but her name went soaring high in the cinema heavens. Because she attended that

Hollywood party, Hedy Lamarr no longer has to wonder how long she must wait until her studio thinks she is important enough to

publicize her name.

Lew Ayres attended a Holly-wood premiere and once more became a star. Since that fatal evening, there isn't much time for Lew to sit at that hidden pipe organ, under the stairway of his beautiful Lookout Mountain home. Lew didn't want to go to that premiere at the Carthay Circle Theatre. The prospect of curious, restless crowds, overdressed and highly perfumed women with their perspiring escorts, was all a bit depressing. Rather than offend his hostess, he reluctantly dusted off his top hat and tails.

During intermission Lew came face to face with director George Cukor. It was their first meeting since Cukor was dialogue director on the immortal "All Quiet On The Western Front." The two men stared at each other. Lew, who hasn't the best memory for names and faces, was sure that Cukor was trying to remember him. Then Cukor spoke:

"Why you haven't changed a bit," he exclaimed. "I thought you'd be an old man by this time. Why don't you drop over to the studio and see me."

As a result of this chance meeting, Lew Ayres played the magnificent role of Katherine Hepburn's wastrel brother in "Holiday." After the first day's shooting, word spread through

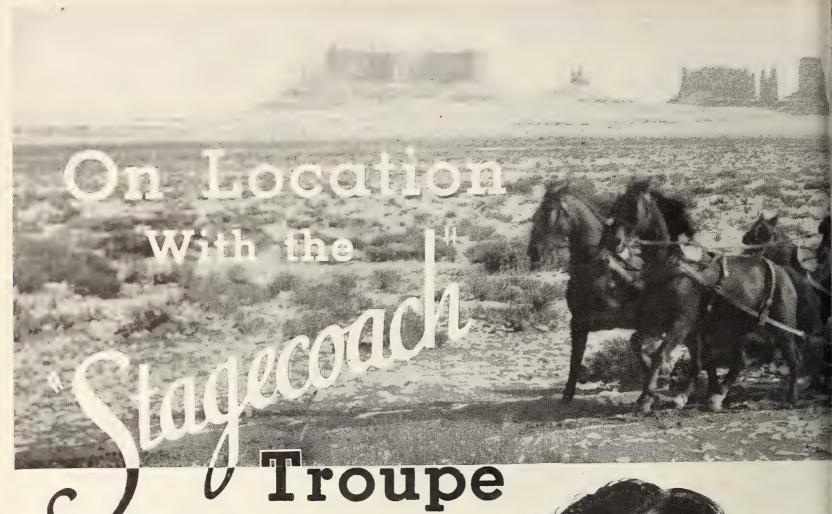
Hollywood faster than its recent forest fire, that Lew Ayres was Afterwards Lew learned that his

staging a sensational return. Afterwards, Lew learned that his name had been suggested, along with hundreds of others, before Cukor had seen him at the premiere. But the director had rejected him because he felt sure Lew must now be too mature for the part. By the time he finishes all those roles MGM have planned for him, Lew Ayres is going to be too mature for anything.

Dinner at eight in the home of [Continued on page 75]



had told it to her, as a small girl in Europe. It was the mother's dream that some day Hedy would create a name for herself in this story. When Hedy first arrived on the MGM lot, an executive one day stopped her and told her that the story had been bought. Hedy went home and prayed. The picture was never mentioned again. Then one day she learned that Walter Wanger had bought the property from MGM. Hedy hid her disappointment away with other heartaches of the past.



The Pioneers Who Crossed Arizona To Settle California And Get Hollywood Started, Looked Upon The Same Strange Background Seen In This Film.

By Gladys W. Babcock

EAR BOSS: You wanted a location story on Walter Wanger's new picture, "Stagecoach" but this company won't hold still. It has travelled nearly 3,000 miles to cover the 140 miles the stagecoach goes in the picture and I have had to go to four locations for one yarn. Condensing the notes from my little black book,

however, is really quite a job.

KAYENTA, Monument Valley, Arizona—Until you see it with your own eyes it is hard to believe that a location 180 miles away from a railroad can possibly be so different from the American life most of us know. I've heard lots of stories about the American frontier. I have not been able to understand most of them. So much has developed; so much living and so much scientific advancement have been crowded into the years which represent the span of my lifetime that it has been hard to comprehend the fact that only 50 years ago Americans were actually defending themselves against savage Indians who wore war

paint, scalped men and attacked stagecoaches. In fact it didn't seem possible that, as late as 1885, people actually travelled in stagecoaches and that there was a section of our country

Claire Trevor and John Wayne in "Stagecoach" are swayed by emotions as primitive as the desert itself.





which depended upon the stagecoach for just about everything it needed. Just after I learned to talk and walk I saw my first automobile. Since then I have quite forgotten that what I had seen on every hand in cities and in small middlewestern towns was not typical of ALL America. I associated the stagecoach with days long, long ago.

I have just learned differently. When one goes over

The desert heat, the wind and the blowing sand that clawed and scratched at the pioneers still scream across Monument Valley.



John Ford, the director (in foreground) and, mounted, the real Indians used in the picture. They do not talk our language.

r (in scious of great age. Monument Valley was an inland sea 130,000,-000 years ago.

"Stagecoach" is a drama with unusual suspense and thrills. As I rove toward Kayenta which was to serve as Director John Ford's headquarters during ten days of filming here I could see for more

Andy Devine was born near Flagstaff, Ariz., and his father once ran a stagecoach line.

than 50 miles. A series of 'buttes' loomed in the distance.

Ford's prime purpose in coming 600 miles from Hollywood to this location in the little travelled Monument Valley was to obtain backgrounds typical to those Arizona pioneers who actually helped settle the West. What Ford found in Monument Valley could be duplicated nowhere else in the world. What audiences will see on the screen will really be an eyeful.

Our headquarters was a primitive Southwestern American desert hospital building made of adobe [Continued on page 68]

the top of the hill (out here mountains that are only 7,500 feet high are called hills) between Flagstaff and Monument Valley, it is easy to understand not only that all Americans are NOT alike but what is really meant by the "frontier." Arizona is a most picturesque state. Monument Valley is perhaps the most picturesque part of Arizona—if not in the United States. Arizona is one of our youngest states (admitted to the Union as late as 1912) but according to the picture one beholds coming into this vast outpost one is immediately con-

"Shot at Sunnise"

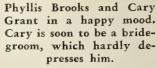
OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., stretched out on the couch in his mother's New York apartment, flicked the ashes from his cigarette and talked of his trip to England. He'd found it all exciting, with London full of interesting and amusing people, but underlying it all a keen sense of dangers to peace not far below the surface. The English, he feels, think that war in Europe is unfortunately inevitable and hope

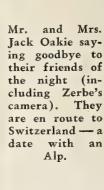
for the understanding and sympathy of the Western World when it does come. He showed me a gas mask which he had brought home as a grim souvenir. I tried it on and to my amazement found it neither uncomfortable nor unpleasant. But one certainly looks gosh-awful in them. Young Doug is a good friend of the Anthony Edens and gave a party for them at the Rainbow Room one night, as [Continued on page 64]



There is a lways something especially interesting about Doug Fairbanks, Jr. In New York he visited at his mother's home.









When Pat O'Brien can get away from those directors he relaxes in the Big Town.





HERE are times when I am utterly convinced that the Borgias were a bunch of sissies when it comes to dreaming up painful and excruciating torture. A trap door, a steely dagger, a hungry lion, a hot foot, a rum punch with a dash of arsenic—pooh, pooh. The Borgia devices were child's play when compared with that exclusive variety of torment dished out by heartless Hollywood—the preview.

The preview, as you know quite well by now, is the first time a picture is shown to the public. The producer is eager to get an audience reaction. He has spent a lot of the bankers' money on the production and unless it's a hit he's a dead pigeon. If the audience gets restless, shifts in its seats, walks out, goes to sleep, laughs in the wrong places there'll be retakes tomorrow.

But the person, I have discovered, who suffers most at a preview is not the audience, and not the producer. It's the star. She, poor dear, is really in a state. Her entire future may depend upon this picture. If the audience appears listless and unconcerned—if some smarty pants decides to go

Haw-Haw during her big dramatic scene—it will be all over town by morning that she's slipping. That's the Borgia Touch. If the picture's a flop, she's a flop. If the writer has

tossed off a mangy script, if the director has gone arty, and the cutter should never have graduated from paper dolls—it is she who must take the blame. The preview is just about as simple as a foreign policy.

And so, for the epitomy in suffering I give you a movie star at her preview. The star in this case is Claudette Colbert. The preview is "Zaza." And the place is the Westwood Village Theatre. Claudette has on a new dress which she hates. When she bought it that morning at Bullocks Wilshire, especially for the preview, she adored it, but after she got it home she hated it. And why she ever let the salesgirl talk her into that silly hat she doesn't know.

Of course her husband, Dr. Pressman, told her at dinner she looked beautiful, but Claudette won't be happy about that

SILVER SCREEN

takes matters seriously.

dress or hat until some woman, whom she dislikes intensely but whose taste she admires, tells her that they are simply divine. Women are funny that way.

She has bolted her dinner so fast that she's a cinch for a good case of indigestion before the evening is far gone. "Don't be so nervous," says Jack. "I'm not nervous at all," says Claudette, upsetting a glass of water.

She's at the theatre now, and the feature picture is still on. (This is probably the first time since her birth that Claudette has arrived any place on time.) There is an old fallacy going around that movie stars don't think. Miss Colbert is kicking

the living daylights out of it. She is thinking lke mad: "I've worked so hard on this picture. I do so want it to be good. Please, please, dear God, let it

be good. Why did they have to choose a college town like Westwood to preview it in? When Bart starts to make love to me in the rose garden I know they'll laugh and make funny noises. I wish they wouldn't, the studio will make me retake that scene, and I like that scene. It's one of the best scenes I have. Goodness only knows, there aren't many left.

"I remember the week-end I spent in Princeton, how the students on Saturday night crowded into the local movie theatre and booed and hissed and yelled funny remarks at the actors on the screen. It was a Corinne Griffith picture. U'mmm she was beautiful. I wish I was that beautiful.

''I was shocked when the boys started razzing her, but I soon joined in the fun. I wouldn't have if I had only known that one day I would be a movie star. But at least Corinne didn't have to sit there



## By Elizabeth Wilson

and take it. There must be a more pleasant way to make a living. Now why did I ever buy this dress. It doesn't suit me. It isn't smart. I look like a cooked goose. Oh no, I mustn't say that. Claudette's goose is cooked. I wish I had never heard

"The critics are piling in. It won't be long now. What a glum looking lot they are. You'd think they had been invited here to act as pall bearers. Okay, boys, here's your corpse right here. Poor dears, they've had to go to so many previews that I suppose nothing less than a preview of Judgment Day would interest them. There's the one I don't like. And he would have to plunk himself right down in front of me. If he moans and groans and wiggles and squirms the way he did at my last preview I'll simply have to knock his ears down. What was it he said of me in 'Maid of Salem'? 'Miss Colbert should never play anything but French maids.' Huh. I always cry over bad reviews. I started that delightful custom when I played my first lead in a play called 'The Marionettes' which opened and closed in Washington. The critic said, 'Miss Colbert carries on her slender shoulders the whole structure of the playand they are not broad enough to support it.' I cried for a week. If I ever meet him I wouldn't be at all surprised if I scratch his eyes out.

"Dear Jack, I'd bet he'd much rather be at the hospital experimenting on his pickled ears than having to sit through this junk. But he's always interested in my profession, and I'm always interested in his. That's one of the reasons we are

so happily married.

"I'll never forget that day in France when we called on the celebrated ear specialist at his laboratory. Dr. S. couldn't speak any English and Jack in his excitement forgot the little French

he knows so I had to act as interpreter.

"It was all right until the little doctor suddenly brought forth a half of a human head on a tray. Ugh, how gruesome. I thought of John the Baptist and fainted dead away. I can't bear anything like that. I won't make much of a nurse if we have a war. And everybody says we will have a war. Now why do I worry about this picture when there are so many more important things to worry about. That's the trouble with Hollywood. Pictures aren't the most important things in life. After tonight I shall never worry about my pictures again.

"Oh, dear, here it goes. I've got my fingers crossed. Jack won't cross his, he says it's silly. Of course I'm not superstitious either but I'd feel much better about this picture if that black cat hadn't crossed the road in front of the car just as we turned in Beverly Glen. Sometimes I think black cats just sit at the side of the road saying to each other. 'Here comes Colbert, quick like a flash, run in front of her.'

And I love cats too, we always had one in New York. My father adored them. Why the audience is applauding me—there's no more pleasing sound to an actress than applause. Now I don't want to appear ungrateful but I do wish they would save their applause for the end of the picture. Anybody can get a hand when the curtain

rises, it's when it drops that it counts.

"Listen to my voice. You'd think I had mashed potatoes in my mouth and was taking a test for Scarlett. When the Speech Teachers Association of Southern California see this picture they will ask for the medal back that they gave me last month. They were angels to give me the 1938 award for diction. Elizabeth says I stammer when I get excited. But I'm sure I don't. But I can remember when I lisped, and how I lisped. My first year in an American public school and I was so shy, but every Wednesday afternoon they would stick me up on that rostrum and tell me to recite a poem about little robin red breast. The kids would almost tear down the roof applauding. I thought they were applauding me as a great actress and I simply poured my soul into little robin red breast. Then one day I discovered that they were only applauding me because my lisp amused them.

In all Hollywood there is not one girl more successful, nor more unpretentious than Claudette.

Children can be so cruel "I never recited in public again. Even today I can't make a speech and a microphone simply petrifies me. Well, here's what's left of the can-can. [Continued on page 71]



they ask what under the sun so-and-so has got to put her where she is today. If you listen long enough you'll realize that while some of this beefing is legitimate, most of it is the alibi-ing of the flops and the frustrated. They've been doing it in the Broadway theatre for years and every time an option drops in Hollywood up goes a razz for the movies.

But when top-notch performers, the men and women who ask for and get four figures for a single performance, sound off-that's another story. And it's that story, expressing the opinions of the folks who are honest and courageous enough to say what's wrong with the medium that pays them handsomely, that you will read here.

First up is Mary Pickford. America's Sweetheart, still the same gracious hostess as when she was a power in the movie industry, is now very much in the know on what's what in broadcastland. Having piloted several radio shows of her own and appeared as guest star many times, she's in an excellent spot to voice what's wrong with radio from her viewpoint.

Over the teacups she stated: "To start with, I like radio. But I believe it would be more enjoyable if it were more carefully planned. As I see it, radio is travelling along the path the movies blazed. Some 25 years ago when motion pictures were just starting out to be

popular, the audience thought it was wonderful enough simply to see the likenesses of actors flitting across the screen. Photography was crude, story material was cruder, and the acting was probably crudest of all. But nobody cared because it was a novelty.



Robert Young says the unwritten law is that stuff which has been broadcast once is forever dead.

Bob Montgomery says that the public will turn off even a big name artist if his material is poor.

> Frank Morgan is fussy with his necktie in preparation for those television jobs.

"Some 15 years ago radio was also a novelty. The most important part of the program was not the entertainment, it was the call letters and the further away the station was, the happier was the listener. That's an old story now but unfortunately too many producers don't realize that it requires real showmanship today to hold that listener now that the novelty has worn off. In fact, instead of holding the listener they are chasing him by the way they handle commercial plugs.

Most folks resent canvassers who call at the front door with something to sell. But at least they ring the bell before entering. The salesmen of the air don't do that. They spring at you from behind the barrage of the program and hammer away at you. And how they pound! They let you know that the program is sponsored by the Gimmick Company, spelled G I M M I C K, whose address is seven-seventy-seven (that's seven seven seven) Blank Street, spelled B L A N K Street, who are always thinking of you . . . and so on, on into the

night. This occurs on every program. 'These radio advertisers don't seem to realize that they are overdoing things on the air, with the result that they alienate rather than attract the attention of the listener. Advertising

announcements would be a lot easier on the ears if they were

prepared by showmen rather than salesmen.'

Boris Karloff was my next port of call. Famous for his horror characterizations on the screen, he has had the same kind of spine-tingling roles on the air. But, away from both movie and broadcasting microphones, he is a charming, seriousminded man who has given quite a bit of thought to radio's

"I realize that the sponsor who pays the bills for talent and time on the air should have his say," he admitted, "but sometimes he says too much. Not that I'm in favor of the British system of broadcasting where there are no commercials at all. Radio is supported there by an annual tax on the receiving set. Not having too much money to pay for talent under such government control, they miss out on many of the fine actors we are privileged to hear in this country.

"On the other hand, those programs that break into the pleasing continuity of the entertainment to air long-winded commercials certainly do lack subtlety because they break the listener's mood. This makes him sore at the entertainer, who can't help himself. It's as if a friend were to bring you a box of candy and in the middle of your conversation suddenly stopped to plead with you to patronize his employer who pays him a good salary which permits him to bring you this lovely present. Certainly you want to help your friend, but you resent the manner in which he asked for your help.'

Judging from my mail, I'd say that that's exactly how you listeners feel. You of the air audi- [Continued on page 80]



WO years have slipped by since an engrossed English gentleman sat in a New York film theatre, and noticed the work of a young actress in a picture called "Confession." During the course of the film the Englishman turned to his companion and said, "Friend, you see before you one of America's most talented young actresses—who is she, anyway?" "One of America's most talented young actresses" was Jane Bryan. The interested British gentleman was Noel Coward.

Last month Jane arrived in New York for the first time. No one was more surprised than she when they told her the great tribute the eminent British gentleman had paid her. This surprise was to lead to a greater thrill in the course of the four mad weeks that followed.

Long before coming East, Jane had spent a good many of the twenty years of her life reading about New York. The theatre intrigued her—and New York held the center of the stage. Music was her second love—and New York had Carnegie Hall. In fact, New York had a great many things for which Jane Bryan had developed an affinity.

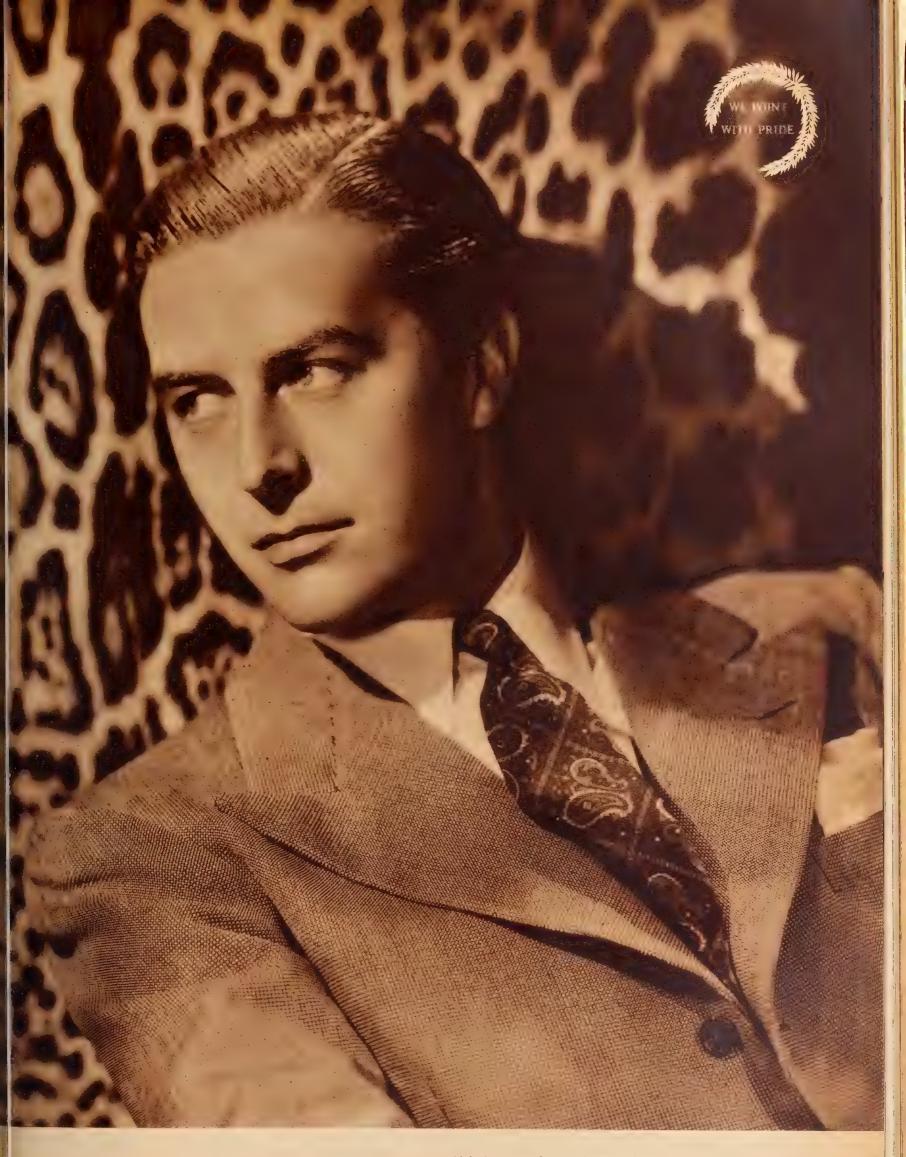
In Hollywood Jane found an outlet for her love of the theatre in Jean Muir's dramatic workshop. A talent scout noted her pretty, photogenic face and started her on a film career at the Warner studios. Jane began by turning small roles into big ones. She scored notably as Bette Davis' kid sister in "Marked Woman" and again as her sister in "The Sisters." To Miss Davis she gives a great deal of credit for whatever success she has achieved and she speaks with deep feeling in telling of Bette's many kindnesses.

Once started on her career, the opportunity for a trip to

The author getting acquainted with his subject.

New York grew ever more distant. Assignment piled on assignment until, when she least expected it, Hal Wallis, Warner studio production chief, offered her a brief vacation between "Brother Rat" just completed, and "The Fighting Irish" not yet begun—if she wanted it. If she wanted it! It seemed the words were barely out of his mouth when she found herself aboard a plane New York bound. Her great adventure had begun!

That very first evening, before she had even unpacked, Jane was down at Battery park for her first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. Oddly enough, the first Broadway play she was to witness was the last performance of "On Borrowed Time" and she sat tensely as Dudley Digges enacted the role of "Gramp." Not a detail escaped her and she pointed excitedly at the scars on the bench where "Gramp" had scratched hundreds of matches during the nine month run of the play. In the evening she sat enthralled as Toscanini conducted the "New World Symphony." Broadcasts were nothing new to her, but all the Japs in China could not have dragged her from the studio while the maestro waved his magic wand. Jane described her feelings by clapping the palm of her hand to the tip of her pert nose, a characteristic gesture, and exclaiming, "It's WONderful"!



RAY MILLAND

He's in a tough spot because he has to carry on the tradition of Hollywood, which is that all Englishmen are either like Ronald Colman or Charles Laughton, or George Arliss or Cary Grant, or Leslie Howard or Aubrey Smith. But to make it easier the Englishmen have decided to be, as much as possible, like Ray Milland.





To Greet the GLADYS SWARTH.

GUT'S new travel
OUT'S new travel
and general utility
and general utility
and general utility
and general utility
and general the
youthful swing to it.
youthful The plaid has subtle violet tones blending violet tones blending perfectly with the stronger grey and navy blue. Her draped navy blue is bound with felt tam is bound grosa muted grey decograin band and decograin band and tated with a jeweled pin carrying on the rarea with a leweled pin carrying on the violet tones. Navy accessories go with this costume.



Even If The March Winds Blow You Can Be Properly Impervious If You Fortify Your Wardrobe With These Cozy Early Spring "Fashion Firsts."















Ketharya Kamp and Johany Domes. In the wild, embedient Annie syant gylations of embry Sylog: Suler Same | the 11-e p. 11-e high -11 for a local to the little base many care depot You've based of the local who local book the steeled | the circle has about 11





The Man Who Watches the

By Whitney Williams

ers Jimmie Fidler, From His Watch-Tower, Tells The World Of The Romances In The Real Lives Of The Famous Shadow Folk.

PERATOR 39 calling!" The scene is the comfortable but plainly furnished outer office belonging to Jimmie Fidler, Hollywood's ace radio commentator and lately turned screen actor. (He played himself in "Garden of the Moon," you will remember.)

switchboard answers the tinkling telephone; then, she presses a button.
"Operator 39 calling, Mr. Fidler,"

A pretty brunette secretary at the

she announces, softly, into the transmitter, and hangs up.

The identity of secret agents com-municating by wire with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D. C., could be no more carefully safeguarded than are the names of persons telephoning Jimmie Fidler half a hundred times a day with news and choice tidbits for his semi-weekly broadcasts. They are known to Fidler alone, and not even the most trusted members of his office staff have the remotest idea who they are. To them, these individuals are merely "numbers" getting in touch with the "chief."

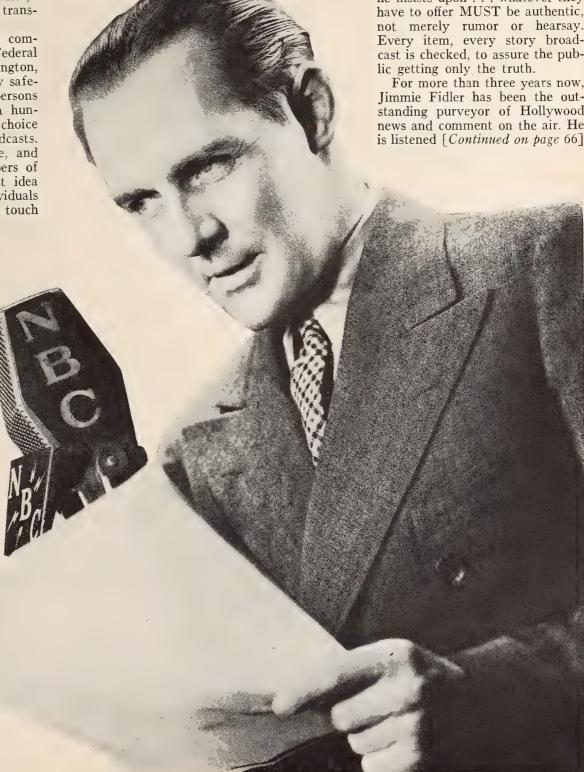
That's how this amazing

Hollywood commentator, whose own name is known in practically every home in the United States, gets the majority of his tips for the stories he publishes on the air every Tuesday and Friday evening for the delectation of Mr. and Mrs. America. That explains how he seems to be everywhere whenever anything of moment occurs, and why he is able to broadcast the latest happenings in the most fascinating and fantastic city in the world for an eager public, sometimes only a few minutes after they eventuate.

Fidler has his own operatives in every studio, in every gathering place of celebrities, spotted wherever there might be a shred of news available about the great and near great of Hollywood-and each of these scouts has been trained in the Fidler manner. They know exactly the type of material he requires; and they know, too, that they will be

amply paid for anything they may be able to dig up. Fidler lays down but one restriction, and this he insists upon . . . whatever they have to offer MUST be authentic, not merely rumor or hearsay. Every item, every story broadcast is checked, to assure the pub-

For more than three years now, Jimmie Fidler has been the outstanding purveyor of Hollywood news and comment on the air. He



Jimmie's news is always authentic, and he always fights for the under-dog.

## The Prize-Winning Letter in the December

Criticism Contest-

And Some Commarks by

And Some Avollywood

Avollywood

OR every picture to be all sweetness and light is a demand which would boomerang with a kick in the seat of the pants," is the way film producers answer this month's prize-winning letter.

Not that they're launching a verbal attack on its author. Nothing like that. Producers welcome criticism, any opportunity to learn the taste of the public. It teaches them what to avoid, shows them the way to please popular fancy. Were they to hear-and consider-nothing but praise for their product, for every picture turned out of Hollywood, they soon would lose all grasp of perspective, their "feel" of the public pulse, and goodness only knows what would happen then. Perhaps sooner or later a Davis or a Dietrich would be interpreting Little Eva—a GOOD actress can play ANY role, y'understand—or Shirley Temple might essay the next thing to Camille . . .

No, it's quite to the mustard that the letter chose to find fault with "Suez." Even though the producers may not wholeheartedly be in accord.

"Where there's adventure, there is bound to be risk," explains one high

The Studio Answers The Critic And Describes Some Of The New Pictures To

### Whitney Williams

executive in the 20th Century-Fox organization, the company which produced "Suez." In adventure and action films founded on history or biography tragedy sometimes must occur!

"There was a time—and not so many years ago, either-when no producer would think of killing off his hero or his heroine. There were instances of this, of course, but they were rare. Regardless of how hopeless a situation in which the leads of a picture might find themselves involved, they always emerged triumphant, however overwhelming the odds.

What happened? I'll tell you. The public got fed up on all



The critic who begged for romance will find in "Wife, Husband and Friend" plenty of love and laughter.

ture to set the pulse of even the critic who spoke for the dreamers, jumping.







Above, left—The Ritz Brothers in a humorous version of "The Three Musketeers." Something for the builders of air castles.

"The Little Princess," a real critic-picture. Bring on your hammers—to use for applauding—for Shirley in color is a vision for artists.

with the impossible turned into the possible by a scenario writer's pen. Pictures weren't true to life, and the public knew it. Letters from fans all over the world proved to us that once we followed a certain pattern we should carry through, make our action logical to fit the design. And that's what we tried to do in 'Suez.' "Of course, in the picture,

we took certain romantic liberties, to turn out a story both historically correct and yet entertaining. And we succeeded in our object, as is proved by public reaction. We spent more than a year and one-half in research, before the story was completely written, so we know our ground there. The canal was constructed exactly as we pictured it, and the real de Lesseps, its builder, forced to undergo what his delineator on the screen, Tyrone Power, faced with such fortitude. We attempted to give the public an honest picture of events as they actually occurred in the past. For such a production to have lacked the elemental realism it held would really have been laying ourselves open to criticism—and just criticism,

too—far more severe than that directed at the film by the winner of this month's SILVER SCREEN prize-letter.

There you have the studio's response to the plaint that there was far too much tragedy involved in "Suez." The producers did not go out of their way to create unhappy drama; it followed naturally, once their course was charted. Experience has taught them that the majority of the motion picture public prefers its entertainment unyielding—it does not want legitimate drama sacrificed to "salve" the emotions, for the sake of a happy ending.

Another period in French history is depicted in the studio's new version of "The Three Musketeers." Criticism again may be raised when this feature is shown, but this time only by the die-hards, those who insist upon taking their classics "neat." For "The Three Musketeers" has been converted into—of all things—slapstick.

Poor Dumas! If only he knew what is happening to his brain-child. But then, it's a ten to one probability he'd cheer a bit on his own. None other than the Ritz Brothers are starring in this production!

They don't portray Athos, Porthos and Aramis. These merry Musketeers are disposed of in the first reel, when they challenge the Ritzes—menials in the kitchen at the Coq d'Or—to a drinking duel and Les Freres Ritz drink them under the [Continued on page 72]

Dear Sir:

My criticism of the picture "Suez," is that there was far too much tragedy involved. People as a whole are dreamers, and builders of air castles. They go to movies to see the romantic, the beautiful, and the unreal, and to forget the tragedies and sadness that they encounter among friends and relatives.

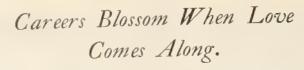
Yours very truly, Bucky Keyser Nebraska City, Neb.

The Letter

That Won

The \$50.00

Prize.



By Laurence Morgan

BOY and a girl. Lamplight, Soft breezes and starlight . . whispered word . . . the touch of a hand. Mix them all together, add a ring and the sweetest promise ever made, what do you have? Why you have removed to and what do you have? Why, you have romance! You have the age-old, most compelling urge in the world. The force that can create empires, make rulers, change the course of history, and which can send a man or woman skyrocketing to the very pin-nacles of fame or, strangely enough, to the deepest depths of despair. In short, you have LOVE! And to the possessors of that rare, often clusive thing nothing is impossible, no heights too steep to scale, no dream too difficult to achieve. But to those who have known it, but have lost it, there is only darkness.

It is indeed amazing what remarkable changes a sincere romance and marriage can effect in those whose work follows along creative lines. History's pages are filled with the names of artists, sculptors, writers and musicians who created nothing really lasting until they had found the one true outlet to their emotions.

Time was, and not so many years back, when a film studio sought to suppress, or at least to keep as quiet as possible, the marriages of their starring players, thinking it made for unfavorable publicity and would surely dim the player's popularity. Naturally, the poor actors and actresses, being made of mere flesh and blood and not of stardust and

moonbeams as they would have you believe, went right ahead and fell in love and married in the conventional way and said "nuts" to the studio moguls who sought to curb Nature's strongest im-

pulse.

Today, thank heaven, picture officials who have charge of such things as the human heart, realize the value of a romance between a handsome boy and a beautiful girl. And if there seems to be no special heart-interest at the moment affecting the lives of their shiningest and most popular stars they go out and try to arrange one. Thus, you read constantly of this and that broken engagement. And, why not? If you were a salesgirl in a department store and the boss came to you and said, "Look here, I think it would go over big with the customers if you and the new floor-walker would become cheaved, so I would become engaged, so I want you to go out with him every night for a couple of months and be seen at all the night spots." What would be your reaction? Well, you'd most likely do it because the boss told you to and you wanted to keep your job. But soon you would rebel against the "arranged in advance" romance and probably up and marry the boy behind the necktie counter (whom you'd had a yen for all the time anyway).

However, even that sort of publicity-department-romance is definitely on the wane now in most of the film studios as more and more they are coming to realize the value of real: "cross my heart" love interest among the various players. You might just as well try to stem the flow of the Mississippi as seek to check a Yuma-minded couple!

John Farrow and his wife,

Maureen O'Sullivan,

whose marriage has made her a

finer artist.

But the most important discovery yet unearthed in the film capitol is not the publicity, good or bad, that attends a highly publicized engagement. It is simply this:

Directors and producers have found that a player's worth to

the studio is increased after a romance and marriage because they invariably become better actors and actresses! And that is

LOVE Mr. and Mrs. Ruben (Virginia Bruce). She surprised the fans with her recent clever comedy performance.

> not something hatched up by an over-zealous publicity department! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a boy or girl actually commences to give much finer performances, begins to plumb new depths of emotional sincerity after a true love affair that has culminated in a happy marriage.
>
> Perhaps as shining an example of this phenomena as any is

Pat Paterson and her husband, Charles Boyer.



for MARCH 1939



A doubtful public is eagerly awaiting Hedy Lamarr's first big picture, "I Take This Woman." You can be sure Spencer Tracy will give her the breaks.

"HAT a bright New Year and what a brave young world it is," I reflect as I button up my raincoat to keep off the California "dew" that has been falling in bucketsfull for the past few weeks. "And how nice it is (in a pig's eye) that there are so many pictures shooting and so many actors at work."

We may as well start looking them over at-

#### Paramount

FIRST there is "Midnight" starring the lush Claudette Colbert. It's another goofy comedy and it should be one of the best. This is very near the opening scene in the picture. Claudette is an American chorus girl in Europe, who lost her all—well almost all. She still has her honor but her money lies in the account of the Casino at Monte Carlo and her clothes—all but the one gown she has on—are in hock. While dodging Francis Lederer (a taxi driver with whom she has fallen in love but doesn't yet know it) she gets into a party at the home of John Barrymore and his wife. Claudette wakens next morning to find herself ensconced in a suite at the Ritz and a few minutes later, Santa Claus, in the person of Mr. Barrymore, enters.

Claudette suspects that John arranged for her suite and the recovery of her baggage and wardrobe. She also suspects he is on the make when he assures her they'll never have any arguments over money.





"That's fine," it is her turn to assure him. "There's just one trouble

-I won't play."
"Now, don't misunderstand me," Miss Pea-

FIRE

body," he pleads.
"Listen!" she snaps. "When Little Red Riding Hood spots the

"Listen!" she snaps. "When Little Red Riding Hood spots the long gray whiskers, don't still pretend you're Grandma."

"Let's skip that part," John suggests (or words to that effect). "What did you think of Jacques Picot?"

"Oh, I guess he's all right," she replies indifferently.

"I can't agree with you but perhaps I'm a little prejudiced,"

John rejoins. "You see, my wife and he are in love."

"Well, that's cozy," Miss C. remarks.

"That, my dear," he retorts, "is the devil."

It seems all John wants of Claudette is to have her vamp

Mr. Picot away from his

Mr. Picot away from his wife so she'll appreciate

John's true worth, all of which only goes to show you how a guy's intentions can be misunderstood. Claudette and Mitchell

Leissen, who is directing, are in a heavy conference so there is no chance for a chat with either of them. Mr. B. is not in a talkative mood today because he is working in two pictures at once, so I leave

"Cafe Society" which is on the next stage. No one seems to know exactly what this is all about, except that it has to do with the set which frequents exclusive night clubs. I think (but if it turns out I'm wrong please DON'T write in about it) that Madeleine Carroll is a wealthy, bored society girl and I judge she is in love with Fred MacMurray. I don't know whether she wants to impress him with her originality or what but she decides to give a party in a smart night club.

She sends out telegraphic invitations and everyone has to come dressed exactly as they

were when they received the invitations. Probably she and Fred cooked up the idea when they were in a night club, because at the party they are in impeccable evening dress and everyone else looks like hell. One guy has a shower bath strapped to his back, with a towel around his middle because he was in the shower when his telegram came. Of course, he didn't have on the towel in the shower (or if he did, he's crazy) but there's the Hays office to consider and some concessions have to be made to decency.

Another has cotton stuck all over his face to look like lather because he was shaving. Another has the steering wheel of an automobile strapped in front of him because he was in his car just getting ready to drive off when the wire reached him. Brooks Benedict has an ice-pack strapped on his head, which certainly leaves him open to suspicion. I think you'll agree this is certainly a novel idea for a party, and why Miss Carole Lombard, who dotes on these gay, mad affairs, hasn't given one like it, I don't know.

Shirley Ross plays the cigarette girl in the cafe where the shindig is being held. We sit gabbing for awhile and Shirley says something about making personal appearances in New York when the opus is finished. I kid her about the time she said she would never make another personal until she got \$5,000

a week just for sweeping across the stage.
"Times change," she laughs.
"They sure do," I agree. "You're married now and, after all, you have a husband to support in the manner in which he's been accustomed to living.

Shirley blazes. "If my husband were here and heard you say that," she flares, "he'd punch you right in the nose."

"Well, gee whiz," I expostulate, "you can't blame us boys

for selling ourselves as dearly as possible. You know, we won't stay young forever."

But Shirley won't be mollified so I have to call E. H. Griffith, the director, to convince her I was kidding her. Incidentally, this is the same E. H. Griffith who made all those smart Ann Harding comedies that were so swell. He is represented all too seldom on the screen today and it is certainly the screen's loss.

The next picture on this lot is "Sudden Money" with Charles Grapewin and Marjorie Rambeau. The scene is a cheery kitchen. Marge sits at a table with a drawing board propped against the table, painting place cards. The tea kettle whistles cheerily and Marge "whistles while she works." The door opens, Mr. Grapewin comes in, tosses his cap on the towel rack and pauses to survey Marge's work, while over the scene comes the rat-a-tat-tat of her husband's (Charlie Ruggles) drums from the basement where he is beating them.

Say, them's real nice, Ellie," Grapewin admits.

"They're for Mrs. Hackenschmidt's anniversary dinner," she tells him, and then, as he starts out of the room, "Oh, Grandpa, did you hear? The police captured Phil Stokes and Sweeney may get some of his money back after all."

"That's fine! Fine!" Grapewin enthuses and goes on out. This doesn't give you much idea of what the picture is about because this is almost the last scene. The story itself is a cross between "You Can't Take It With You" and the well-remembered "Three Cornered Moon"—the story of a pixilated family who suddenly come into a sizable chunk of dough and immediately start indulging their hobbies. It ought to be grand fun.

The last picture on the lot is "Union Pacific" but that will

have to wait until next month as-

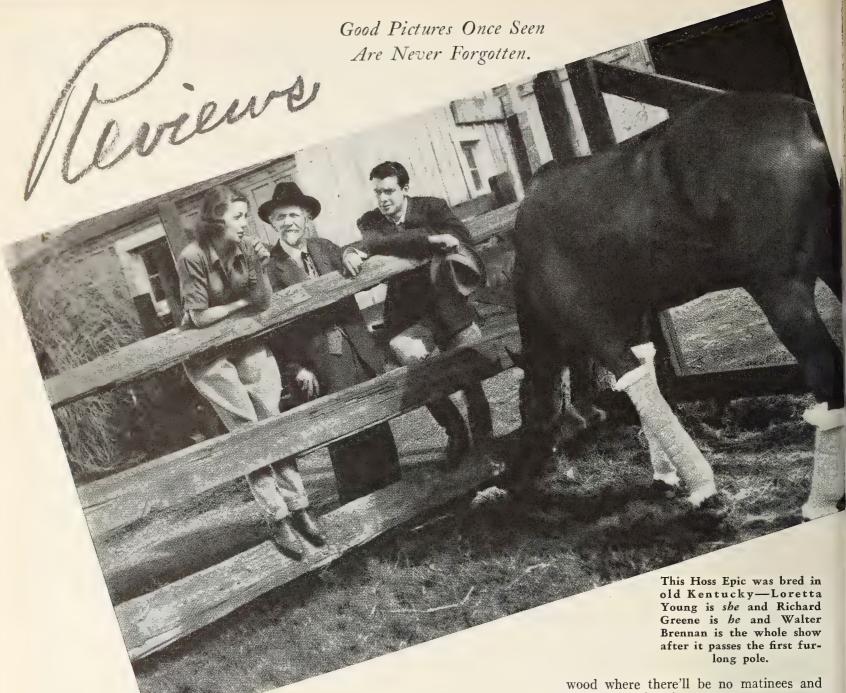
R.K.O. is calling.

Far and away the most important picture over here is "The Castles" starring Astaire and Rogers but the set is closed today so you'll have to wait for that one, too.

Next is "Twelve Crowded Hours" [Continued on page 60]



Scene from "Twelve Crowded Hours." John Arledge with the pup, and right, Richard Dix and Lucille Ball.



TRADE WINDS

LOVE IN THE FAR EAST—UA

REDDIE MARCH is awfully gay these days. Having recovered from his black and blue spots in "There Goes My Heart" he now plays a San Francisco playboy detective who draws the very pleasant job of chasing Joan Bennett around the world.

Joan is supposed to have killed Sidney Blackmer, a socially prominent philanderer, so naturally she doesn't want to be exactly palsy with the Law. Freddie, the gay Lothario, finds a girl in every port, and of course eventually finds Joan and falls in love with her for keeps. And you can go on from there without me.

The picture is played against a background of Far Eastern authentic shots which belonged to sea-faring director Tay Garnett, and which were the inspiration

of the picture.

But the surprise of the picture is none other than Ann Sothern who as Freddie's cute secretary practically stops the show. You'll split your sides when you hear Ann, being veddy veddy elegant, say "Its in the bog." As a matter of fact, between you and me, it's Ann's picture—she just wraps it up and takes it home. Joan wears

a dark wig in most of her scenes and proves that she makes just as beautiful a brunette as she does a blonde. Incidentally she looks like Hedy Lamarr.

#### **SWEETHEARTS**

JEANETTE MACDONALD AND NELSON EDDY FANS WILL GO FOR THIS IN A BIG WAY -MGM

JEANETTE MacDONALD and Nelson Eddy singing their lungs out in Technicolor-what more could you ask? Jeanette in color is a sight for sore eyes, in fact with her beautiful red hair and her blue eyes she is the first real Dream Girl I've discovered in Hollywood. Nelson is Nelson, so that makes that all right.

Nothing of Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts" has been kept except the songs, which of course are sung beautifully by Jeanette and Nelson, sometimes solo, sometimes duet. "My Little Gray Home in the West" received the most applause at the preview.

The story concerns a very happily married young couple who have been playing the leads in a musical called "Sweethearts" for lo these six years on Broadway, and they're both getting a little fed up with the monotony of it all. When Reginald Gardiner suavely dangles a Hollywood contract in front of them, they're all for signing it at once and dashing off to Hollylots of rest (Ha!)

Realizing that his gold mine of a show can't go on without them, Frank Morgan conspires with Mischa Auer to break up the beautiful romance of his two songbirds. Jeanette is subtly told that her husband is cheating on her with their secretary and the fireworks start. But there's a happy ending, and Jeanette and Nelson keep on singing "Sweethearts" much to everyone's delight, including

#### THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS

AN UNPRETENTIOUS BUT VERY GAY LITTLE COMEDY—MGM

RANCHOT TONE, in fine fettle, plays a young man who thinks he is in love with a rich girl whose father strenuously objects to him. Thrown out of the house he proceeds to date one of the maids in order to get back into the house—but imagine his surprise when he finds that he has fallen in love with the maid, who thinks he's a chauffeur.

Franciska Gaal plays the little maid and as the action takes place in Switzerland her accent is very much in order, and so are the cute peasant costumes she wears. Walter Connolly plays the choleric papa and Rita Johnson his daughter. Franklin Pangborn, Reginald Owen and Reginald Gardiner (why doesn't he get bigger parts?) all help with the fun.

#### KENTUCKY

AN EXCITING FILM ABOUT THE FAMOUS "DERBY" RACE—20th Century-Fox

IF YOU love horse flesh and Southern tradition you'll get a big kick out of this horse picture which is tops in entertainment. Photographed in Technicolor, with exciting scenes of the Kentucky Derby, it is by far the best picture about horses ever to come out of Hollywood.

Loretta Young and Richard Greene, both of whom take to color like ducks to water, play the 1938 editions of two famous old families of rival Kentucky

The mystery, this time, revolves around a series of thefts from a jewelry store owned by a middle aged man whose young wife is not above suspicion. There are a couple of choice murders which provide Melvyn with a headache, and of course his "little woman" manages to ball things up generally with false clues, and almost gets herself bumped off. There's a beauty parlor se-



Errol Flynn in "Dawn Patrol."



The great detective, played by Melvyn Douglas, is assisted by his spouse, Virginia Bruce, in the interests of the comedy, "There's That Woman Again."

horse breeders. There's a feud that dates back to the Civil War going on between the two families, so Dick has to masquerade as a horse trainer in order to get near the beautiful Loretta. The horse he trains for her wins the Kentucky Derby, and believe me, you haven't seen a thrilling race until you have seen this one.

But it is that grand character actor, Walter Brennan, as a testy old Kentucky gentleman and horse-breeder, who walks away with the picture. For the first time on the screen a Kentucky gentleman becomes a real person—the South ought to appreciate that. The picture is directed by Dave Butler, a racing man himself (his Alice Faye mopped up at Santa Anita last year), and you can be sure that he knows his stuff. His enthusiasm for horses is certainly contagious.

THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN A LAUGH-GETTER-IF THERE EVER WAS ONE—Col.

THIS is a fitting sequel to "There's Always a Woman" which had you in hysterics several months ago. This time Virginia Bruce plays the feather-brained Sally Reardon, the part made famous by Joan Blondell. But Melvyn Douglas again plays the part of the harassed husband, Bill, who would give his eyeteeth if he could just run his business, Reardon's Private Detective Agency, without any interference from his beautiful dumb cluck of a wife.

This bright combination of domestic comedy and detective mystery is crackerjack entertainment, which at times is even better than the "Thin Man" series.

quence which is an all time high in comedy.

Margaret Lindsay is chic and lovely as the female of the species, and Tom Dugan, as flat foot Flanagan, is a riot. Don't blame me if you miss the most fun that has come out of Hollywood in a month of Sundays.

#### PARIS HONEYMOON

THIS IS NOT ALL ROSES AND MOONLIGHT -Par.

BING CROSBY'S newest picture is, unfortunately, not another "Sing You Sinners." Bing's swell, as usual, but the story gets all bogged down in tedium. Bing plays a wealthy young man by the name of "Lucky" Lawton who wanders over the French countryside while his intended bride, Shirley Ross, gets herself a Paris divorce.

Bing rents a castle from Akim Tamiroff, and falls in love with Franciska Gaal, a local peasant girl who is chosen queen of the Rose Carnival. Shirley, excellent as a snooty society gal, goes back to her husband, Gregory Gaye, and Bing is free to marry his French mademoiselle. Edward Everett Horton plays another of his perfect valet roles.

#### CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU

Introducing a New "Chan"—20th Century-Fox

HIS picture, one of the very popular Charlie Chan series, marks the introduction of Sidney Toler, an experienced but comparatively unknown actor, in the role of Detective Chan, long and successfully played by the late Warner Oland.

Toler, who has many grand character

performances to his credit, takes over the Chan assignment without any effort at all, and in time will become as much beloved by fans as was Mr. Oland.

This time Charlie Chan is assigned to a murder which occurs aboard a steamer during the attempted transfer of a large sum of money. A second murder quickly follows the first. On this murder boat are John King, a ship's officer, in love with pretty Phyllis Brooks; Claire Dodd, a mysterious and wealthy widow; George Zucco, a psychiatrist who keeps a living brain in his stateroom; and Eddie Collins, who watches over a variety of wild animals caged in the hold.

#### DAWN PATROL

THIS PACKS A TREMENDOUS WALLOP-WB

HIS is about the most exciting war picture you'll ever be likely to see, and is brilliantly written, directed and acted. The picture was made first in 1929 with Richard Barthelmess, Doug Fairbanks Jr., and Neil Hamilton playing the leading roles. It was a smash hit then. And it's a smash hit now.

In the 1939 version Errol Flynn, David Niven and Basil Rathbone have the leads. with Donald Crisp heading a supporting cast that includes Melville Cooper, Barry Fitzgerald, Carl Esmond, and Michael

The story is about an English flying squadron near the German lines in the World War. Basil Rathbone is the commander of the air base and it is his duty every morning to send out the Dawn Patrol which always comes back with men missing. Flynn, the ace flyer of the squadron, accuses him of being an executioner, so Rathbone is more than delighted when Flynn is advanced to his place.

Errol and Basil gave magnificent performances but it is really David Niven's picture. In a part that ranges from comedy to tragedy David gives a performance that establishes him as one of the best actors in these parts. The picture is the best plea for peace that we have had-but don't worry, it isn't preachy.

starring Richard Dix with Lucile Ball and John Arledge prominently in the cast.

This is a cops and robbers story and, towards the end, Dix (a star newspaper reporter) and the head villain (Cy Kendall) are having it out in Dix's apartment. There are some shots and Johnny ducks under the rug with a little Irish terrier. When the smoke of battle clears away, Dix is holding Lucile in his arms and facing a gang of neighbors who have congregated in the doorway.

"Gosh," I remark to Lucile afterwards, "they sure keep you busy, don't they?"

"Nine roles in eleven months," she re-

"Aren't they ever going to give you a vacation?" I query.
"Why," she exclaims in well simulated surprise, "I'm having one right now. On this picture they let me sit down between shots.

That settled, I proceed to the next stage where Mr. Douglas Corrigan is working in "The Flying Irishman."

Mr. Corrigan, in case you haven't read, is about the size of a half pint but he's very friendly when I tell him I used to be a pilot myself. And when he learns what type ships I flew he proceeds to tell me, offhand, exactly how much gas each carried and how long the gas would last. My hair begins to rise because it would seem I stayed up in the air on several occasions long after the gas was supposed to have run out and why I didn't have more wrecks than I did is something I'll never be able to figure out at this late date.

Mr. Corrigan is still what you might call "thrifty." He doesn't eat lunch be-cause he got out of the habit when he couldn't afford it. He ate lunch one day at the studio after he started work, said it didn't make him feel any better and promptly refused to eat any more lunches. That one day was disastrous, though, because Joyce Compton and Dorothy Appleby, who are in the picture with him, thought they'd play a joke on him and sent their luncheon checks over to him to pay. Doug gazed at the total (\$1.03) in dismay. "Gee whiz," he said when he got back to the set and saw the girls, "what did you have to eat—a horse?"

This is the first time I have ever known a biographical picture to stick to facts. But this one does and it is one of the most dramatic stories I have read. There is no love interest in it because Mr. Corrigan has never had time for love but it's a thrilling, gripping story all the same and one you shouldn't miss.

There being naught else to see here, we proceed to-

M.-G.-M.

BUL-LIEVE me, there is plenty doing at this film factory and all big pictures, too.

Joan Crawford, James Stewart and Zew Ayres in "Ice Follies"; Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr in "I Take This Woman"; Robert Taylor and Florence Rice in "Stand Up and Fight"; and Franchot Tone and Rita Johnson in "The Girl Downstairs," which I've covered.

I barge on to the "Ice Follies" set and

there is Joan done up in a black wig. She is an indifferent ice skater who is married to James Stewart. They lose their jobs and, through a ruse, she gets a test at a studio and they give her a contract. She turns out to be pretty good so they start dolling her up (as they always do). When she gets home with her black hair there is Jimmie in the kitchen cooking dinner. Joan dashes to a mirror for a last survey at herself-her black hair, new eyebrows, etc., etc., full of anticipation and quite sure Jimmie will react with pleasure to her changed appearance.

"Is that you, Mary?" he calls.
"I—I'm not sure," she calls back nerv-

ously. "Well, make up your mind," he admonishes her. "Also, you're late. I've cooked dinner three times now," he goes on. Come in and get it."
"You come in here, dear, for just a

moment," she asks.

So Jimmie enters, carrying a bowl of salad he has been mixing, with a towel around his waist in lieu of an apron. "The meat loaf is cremated," he rambles on, "the spuds are—" he breaks off as he gets a load of her. She waits tremblingly for him to react. He does-but not in the manner she had hoped for. "What've you done to yourself?" he blurts out.

"The studio did it," she begins breathlessly. "I got the part of Alice. They're talking of building it up-it may even grow to be the lead. But they said I needed glamour," gesturing towards her

face and hair, "so they gave it to me."
"The reason I married you was because I thought you had glamour," he re-

"Well, not for pictures, they said," she replies reasonably. "They've also changed my name."
"I changed your name, too," he retorts.

"What is it, a game?"

"Don't you like me this way, Larry?" her voice trembles and her eyes fill.
"I don't know," he mutters, looking

away from her. "I'm hungry and I don't react very good on an empty stomach.'

When the shot is finished I gab a few minutes with Jimmie and Joan and then I start to leave. "No, you don't," Joan says. "I see you about once a year and then you want to go right away. You stick around."

I have always said that there is no more hospitable star in the business than Joan. Other stars may grow grand and order their sets closed but visitors are always welcome on hers. But with all these other sets to cover, there isn't time, so I jog over to-

"I Take This Woman." Here is another gripping story. Hedy is society's pet orphan—penniless but with an insouciant spirit, a gift for gayety and the trick of glamour, she is taken up, wined and dined by the smart set. Ina Claire, one of the fashionable modistes of New York, furnishes Hedy's clothes for the advertising value of having her wear them. Ina is also fond of the girl. Hedy falls in love with Walter Pidgeon (it seems to be the season for that) and when he suggests that she elope to Yucatan with him where

he'll divorce his wife and marry her, she goes-despite Ina's protests.

But the day Phil is to get his divorce a friend from New York tells him his wife is to have a baby and he'll have to return to New York. He leaves, with only a curt note for Hedy. She realizes she is now declassé as far as her New York friends are concerned and she tries to drown herself on the way from Yucatan to New York. But Spencer Tracy (playing a doctor) pulls her back.

Spence is having troubles of his own. He has been recalled from research in China because he used his appropriation to feed war-famine victims. Now he's afraid he'll be booted out of the profession entirely. Back in New York he is given a badly run East Side clinic to reorganize in expiation of his "crime."

Hedy, helpless, floundering, not knowing which way to turn, goes to him. Deeply touched and pitying her, he asks her to marry him. She accepts, knowing he will not expect her to love him and only wants to help her find her balance again.

At the clinic she tries to help, gets in everyone's way and the things she sees sicken her. Then, one night, a bunch of the men who live in that quarter present Spence with a watch in token of their esteem and appreciation, and Hedy's eyes are opened.

"Oh, Karl!" she begs. "Forgive me!"

"What for?" Spence asks.

"For being a blind, selfish woman,—for not helping—" she rushes on.

"Georgi!" he laughs. "Without you, I'd

be just another corner doc-

He is interrupted by the phone ringing. It is Mr. Pidgeon coming back into her life-and just when things were begin-

ning to quiet down, too!
"Have you met Hedy?" Spence inquires solicitously when the scene is finished. "Come on, I'll introduce you." there is a pal, but when I'm introduced to her I can only stammer and shift from one foot to the other like some gangling high-school kid. Finally, just as things begin to look hopeless and Spence is grinning like a Cheshire cat at my discomfiture, I have an inspiration: "I'm glad to have met you," I shout and dash to the next stage.

"Stand Up and Fight" is shooting here. And what a set! It looks as though a part of the old South has been transplanted to Hollywood-the huge white clapboard colonial mansion, with its gardens outside and the wide, graciously curving staircase in the hall. I stand there goggle-eyed until Woody Van Dyke's call for "Camera" brings me back to my

Bob Taylor is a young Southern aristocrat who entertains at a final fox hunt before auctioning off the family estate, as he has gone bankrupt. And Florence

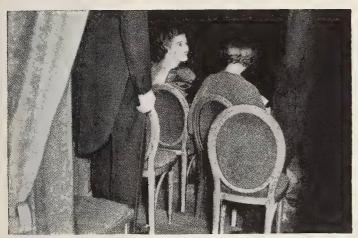
Rice is giving him what for.
"Well," she announces, "I guess I'm sufficiently recovered to look at you in your true light, Mr. Cantrell-dispassionately, as it were. Good heavens, but your ancestors must be turning over in their graves. Whirling ancestors, I'd call

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them. Here's the home and fields and land they built and labored out of the wilderness-and you let it all leak out of your weak, selfish heart like so much sawdust! And after it's all over, all you can think about is preening the few feathers you have left and walking up to the newest girl in town and-" she breaks off suddenly and starts to run upstairs.

"Wait a minute!" Bob calls sharply and walks to the foot of the stairs. 'Women folks down here don't talk like that to their men folks-Yankee lady. Don't you worry about my ancestors, either."

Florence glares at him a moment, tosses her head, turns and runs on up the stairs leaving him staring up after her.

I don't blame him, either. There are a lot of pretty girls in pictures and lots of times they look awfully pretty after the studio gets through with them. But I have seldom, if ever, seen anyone as pretty as Florence looks in her blue silk hoopskirt dress. As a matter of fact, I think, after sober reflection, for once I won't follow the crowd-to Hedy. I'll just string along with Florence and absorb glamour in an equally breath-taking but less turbulent fashion.

The last studio for this month is-

#### Warner Brothers

and, believe it or not, there's only one picture to cover out here, so stick with me. "Always Leave Them Laughing,"
"Yes, My Darling Daughter," and "The
Oklahoma Kid" I've already told you about. "Maximillian and Juarez" is on location and the one remaining is "The Broadway Cavalier" starring Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and Joan Blondell.

I haven't time to go into a lot of detail about this but it should be one of the comedy sensations of the year. Pat plays a prizefight manager, Wayne is a prize fighter again (as he was in "Kid Galahad"), Joan is an ex-bubble dancer. In addition there are Ed Brophy and Stanley Fields, to say nothing of Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom who is a show in himself. But, surprise, surprise. You mark my words, the hit of the picture is going to be May Robson who has stopped being sugary for this picture and who will play an old hellion. I beg leave to state that when May lets go in one of these parts there is no one, with the exception of Maude Eburne, who can even come close.

"Well, sucker," says Pat, "when did you get back?

"Oh, a couple of weeks ago," I answer brightly.

"I'll tell Eloise (his wife) you've returned and we'll see about getting to-gether for dinner and laughs soon."
"What about me?" Wayne puts in.

"I've been waiting four years for an invitation to your house."
"You eat too much," says Pat shortly.

"I don't eat any more than you," Wayne begins hotly.
"But I'm paying for it," Pat reminds

Of course, it's all in fun but you never know how these "friendly arguments will turn out so I just tell Wayne I'll be glad to come to his house, too, and he doesn't have to have Pat and leave.

In the meantime—Happy Income Tax.

### Only Yesterday

[Continued from page 19]

Swanson. Jeanette was embarrassed, not only because of the mishap, but because she was wearing a pair of old stage slippers, and she winced when she thought of what the fastidious Miss Swanson must have said when the dilapidated slipper landed in her hubby's lap.

David Oliver Selznick, who won inter-national attention with "Gone With the Wind," rode into the movies on the right hand swipe that landed flush on Jack Dempsey's chin. In September, 1923, all that remained of the elder Selznick's film fortune was young David's raccoon coat. Wrapped in the collegiate symbol, Dave went to see Luis Firpo and engaged him to make a one-reel short for \$1,000, which young Selznick had borrowed from Phil Rosen, a friend. Selznick shot the onereeler in Central Park in one day. When Firpo punched Dempsey out of the ring, the one-reeler became valuable. Selznick cleaned up \$6,000, gave half to Rosen.

If the Dempsey-Firpo fight was significant to Selznick in launching him upon his career, the Dempsey-Tunney fight has nostalgic memories for Eleanor Powell. At the Silver Slipper, at Atlantic City, Eleanor won her first dancing prize when she out-hoofed all the Black Bottom dancers at the resort. The prize was a ringside ticket to the Dempsey-Tunney fight, but the headwaiter talked her out of the ticket.

When you saw "Boys' Town," perhaps you wondered, as I did, at Director Norman Taurog's amazing ability to handle kid actors. The reason is that Taurog was a kid actor himself. In 1913, he played the office boy role in "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Cohan Theatre on Broadway. With George M. Cohan as the star, Taurog played the kid role in "Broadway Jones' (almost twenty years later, Taurog was to direct George M. in "Phantom President").

Stories about the comedians? Eric Blore wanted to be a singer, but London music hall patrons cured him of that misapprehension. In one night, Blore was cat-called off the Paragon stage in London, and booed off the Canterbury stage a few hours later. He claims that he is the only performer who ever laid two eggs in one evening. . . . Charlie Winninger was onstage at the Cohan Theatre the night that the Titanic went down. His then wife, Blanche Ring, quieted the audience by singing "Rings On My Fingers, Bells On My Toes." . . . Adolphe Menjou, then a student at Cornell, got sassy with a college professor and the professer hit him a right hand clip and knocked him down a flight of stairs. . . . The professor later bobbed up in pictures-Louis Wolheim. . George Burns gave Gracie Allen an \$18 wedding ring when they were married in Cleveland in 1926. because he couldn't

afford anything more expensive. She still wears it. . . . Jack Benny, originally a violinist, did his first talking comedy part when he appeared with the sailor performers at the Great Lake Naval Training Station during the war. Benny played the part of a comic orderly.

# She was a "Perfect Wife" ... except for ONE NEGLECT\*



#### "Lysol" might have made her score 100%

Lyou probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" except the love of her husband.

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful... Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If you're in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred...

1-Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.



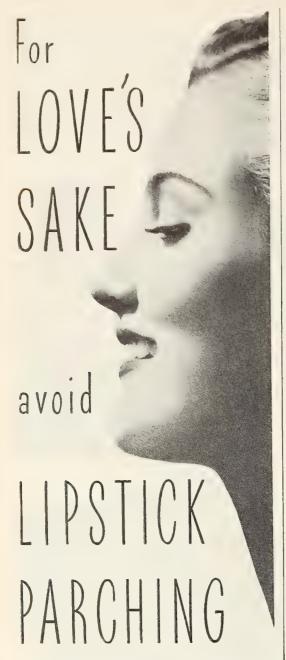
**4—Economy** . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

**6—Stability** ... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

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Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So-choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New-"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

The most unusual dressing room in this town is that which houses Mae West. On the doormat, given to her as a present by the prop man, is the legend: "Come Up and See Me Sometimes." Inside, the walls are covered by pictures of robust, nude women. In one corner are five tap drums and a set of rhumba gourds. In her moments of reverie, Mae beats hell out of the trap drums.

Stories about the glamour girls? Plenty of them. Claudette Colbert has white caps on her upper teeth... Reason that Loretta Young didn't screen so well in "Kentucky" was because she worked through the picture with a brace on her lower front teeth, and it made her mouth bulge. . . . Myrna Loy got started in the movies playing exotic roles simply because Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Rambova), discovered her when Myrna was a Fanchon & Marco chorine at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The exotic Natacha insisted on dressing Myrna up in flowing garments. . . . In the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre is the imprint of Myrna's feet, and this scrawl: "To Sid, Who Gave Me My First Job-Myrna." ... Hedy Lamarr, now a star, remembers when the Hays office banned "Ecstasy." .. Joan Crawford despises drunkards because her father, when he was drunk, made life miserable for her mother.

Hollywood chuckled at the preview of "Test Pilot," when Myrna Loy sent out Spencer Tracy to find Clark Gable, who had gone on a wild drunk. The reason they chuckled is that Tracy used to go off on just such sprees himself. He doesn't any more, tends strictly to the business of winning the Academy Award.

You have heard much of the longstanding feud between Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye, his protege. It is a one-sided feud. Alice always attends his openings on the Coast, speaks to him, but Rudy never does more than bow formally and say: "How do you do." What started it? I'll let you in on the inside. After Vallee launched Alice in pictures, as a mark of her sincere appreciation, she'd always sing with his band on her trips east. If he had offered her dough, she wouldn't have accepted it. After this had happened several times, she started getting a trifle burned up at the whole thing. On her following trip east, she learned that Rudy, who was appearing at Manhattan Beach with his band, had gone ahead and advertised her appearance on the next Sunday. She called him or his manager on the phone, and explained that she couldn't appear, regardless of the advertisements that had been circulated.

Vallee as a result stopped talking to her. Just between you and me, Alice Faye has been miserable about it ever since, because I imagine that she knows now that if what she did was not wrong, at least the abrupt manner in which she did it was in error. She'd give a lot to have the opportunity of wiping out that one blunder, of that I'm certain. But Vallee doesn't give her the chance.

That concludes these Behind-the-Scenes stories of the players. If you enjoy them, perhaps we can do another series of them in another edition of SILVER SCREEN.

#### "Shot At Sunrise"

By Jerome Zerbe

See pages 28 and 29 for exclusive candid camera shots of players at play.

[Continued from page 28]

well as for Vera Zorina, the dancing star of "I Married An Angel," who seems to be his particular interest of the moment. After leaving young Doug I went over to "21" for lunch with Chester Morris. I suppose few of his screen public realize that Chester is an expert magician and during lunch burned a hole in my best monogrammed handkerchief and later gave it back to me untouched, and did card tricks that made one's hair stand on end. Randolph Scott joined us and I thoroughly enjoyed hearing them talk shop. Randy said something about a highball the next afternoon and I arrived there about five-thirty to find that he was laid up with grippe. It was too good a chance to miss, and although, perhaps, it's unfair to take a guy when he is down, I snapped him anyway. For the sake of the gals who'd care, may I record that he wore high-necked tailored pyjamas of maroon with white pin dots and there was a dressing gown of foulard to match. His bedroom slippers were a deep blue.

Arleen Whelan was very much around the town while she was East. Often she was with Louis Shurr, the agent who is affectionately known as the "Penguin," and even more often with bachelor Sherman Fairchild, who is famous for never going out with any girl who isn't beautiful. The night I snapped her she was wearing a white crepe dress with gold embroidery on the bodice and puffed sleeves, and a red fox cape.

Another afternoon I spotted John Garfield going into one side of the Warwick, where there is a drug store. To his embarrassment a horde of youngsters who had been waiting by the main door heard he was being snapped and watched the proceedings. Garfield is genuinely shy and found his greatest fun in New York by spending his evenings in Chinatown. He'd never even heard of the glamour spots, and names like Iridium Room, Persian Room and El Morocco were quite unknown to him. Then, too, as his wife was out on the coast he said he didn't like being seen in prominent places without her.

Two of the most enthusiastic film couples I've seen in a long time were the Jack Oakies and the Ray Millands, both of whom came to New York but a few weeks apart on their way to Europe. Jack Oakie bubbled over every time he mentioned it. He was going to Paris for a short visit and then on to St. Moritz for winter sports. Both he and Mrs. Oakie thought they were much too new at it to even attempt skiing, but there was skating, tobogganing, sleighing and, added to that, superb scenery and many friends to make it very exciting. The day they sailed on the "Queen Mary" they gave a large farewell party on board with Chester Morris, Phyllis Brooks, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Dan and Arlene

Judge Topping all part of the gay scene.

Ray Milland was especially anxious to be off for Europe. He had been in an accident, and had a bad gash in the back of his head and was very anxious for a

good rest.

Phyllis Brooks, who is very sweet and amazingly untheatrical, was on to meet Cary Grant when he returned from Europe. One group of their friends insisted that they would be married at that time here in New York, but one or two said no. In any case they didn't, even if it caused a good deal of excitement at the time. Phyllis is an Eastern girl and they spent most of the time with her friends rather than Cary's, and were on the go every second. Cary Grant, as I've written before, has a magnificent sense of humor, and, for those he likes, the greatest thoughtfulness. By hard work he has grown from a struggling tumbler and necktie salesman to the finest comedian of the screen.

Marlene Dietrich, of course, always causes interest wherever she appears. There were crowds of ardent autograph hounds outside the Waldorf where she stayed and more swarms at "21" where she frequently lunched. It seemed strange to see her hair so straight, curled only at the ends. Her favorite night spot, next to Morocco, this year was a fascinating little place, on a second floor, which has no dancing but almost continuous entertainment of singing, and an atmosphere heavy with smoke. Breta Keller of Vienna, a great friend and one time singing teacher of hers, was playing there at the time.

Mary Boland, wearing a large cape of the world's most expensive fur—chinchilla, was in New York for only a day or two. She talked of her house in Beverly Hills, which she finished a year ago last Thanksgiving and which she adores. It's hard to think of Mary Boland as truly

domestic—but she is.

In closing, a few words on the Fred Perry-Helen Vinson separation which came as such a surprise to all their friends. I've seen them both around town the last few days looking incredibly and hopelessly miserable. When I told Fred so he said, "Why shouldn't I, think of all that Helen has meant, and still means to me." So we are all keeping our fingers crossed and hoping that these two swell people will work out their differences and get together once more.

#### Starlet on Broadway

[Con inued from page 34]

In the next seven days Jane saw seven shows and sniffed the smoke of seven night clubs. She squealed with excitement at the Horse Show, swooned at the view from the tower of the Empire State building—and even braved the gloom of the subway. She brought each day to a close by clapping her palm to her nose and squealing, "WONderful"! Most "WONderful" of all seemed to be the Washington bridge viewed from Riverside Drive at night.

After seeing every show in town, Jane was ready to look at things from the other





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Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds - at contact; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash-Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to 1/2 glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



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1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.

2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. This gives head an antiseptic cleansing— stimulates scalp—kills germs on hair and scalp at contact! 3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. This loosens dirt and dandruff scales. 4. Rinse very thoroughly. This leaves scalp clean and sweet.

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. This relieves dryness. Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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side of the footlights. On short notice she was drafted for a week's engagement of personal appearances at the New York Strand. If the prospect of making her debut on a Broadway stage scared her, Jane never showed it. Like a seasoned trouper she stood in the blinding spotlight before a packed house and rattled off a charming talk with bandleader Al Donahue. The day she was to make her first appearance she stepped from a cab and sprained her ankle. I can only guess at the pain she must have endured when she strode, smiling, to the stage that evening.

Backstage, between shows, Jane passed the time by giving interviews and chatting with old Hollywood friends who were now on Broadway. All day long the doorman announced a curious collection of callers. 'Miss Bryan, a man's here selling Christmas cards. Says he's sold 'em to Errol Flynn, James Cagney and Olivia DeHavilland." "Miss Bryan, a man to demonstrate a wireless radio. Says he sold one to Errol Flynn and Jimmy Cagney." "Miss Bryan, a man to paint your portrait. He's painted Errol Flynn, etc., etc., etc." Jane found it all most amusing and she bought a lot of things she didn't need.

The spirit of Thespis prompted her to do more than her share of acting. She became a backstage prankster. While the musicians played on stage, Jane would lean out of the wings sucking on a lemon. The sight of a lemon does something to the salivary glands and it caused considerable trouble to the musicians who played

wind instruments.

One evening after finishing up at the Strand, Jane invited me up to her hotel for a late dinner. Dinner over, she dimmed the lights, tossed her tired feet up on the window sill and gazed out over moon-lit Central Park. Our talk drifted to music. Jane lectured me on every phase of the subject and she dwelt briefly on the works of the great masters, Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Chopin, Schubert and Mozart-she knew them all! I was amazed as well as enlightened. As an anti-climax to our discussion we dropped in for the late show at Jack White's "Eighteen Club" where Jack presented Jane with a birthday cake the size of a shrimp. It was good fun but a far cry from Schubert. Jane took it in her stride, drank a ginless Tom Collins and whistled "Flat Foot Floogie!"

The following night Jane was tired. "Let's go to some quiet place and relax," she suggested. I couldn't think of any quiet places in Manhattan Island so we drove around until I spotted Leone's Italian restaurant. It was late and the place was quiet. Jane looked grateful as she sipped her Chianti and listened to her old favorites played by an inspired pianist. "Night and Day" and "Celeste Aida" seemed to affect her most.

Before attending the opening of "The Boys From Syracuse" she had dinner at Jack Dempsey's restaurant and there she shook the hand that had knocked out Firpo way back when Jane was still principally interested in hop-scotch. At 8:40 o'clock we joined the glittering first-night audience that filled the theatre. Jane sent a good-luck note to Eddie Albert, (he played opposite her in "Brother Rat") who was now about to assume the romantic lead in this new musical. The show was an instant hit and as the final curtain went down we started to go backstage to congratulate Eddie. A striking gentleman elbowed his way through the

crowd toward Jane.

"Miss Bryan," he said with a clipped British accent, "I've been wanting to meet you for some time. I think you are a very fine actress." The gentleman was Noel Coward, the same Noel Coward who had noted her work almost two years before. Jane managed to stammer her thanks and Mr. Coward departed. I led her off, still in a happy daze, to "El Morocco" where cafe society was gathered in all its glittering splendor. The bored hat-check girl paid little attention to the city's swankiest swank as it paraded by. When she saw Jane, however, she threw up her hands and exclaimed in amazement, "Jane Bryan!" and stared after her in awe. Famous Jerome Zerbe, whose candid camera has clicked on the country's elite, swooped down and added to his collection several portraits of Jane Bryan at her bewildered best.

I think that night was the highlight of Jane's visit. A few days later she departed, reluctantly, for Hollywood-and back to work again at the Warner studio. In parting, she uttered the hopeful words from Noel Coward's song titled, "I'll See You

Again!"

#### The Man Who Watches The Lovers

[Continued from page 51]

to by millions, all over the land, and more millions read his daily Hollywood column syndicated to dozens of newspapers. I stress these rather staggering figures for the sake of your understanding how far-reaching are his words, both written and spoken, and what a power he is in his chosen field.

From an interviewer and amateur master of ceremonies on a small coastal station, on which he made his radio debut some five years or so ago (and for two vears worked WITHOUT pay) Fidler has progressed to the position of one of the highest salaried commentators in radio. His two broadcasts each week bring him in the quite considerable sum of \$4000 (not to speak of his salary for appearing in "Garden of the Moon," which was a flat \$50,000) and a Crosley rating-the Bible of all good radio artists-of 8.5. Considering that many of your prime favorites on the airlanes never exceed two- or three-point rating, his 8.5 represents an enviable high.

Fidler is the enfant terrible of the film colony-Mister Dynamite in person. More than anybody else in Hollywood is he feared and hated, for the ofttimes brutal frankness of his broadcasts about the top-notchers in the cinema realm, and conditions existing there. His fifteen minutes twice each week is the one program which Hollywood to a man tunes in on. Whatever their feelings about the lad, whether they be friend or foeand there are plenty of each-all entertain a wholesome respect for this air reporter who knows everybody and delves so deeply into the lives and intrigues of the film colony, let the chips fall

where they may.

Scarcely a broadcast passes but what Fidler verbally spanks, or blasts, some individual in the starry constellations for a wrong he or she may have committed . . for failing to live up to the accepted standards and precepts of stardom. Perhaps some favorite of the screen deliberately snubs adoring fans who have waited in the rain for hours merely to see and greet that star. Fidler learns about it—as he always does—and recites the incident in full detail, often with a warning that the star should remember that these fans, and others like them, are the ones responsible for him having gained his high and honored estate. Perhaps, too, a haughty star's overbearing treatment of some domestic, or the unfair dealing of some executive with the actors under his control, merits reproof, in no small way. Fidler lets him have it, and how! He is sincere in his efforts to "humanize" the stars, as well as other great ones.

More than one attempt has been made by the higher-ups in the motion picture industry and the powerful Screen Actors Guild to still the voice that reaches so many listeners. Threats of a legal nature have been held over his head on countless occasions, and individuals by the score have promised to even up their differences with "a sock on the jaw." Once, even, two gorillas showed up at his office, and warned him to "lay off" a certain producer. Fidler had announced he would expose this executive publicly, if he persisted in annoying a newly contracted young actress on his lot. But despite such dire and alarming potential consequences, Fidler continues to make his broadcasts the hottest ever to emanate from Hollywood; never harming the little fellow, always directing his fire toward the top figures who are in a position to take it.

"Never once, though, have I consciously or deliberately ever gone out of my way to attack anyone undeserving of a broadside," Fidler explains his mode of procedure. "There are too many wrongs to be righted, too much good to be accomplished, for me to depend upon dragging the sewers, so to speak. I fight for what I think is right, and just."

That he is a crusader may be seen in the number of old-time screen favorites who now receive steady work from the studios. Prior to Fidler's compaigning for these former stars, many could not obtain even a chance to work, and not a few were on the verge of starvation. With his calling the producers to task for not hiring still talented men and women who had earned these same producers millions in the past, he secured for a hundred or more forgotten ones an opportunity to become independent once again, a chance for happiness which they thought no longer existed. That one deed of Fidler's alone should be sufficient to elevate him into the hallowed halls of the remembered.

He comes by his fighting blood naturally. A Southerner, he was a Marine sergeant during the World War, the youngest non-commissioned officer in the entire service. When the conflict ended, he exchanged side-arms for a typewriter, and became the militant editor of the now defunct Hollywood News. He rarely mentions how he happened to leave his native Memphis for the film capital—he won a male beauty contest, the prize being a trip to Hollywood and a six weeks acting contract at a leading studio! (So help me!)

Abandoning the city desk for a studio publicity job, he handled such world famous stars as Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino. Opening his own publicity offices, he soon numbered many of the outstanding personalities of the screen among his clientele, as well as others whom he helped build, through judicious campaigning, into celebrated names. Lilyan Tashman's bid for fame as the best dressed woman of the screen was a direct result of Fidler's publicity, and others he helped include Janet Gaynor, Marian Nixon, Irene Rich, Edmund Lowe and Mary Brian.

A man of penetration and keen fore-sight, Fidler embarked upon a radio career when he looked into the future and resolved in his own mind that his destiny lay in reporting Hollywood over the airlanes. His actual debut was made one evening on the "Hollywood On the Air" program, when Dorothy Jordan—then a prominent leading lady but now retired as the wife of Producer Merian C. Cooper—asked him to appear with her on this star interview series. So thoroughly did Fidler enjoy himself, and so enthusiastically was he received by the radio public, that he elected to remain



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... B U S Y all day with the hustle and bustle of housework ...



...DIZZY and delirious as a tabloid newspaper office...



... OR EASY and languid as a Park Avenue socialite...

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Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo...a new secret formula...defies all fingernail hazards. It simply wears and WEARS and WEARS!

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on the series for two full years, acting as master of ceremonies and star of the program . . . as cited above, without one cent in payment.

"I didn't feel, though, that I was wasting my time," he hastens to tell you. "All the while I was feeling my way, bettering myself, learning the business, so that when I felt I was ready I could leap into 'big time.'" Toward that day, Fidler placed himself under the instruction of Josephine Dillon, Clark Gable's former spouse and considered at the time Hollywood's most able voice teacher. He studied singing, too, in an attempt to infuse his voice with a more liquid flow.

Fidler's entry into the ranks of national radio commentators came as an aftermath of nearly a year devoted to the herculean task of trying to convince big advertising agents that a Hollywood program, covering all the news and chatter of the day direct from the scene of action, would be an invaluable asset to any sponsor.

A certain lipstick manufacturer in the east concurred finally with this idea, and awarded Fidler a thirteen weeks contract for such a program, to be renewed should the broadcast benefit his business. That was in the Spring of 1935. How well the broadcast prospered is seen in Fidler's option being taken up for four renewals. Then, he switched sponsors, and today is rated one of the most popular personalities on the air. With his film debut in "Garden of the Moon," the screen is enriched by an interesting new presence.

Medium in height and build, handsome by most standards and in his late thirties, with clear blue eyes usually twinkling, Fidler enthuses about his work.

"Maybe I'll last only a year, or, if I'm lucky, five years," he declares, "but while I'm on the air and screen I'll do the best job I'm capable of turning out for the fans. I'm out to help wherever I can rectify injustices and conditions and otherwise do my bit for the good of the motion picture industry and for its people."

There you have the Fidler creed.

Working often as many as fifteen to eighteen hours a day, Fidler's pleasure lies in his job. He never attends parties at stars' homes, or otherwise obligates himself. He'll play golf at Lakeside with any picture name who cares to go him eighteen holes, drink a beer with him at the club bar, but he never crosses the threshold of his home. He does not feel that he can accept hospitality, then rake that person over the coals, if he considers it advisable.

His headquarters occupy an entire house a few feet off Hollywood Boulevard, and his business is run like a newspaper office. There is a city room, where those reporters actively on his staff gather toward the end of day at their typewriters and turn out whatever copy they've found on their beats. There is an editor, who goes over all this copy, and a writer devoting himself entirely to the compilation of facts for Fidler's "Personality Parade" and "This Week's Editorial." A very complete morgue places at his finger-tips data for immediate use.

He lives quietly, yet well. His present wife—he has been twice wed before, once to Dorothy Lee of the films—was a

New York artist's model. She is the only woman with whom he has ever enjoyed playing a round of golf.

A bridge player of parts, Fidler was one of a scant few whom Ely Culbertson, the tournament expert and teacher, deigned to accept as partner when he visited the film capital some years ago.

Highly-geared, nervous in his reactions and actions and a rapid talker and thinker—a literal human dynamo—he waits until mid-afternoon to write the news he broadcasts that evening. The longer features he bats out either in the morning or the day previous. Like the old newspaperman that he is, he never dictates his copy, always writing it himself on a typewriter he has used for many years. The hour directly preceding his broadcast is devoted to poring over late afternoon and early morning editions, so there will be no chance of his duplicating what already is in print on the streets.

Before he goes on the air, four attorneys, experts in the laws of libel, go over every word of his script. Two of these legal gentlemen are retained by him, the other two hired by the sponsor and the broadcasting station. There must be no chance of a slip-up, and a libel suit slapped upon the program. Despite all these precautions, however, suits sometimes are filed against Fidler. As witness Constance Bennett's demand for \$250,000 damages, following a recent broadcast.

When he utters the closing words of his program, "... and I DO mean YOU," half the women who listen in interpret that farewell as being directed to them alone. What more need a radio commentator seek than such an intimate, friendly audience? Jimmie Fidler may be Mr. Dynamite to Hollywood, but to the rest of the world he is the man who Knows - All - Sees - All - Tells - All in the world's most glamorous city, and he is talking personally to every listener.

# On Location with the "Stagecoach" Troupe

[Continued from page 27]

(clay) bricks. Walls were covered with heavy wool Navajo blankets. On the floors were Navajo rugs. Upon inquiry I found that it took a squaw about three months to complete a couple of them; more than six months to make the large floor rug. A stiff wind blew from the Northwest throughout the night and when I was called for breakfast at five o'clock fine red sand was blowing a gale across the desert. Half an hour later I was off to a spot nearly 40 miles away called Four Corners where four states, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet. As I arrived, Tim Holt was leading two troops of cavalrymen along a road behind the stagecoach driven by Andy Devine and Ford was making "long shots" which brought in the grotesque "fingers" of one of the buttes as well as the colorful terrain in front of it. In an hour Ford had chased the camera car and the stagecoach, with its six horses, all over the place. "Pick up" shots he called them—scenes to provide closeups, medium shots and

long shots which brought in the distinctive backgrounds and provided a menacing comparison of nature and mere man.

At noon two veteran cowhands served mulligan stew from a ten gallon iron stew pot which had been hanging over a fire all morning. Five or six trucks formed a circle around the cook fire and property men and men from the Indian agency and Goulding's trading post helped serve luncheon a la cafeteria. There were more than a hundred Indians, some of them descendants of the famous phantom warrior, Geronimo, with us. Each had a horse —a wild horse (cayuse)—from the plateau. A few of them had their squaws, who rode burros. One squaw brought along a six months' old papoose strapped to her back, as unemotional and contented a looking child as I ever saw.

There is nothing petty about a movie company on location and it seemed to me that every person on the desert arrived just in time for lunch. The Indians made quick work of their mulligan and made several trips to the truck which served sandwiches and pie. One old fellow, who spoke very little English but seemed to be a leader, told me "Very good eats, very good!" and I nodded. I learned later that he was Chief White Horse. An excellent type of Southwestern American Indian he was, too. White Horse was a bit displeased, however, because there were Apache Indians mixed in with the Navajos. The two nations split up many years ago, the Navajos taking up weaving, sheep raising, small farming in this Northern rim of Arizona and New Mexico, the

smaller Apache nation locating further south. There was no trouble on this location but it is no secret that the Navajo and Apaches are still enemies. However, Ford had to have some real Apaches in "Stagecoach" and the Indian agents, who were most co-operative, preserved peace.

It struck me as very funny that the real Americans did not speak our language. Those who had been educated in government schools still preferred to speak Navajo. From Andy Devine I learned that in in this country the Indians prefer to use native mined turquoise and wool and blankets for trade rather than American paper money. Devine was born near Flagstaff. His father once ran a stagecoach line in Coconino County and he got a great kick out of being back here again after about 20 years away. Tim Holt asked the cameraman to make a still picture of himself with a very pretty Navajo girl. After two stills were made the girl demanded a dollar. She admitted she was being paid for working in the moving picture but the still man was a tourist to her and a still picture was "extra." Many of the other Indians refused to pose for still pictures.

The scenes Ford made showing the Indians attacking the stagecoach with its horses galloping along, were thrilling Remington paintings brought to life. During the mid-afternoon it snowed. Ford didn't mind the snow so much as he did the rapid changes in the cloud formations which forced him to keep the lens of the camera pointed downward.

When I got close to the cameras on

one occasion, as we were lined up on top of a mesa (a tableland a 100 feet higher than the floor of the plateau) I experienced the thrill of my life. Two horses came galloping right toward the cameras. Suddenly they both tripped, turned complete somersaults, throwing their riders over the edge of the hill and then slid on down after them. When the cameras stopped, Ford asked if all was well below. The horses jumped up, shook the dust off themselves and scampered away to hostlers waiting on the sidelines. Johnny Burke, one of the riders, was scratched a bit by sharp stones, but otherwise there was no harm done. Yakima Canutt, who supervised this action called "a Double Double-U" told me he had done 350 of them and had not yet harmed a horse or himself. The rider throws the horse off balance it seems and by natural instinct the animal folds his legs under him, rolls over again. A doctor designated by the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is always taken along when such stunts are contemplated and all "double-U's" are approved and under his super-

There was very little difference between one day's shooting and another. No schedule was attempted. Ford shot scenes everywhere he found nature able to assist him. Monument Valley hadn't seen so many automobiles and trucks and cavalrymen and Indians dashing here and there in a good long time. The location trip meant a happy new year for the Indians, I know, and for "Stagecoach" it meant authentic backgrounds and natural thrills



\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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exceeding all the demands of the script.

Calabasas, Calif.-About 30 miles beyond the ridge of low mountains that walls in Hollywood, is the R.-K.-O. ranch and here Director Ford had built a typical Western village street, vintage of 1885. Here the stagecoach began its historical trip to Tonto, as they call the place in the story. Here the entire cast first worked together, Claire Trevor, being escorted out of town by a committee of reformers; Thomas Mitchell, as a drunken doctor, being forced to get aboard the coach because his landlady booted him out and the saloonkeeper wouldn't give him any more credit. Here, too, Berton Churchill, as the pompous banker, halted the stage on the outskirts of town and got in carrying a bag containing \$50,000. Although scenes here were made later, in the film they precede those made in Arizona. As we reached location at noon one day the coach was about ready to start. Claire Trevor, John Carradine, as a gentlemanly gambler; Louise Platt, as an expectant mother crossing the country to have her baby at an Arizona army post which her husband commanded; Mitchell and Donald Meek, a ministerial looking whiskey drummer, were in the coach when the trip started. Andy Devine was the reinsman and George Bancroft, well on the way to a screen comeback, was riding up top with Devine, playing the United States marshal.

It was indeed a colorful picture, the rough, frame buildings in the background and the six-horse coach driving down the street, making these opening scenes for the filmplay. One thing I learned here was that you must never judge a man by his size. Donald Meek stands five feet six. He has played more neurotic, timid souls than any other actor on the screen but Donald was once an acrobat. To demonstrate his strength Meek gave Andy Devine such an iron grip that Andy's face turned red as a beet and he went to his knees. So convinced of Donald's strength was 270 pound Andy that he "ganged up" on Bancroft. Meek brought this giant of a man to his knees; also Carradine. After that the cast called him "The Killer" and it was painful to shake hands

with this amazing little fellow.

Chatsworth, Calif.—35 miles Northwest of Hollywood; past the horse ranch Barbara Stanwyck operates, turn to the left, go five miles further, turn right, pass Tim Holt's ranch and continue on into the rocky hills beyond the Chatsworth tunnel and you find the Ivorson ranch. One hundred and fifty acres and perhaps the richest "ranch" in America. The Ivorsons do not grow a thing on their ranch but they service backgrounds and natural rock formations for the movies and make a fortune doing it. The location here featured a burning relay station. The stagecoach reaches this station, the third on the trip, to get fresh horses, a new cavalry escort and food before fording the river and beginning the last lap of the treacherous journey to Lordsburg. However, upon arrival the passengers find the relay station a smouldering ruins, horses driven away, the agent scalped and his wife dead. This location is in the carefully guarded U. S. forest reserve area. A forester with his mobile fire engine (with 5,000 gallons of water) stood-by

while the property men set fire to a frame building built only to be destroyed. While the company had luncheon, using huge boulders for tables, the building was burned. When the fire had burned down quite a bit Ford hurried the cast into the coach.

The stage drove into the scene, John Wayne, Devine and Bancroft hopped off the top and hurried toward the ruins while John Carradine went around behind the house to find the body of a girl prostrate on charred ground. This was a sad scene but a most interesting one. A wind machine was turned on the burning structure to keep small flames crackling on upright planks and the smoke rising from what was once the floor of the house. This was one of the hottest days I have ever known. It was mid-December and yet it was 94 degrees on this location.

"This is a topsy turvy world," Director Ford told Miss Trevor, "We go to the desert for sunshine and hot weather and find wind storms and snow. We come home expecting rain and fog and find the thermometer higher than in the summer.

Dry Lake, Calif.—Twenty-seven miles east of Victorville and 139 miles East of Hollywood was this location. Here Ford worked for five days filming Indian fight scenes, chases, "run-throughs" by the stagecoach and cavalrymen and Indians and doing more stunts with the horses. The first day the wind blew so hard that it was difficult to make long shots. Light, alkaline sand blew up a gale. Not only did it blow so hard that it slowed down the action of horses and coach running against it but it endangered the movie negative. The fine sand got inside of every light-proofed, sealed camera and each camera had to be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned every night lest dust scratch the film running through them, after being exposed. After fighting the wind all day everyone in the company worried about sand scratches on the negative most of the evening. The film turned out unharmed, however. Here there were several stunts with horses; one stunt in which the six horses and stagecoach run over Yakima Canutt, apparently shot off a horse in the path of the galloping stage. Running with the wind in one scene the coach attained a speed estimated (by experts) as about 23 miles per hour. The velocity of the wind however makes it look much faster on the screen. Ford chose this location because the hard dry lake bed permitted the camera-car to ride alongside the coach, Indians and cavalrymen as they sped along, without bumping. I rode on the camera car on one trip and it crossed the lake bed as if on roller skates on a hard wood floor.

"Stagecoach," as I have seen it in production, bids fair to become an exceptional acting picture but my vote for some sort of award goes to Director John Ford. Not only does Ford know how to get actors to give him their best but he memorizes his script and he seems to know every foot of available location space in California and Arizona and just about everything connected with horses, Indians and actors. With such equipment I can easily understand why he is one of the foremost directors in the business. He says little; smokes his short pipe constantly and always wears dark glasses.

Of one thing I am certain-after these "Stagecoach" location trips I have a full appreciation of the sterling character of our Western pioneers. Nowadays we get fussy and impatient on a 16 hour airplane trip across the continent. In stagecoach days it took 21 days and nights to travel from Memphis to San Francisco. In the Wanger picture it required two days and two nights to cover less than 140 miles but history reveals there were many such dramatic and exciting trips as the stagecoach takes in this picture-from Tonto to Lordsburg-and I, for one, will thank a kind Providence for giving me my life to live in a generation which knows more comforts than stagecoach days provided.

#### Claudette Goes To Her Picture

[Continued from page 31]

Look at my legs. Skinny as bean poles. I haven't given such a leg show since I played in 'The Barker' on Broadway. And Walter Winchell started calling me Legs Colbert. Well, that was better than the nickname Gregory La Cava gave me—the Fretting Frog. Maybe I do worry too much. I shall definitely stop worrying.

"Why that's a very funny scene. Why doesn't someone laugh. Thank you, little boy, thank you. Those two fan writers next to me haven't cracked a smile since the picture started. Better smile now, it gets awfully serious later. There's Myrna

Loy with Arthur Hornblow. I guess she's thanking her stars she didn't get caught in this. Lucky Myrna, lucky Carole, lucky

"I think I'll leave for a trip to Europe after this. That's silly, because I haven't got enough money to go to Europe. I haven't got enough money to go any place but home. Well, I can always return to the New York stage and Social Significance. But I want to make pictures about social insignificance. Now I have the patience of Job, you have to have in my profession, but if that woman next to Jack clicks her bag just once more I know I'll scream. Maybe I am a mite nervous. Mister, did you have to walk right in the middle of my best scene and take your wife and three children with you? Yes, I know, I know, the children have to go to school tomorrow and you have a hard day at the office. I know-but does Paramount know.

"That dress is dreadful. Look at the way it bulges. Women wore very unattractive clothes in those days. Well, I wanted to do a period picture. Oh, Oh, Oh, that's the wrong side of my face. Oh, this is terrible! I'll go down on my knees to Cukor tomorrow and beg him to do that scene over.

"The reviewer from Variety is jotting down something on a piece of paper. Wonder what it is. Probably, 'Colbert is adequate.' I'll have to have my phone number changed the first thing in the morning. I just can't bear to have people call up and say, 'Darling, you never looked lovelier.' That's definite proof that your per-

formance smells. Yes, I think I'll do a Garbo the next few months. Oh, perhaps, I'll break down and go to the races at Santa Anita occasionally, particularly if Winifred continues to dream. Funny, how she dreams horses to play. This morning when she was brushing my hair she told me to place a bet on Donald Duck because all night she had dreamed of a duck paddling around in the rain. Donald Duck, a mudder, won the fifth at Tanforan in a cloudburst. Naturally I had nothing on it. Winifred made eighteen dollars. Winifred, my Winifred, you'd better start dreaming up some horses for your poor mistress. I'm an awful poor sport when it comes to gambling. I hate to lose money on horses. I guess I'm a poor sport.

"I've never seen an audience sit in such stony silence. There, thank goodness, that scene's over and no one twittered. And I certainly left myself wide open to a good twitter. Thank you, boys, thank you. I'll root like mad for you at your next football game. U'mmm, maybe they're all asleep. Or awfully cross because it started out to be such a gay comedy and then turned into a tragedy. Tragedy, is right. This is probably my last appearance on the screen! What's the theatre manager whispering to Jack? There're hundreds of fans outside waiting for my autograph and he thinks I should slip out the back by the fire escape? Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort. If I have any fans left after this picture they are certainly more than welcome to my autograph. Why I'll auto-



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graph for hours if they want me to. What if they do tear at my mink coat the way they did at Connie Bennett's the other night. I'll say, 'Help yourself to the mink, it's something to remember me by.' And now I'm going to sing. Hey, wait a minute, don't go. It's not as bad as all that. Look at those people walking out. I'm no Grace Moore to be sure, but I'm better than a lot of other stars I could mention. Good heavens, is that my voice. Something's the matter with the sound track. Oh, it's terrible. Please dear God, just let me die now, quietly."

The preview is over. The audience is jamming around Claudette. People who know her and people who don't. Several critics are actually smiling. Everybody is trying to talk at once. "Darling, you were wonderful." "Claudette, you're a cinch for the Academy Award next year." "Never have I seen such a superb performance." "David Selznick is a fool if he doesn't ask you to play Scarlett." "Your clothes were lovely, and those close-ups, breathless, simply breathless." 'A grand performance, Claudette." "Darling, you were absolutely terrific."

'That's one of the nicest previews I ever had," Claudette says to Jack in the car going home. "The audience was so warm and responsive. I wasn't a bit nervous. The song went over very well, didn't it. And did you hear what Mrs. X. said about my new dress? She simply raved about it. It is a lovely dress, isn't it? I'm so glad I bought it. Let's go to the Troc-

adero-and see people."

#### Remarks From Hollywood

[Continued from page 53]

table. They enter the plot proper when they drag the three Musketeers upstairs to bed, try on their colorful uniforms to amuse themselves and upon returning downstairs are mistaken for Musketeers.

The general thread of the Dumas story, of course, is followed (with variations) with the Ritzes—always trying to explain they are NOT Musketeers—aiding Don Ameche, as D'Artagnan, in the recovery of the French Queen's brooch, the one she presented Buckingham. They engage the Cardinal's Guardsmen repeatedly, always with cheese or some other such deadly weapon—no rapiers for them, by Louis!-they brawl as raucously as any of the King's Musketeers, and finally, after saving the honor of their Queen, return to their kitchen!

All the color and pomp and fanfare of this period in France have been reproduced for the Ritzes to put on their show. And right zanily they do, too, assisted in straight roles by Miles Mander, who played Disraeli in "Suez," as Richelieu, Joseph Schildkraut (remember him as the French radical, de Lesseps' friend?) enacting Louis XIII, Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes, Amanda Duff, Lionel Atwill and a large group of principals. When "The Three Musketeers" reaches you, it should be a revelation. At any rate there will be no complaint that it is tragic, although fans who adored "The Three Musketeers' in book form may be disappointed in this.

Comedy again asserts itself in "Wife, Husband and Friend," co-starring Loretta Young and Warner Baxter. Here is a story of amusing complications and endless possibilities, another husband-and-wife a la "The Thin Man" picturization which should find wide appeal. It's the tale of a gal who thinks she can sing, and can't . . . and a man who doesn't think he can sing, and can. When you bring in a background of the concert stage, and a wife who, after a song recital, claims she belongs "not to my husband, but to belongs "not to my husband, but to America," you may gather there will be rare moments of humor. Which should satisfy all those who dislike unhappy

"Tail Spin" reverts to the dramatic. Its action centering around the Cleveland air races, with the annual "Powder Puff" derby serving as the joisting ground for the girl flyers around whom the picture revolves. Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis and Jane Wyman are the ladies who take over the major portion of the acting duties. Charles Farrell, Kane Richmond and Edward Norris appear, as well, but their roles are minimized in favor of the girls.

Alice is a warm-hearted, reckless but expert flyer, who hopes to make a name for herself in the races so she will get a contract flying for an oil company. Constance is the cool, superior, wealthy society girl who aligns herself against Alice and her plans. Nancy Kelly took up flying for love of her pilot-husband and Jane Wyman portrays the hot-tempered flying gal from the South. Unscramble the action which gets pretty hot at times, and you have "Tail Spin." No critic can belittle this one because it is so real. Women have proved themselves to be good flyers, you know.

Shirley Temple receives her outstanding dramatic opportunity in the title role of "The Little Princess." Give Shirley half a chance and she delivers handsomely . . . give her "The Little Princess," and the studio adds an extra three hundred thousand dollars to the picture's budget, originally set at \$1,200,000. And that, in any

language is plenty of mazuma.

The picturization of this childhood classic, written by Frances Hodgson Burnett, who also gave us "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will afford an initial view of Shirley in color. The entire production has been photographed in this medium. and there is a dream sequence which will be one of the most exquisite pictorial treats ever offered screen audiences. Shirley's own coloring is so perfect as to make her the ideal Technicolor subject. This, added to the fact that the acting demands of her role surpass anything she has done in any of her previous eighteen starring pictures, leads to the conclusion that the film will be an event. Of one thing, you can be assured, there should be no tap dancing in this one. However, one can never tell. . . .

It is interesting to note that 20th Century-Fox produced the various pictures outlined in this somewhat lengthy reply to Bucky Keyser's criticism of "Suez," brief summary of which will convince all of you that variety is not only the spice of life, it is the downright necessary ingredient of a successful film producer's

yearly schedule.

#### Gorgeous Women Add to the Hollywood Pageant

[Continued from page 21]

looks to me as if it had grown too fast. There are offices and laboratories, dressing rooms and projection rooms all jumbled together. Although, now, since the completion of the new Irving Thalberg Memorial Building, they have in it not only an outstanding superlative but at the same time a lot more room. This is the newest building on any lot and it is magnificent, to say the least. It is surrounded by formal planting and is full of air conditioning and marble. The administration building on the Fox lot, only a few months ago the last word, now takes second place. You see how it goes?

takes second place. You see how it goes?
M.-G.-M. has always had the most imposing array of star material. They seem always to have the largest number of great box-office names. There's Taylor and Gable and Crawford and Garbo and now Hedy Lamarr. That's one reason I suppose why they have so many other outstanding superlatives. Here, they have the largest stage and certainly the largest and most elaborate studio commissary. They have more square feet of stage space on this lot than at any other studio in the world, over a million square feet. They have right now in production the most fantastic picture ever filmed, containing the weirdest effects with the strangest sets ever built. They have a world famous music library and the world's most popular designer. But wait, I want to give this all to you fully and accurately.

I don't know whether you'll be able to visualize this or not but the biggest of all stages is more than a city block long and half this distance in width. Stage 15 here at M.-G.-M. is 325 feet long and over 160 feet wide and 40 feet high. I know that we, back home, could put our local court house and movie mansion and depot at one end and still have room enough around the edges for 500

couples to do the rhumba.

On this very stage, right now, incredibly fantastic things are going on for the filming of "The Wizard of Oz," unheard of ever before in Hollywood. The picture is in technicolor and Adrian has designed 2000 costumes, the likes of which have never been seen before. They are not only of every conceivable color but are made of Cellophane, glass and tin. M.-G.-M., too, has under contract now the largest group of midgets ever to be in one production, or in one assemblage. Over two hundred of these tiny people are secreted away in apartments in Culver City during the day and work only at night so as not to arouse too deep a curiosity. Each of these small characters presents a unique make-up problem. They are given apple cheeks, bulbous noses, pink, green and magenta beards.

I have always wondered what Garbo's dressing room looked like. Well, I've looked into it but was not actually allowed inside. No one is except Garbo's maid, Lulu. It's very simply decorated in red and white in the plain Swedish Modern mode. She has only two rooms, less than

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some of the M.-G.-M. stars who have a living room, dressing room, bath and a separate room for a secretary. These star suites are the newest and the most lavish

I wish I had the time and space and the ability to tell you all about the deep fascination of the Walt Disney studio. There is nothing just like this little spot anywhere. Here is an art that stands alone. The phantasy and yet the human reality of the Disney cartoon characters is without equal. In this tiniest of all the studios they have the largest camera in existence. It cost \$70,000, and is fully 10 feet high and 6 feet square. It is called a Multiplane camera.

"Bambi" has been in work for a yearand-a-half and it will be another two years before it is finished. This is the longest schedule for any picture ever made. It will cost two million dollars. The Disney workers have the most ideal of working conditions. There are no time clocks in the place. Walt (no one calls him Mr. Disney) has a school, free for his artists who care to study, that costs him \$100,000 a year to run. There is also a unique process laboratory that no other studio has. It is for use by the Disney employees and Walt himself. As he says, "just to fiddle around in." Can you imagine a fiddling laboratory for employees at any other studio or in any other business. It is used just for fun, for creating trick effects. Walt knows that artists must have freedom to create. And as he has said, "you must keep experi-menting, keep pecking away." Many new cartoon characters have been born here in this freedom and friendliness. It's paid for itself many times.

Here, in the smallest of studios, lies, I think, the most complete fascination for any visitor. You can guess, can't you, who the best loved employer in Hollywood is? It is this same man who has, surely, the most beautiful dream in Hollywood, too. And it is slowly becoming a reality. He is in the midst of building a new dream studio. It will have 21 completely equipped buildings and fifty-one acres of ground. There will be a swimming pool and badminton and tennis courts for the em-

plovees.

The 20th Century-Fox lot is the *largest* studio in the world. It spreads over 225 acres of the rolling California hills, a strip over a mile long and one-fourth of a mile wide. It is by far the most modern, the newest, the best planned. It has been completely rebuilt in the three years Darryl Zanuck has been in charge.

The stage labelled "14," here, holds within its plain, thick walls a unique and widespread fascination. Hidden in here are all the intricacies that made Sonja Henie our orchid of the ice. Here is installed the first rink that the movies dared to experiment with, a \$50,000 freezing equipment which has been successful beyond the wildest dreams. It was an experiment but so expertly and minutely planned that it has never lost time or money for its owners. Ice, before this, was always taboo in Hollywood, and now it has brought us Sonja and her beautiful ballets. No other studio has anything like this. Others rent ice rinks.

Here, at Fox, they have the best technicolor accessories, \$100,000 worth. Be-

cause of its vast acreage they have here, too, the best fire fighting equipment. Their apparatus would be a credit to a city of 10,000 people. No other studio has the lavish star bungalows that they have on this lot either. They have eight complete, separate full size houses, with electric kitchens and every luxury. To Shirley Temple's studio home come her 6000 fan letters a week, much more than any other star gets. On these vast acres they have the largest and the greatest number of permanent outdoor sets. And they have the most complete and largest arsenal with an unparalleled collection of fire arms. They have the U.S. government's permission to have in possession the largest collection of machine guns outside of our actual military defense.

All these Fox superlatives on such a large scale are in Westwood or, as it is called, Fox Hills. But at the Paramount studio, one of the three that is actually in Hollywood (R.-K.-O. and Columbia are the other two) the deepest fascination and the most curiosity, right now, centers around Cecil B. DeMille's production of "Union Pacific." First of all because Mr. DeMille is unique as a director. He surrounds himself with more assistants and technicians than any other in Hollywood. On "Union Pacific" he went into the deepest research with his staff for eight months before the picture started. This production is awe inspiring in the immensity of its location locales and the huge locomotives of the 1868 period that had to be found, purchased and brought to Hollywood.

Mr. DeMille promises the most spectacular train wreck and the burning of the huge trestle that it was necessary for Paramount studios to build. This, as you can see, overshadows every other interest on the Paramount lot so far as shooting goes.

Bing Crosby makes the *most* money for Paramount and, by the way, is one of the highest paid on the lot. Bing has himself incorporated and he is in more businesses than any one in Hollywood, what with his recordings and his own race track and his horse breeding. This lot is comparatively small and there are no outstanding greats only because of their size. Consequently it is necessary for them to be the most ingenious. And so, the permanent "New York Street" set has been made to double for streets in every large city in the world. By changing doors and windows and signs and using shrubs this street in "Artists and Models" was a boulevard in Paris and, within a few days, it was a street in New York's Chinatown in a Bulldog Drummond picture. It is used in almost every picture made on the Paramount lot and it is known as the most photographed set in the business.

Warner Brothers Studios have the finest laboratory for printing and developing their films. By the way, Warners isn't in Hollywood, either. It's in Burbank. The building is new and cost \$500,-000. It is fire proof, dust proof and the temperature never varies one-tenth of a degree. Dust, fire and uneven temperature keep each studio ever seeking more exacting methods for developing and for protecting film. The air you breathe here is filtered three times, once through oil, once through ground glass and once through paper. Warner's plant is the last word but other studios, I know, will build something to even surpass this soon. It

always happens.

At Warners, right now, a unique situation exists that I have never before heard of. In "Juarez," their next really pretentious production, their two academy award players, who are the picture's stars, never meet or have a scene together throughout the entire action. Bette Davis plays the Empress Carlotta and Paul Muni plays Juarez.

One of the regal robes worn at Maxmillian's court will be the largest ermine robe ever seen, the train alone is 8 feet wide and 15 feet long. More people have been tested for bits in this picture than any other. To support Muni and Bette with superlative acting, 250 people were

tested for bit parts.

Another outstanding thing here on the Warner lot is the largest and best "ocean liner" set. They have the most perfect ocean going luxury on dry land. It is so complete that every other studio in town rents it and doesn't try to build a better. Here they have the highest stage, too. It is 80 feet high and it makes it possible to film one set directly on top of the other. The camera can follow a character up two or three stories without leaving him.

Now I know that, as hard as I've tried, I probably left out some detail that you insist upon knowing. (It was always that way with me). If you'll write to me and ask I'd be glad to tell you.

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The man who made the name Douglas Fairbanks famous has a real fatherly interest in his son, who now carries on one of the biggest names in pictures.

#### There Are "Chances". at Every Party [Continued from page 25]

director William Wellman landed Ray Milland the greatest opportunity of his career. Only on rare occasions do the Millands dine out. Ray is one who loves his own festive board and fireside. But luckily he did accept this invitation, along with the Fred MacMurrays, to try out the dinner where the entire menu, including the home made peach ice cream,

were products of the Wellman ranch.

Around the studio Ray is usually the hail-fellow type and never one to show his innermost feelings. So Wellman had never seen him any other way. On this particular evening Ray was feeling quite low. Unpleasant news from England had sunk him into the depths of despair. For hours they sat around and talked. Because he felt he was with friends, Ray did not attempt to cover up his thoughts and emotions. He spoke of life, his loved ones, his career. For the first time, he told Wellman how self-conscious he had been in front of the camera while making "Men







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With Wings," which Wellman had directed, Ray said he wished he could just let go and forget himself long enough to get into a dramatic part and really show what he could do.

The next day Wellman handed Ray a script. It was the Rudyard Kipling story, "The Light That Failed." Ever since Gary Cooper left the Paramount lot, the search had been on for an actor to play the leading role. Ray knew the story backwards. He knew it was the answer to his problem. He went into that test praying as he had never prayed before. The scene was highly dramatic. Ray had never cried before on the screen. He had to play a blind soldier and talk to a small dog that was just as nervous as Ray. After several "Takes" spoiled by the dog, Ray went to pieces.

The next thing he remembered was looking up and seeing all the electricians wiping the tears from their eyes. Ray couldn't believe he had been that good. William Wellman went tearing up to the front office to tell them of the new star who had at that moment been born. Wellman also said in no uncertain words, that he would not direct the picture unless Ray Milland plays the part. When Ray returns from visiting his mother in England, the picture gets under way.

Ann Sothern doesn't like to play games at parties. But she wanted to be a good sport at Joan Bennett's—and thereby lies our tale. Someone suggested the game of "Quotations"—acting out slogans and sayings in pantomime. Two even sides are necessary to play the game. Finally, it came Ann's turn to act. She was given "Pretty is as pretty does" to pantomime while the others guessed. Feeling a bit gay about it all, Ann proceeded to do a bit of plain and fancy clowning.

For almost a year Ann has remained off the screen at her own insistence. Her one desire was to live down those bad parts given to her, while under contract at R.-K.-O. Then she hoped the chance would come and she could get away from those silly heroine roles. She wanted to do things that had character to them and reason. Her opportunity arrived right then and there at the party. All the time she was "acting," Ann was being watched by producer Walter Wanger. It gave him an idea for a part he was casting in the Joan Bennett-Fredric March picture, "Trade Winds." The very next day Ann's manager called and said that Wanger wanted to see her.

Ann read the script handed to her. The part was that of a "squirreley" secretary, who murders the King's English and drinks up all the stimulating refreshment in sight. The part wasn't as big as other roles Ann had played. But the chances were so wonderful. When you see the picture at your neighborhood movie, you'll realize for the first time how versatile Ann Sothern can be. Yes, Ann definitely believes in being the life of the party. In fact—she even believes in miracles!

A pair of pants and Anita Louise are responsible for James Ellison getting his swell break in "Vivacious Lady." For a long time Jimmy had followed the cinema ponies across the screen, sung cowboy ditties and carried the gingham heroine off into the sunset. But somehow Hollywood directors could never see the big,

strong and swashbuckling Jimmy in anything but a bed of cactus. Then one day Anita Louise announced that she was giving a party.

Jimmy and his lovely wife were invited. It was to be a black tie affair, with formal dinner and all that. The panic was on. Jimmy had ordered a tuxedohis first. The coat and vest were finished. But the pants had been sent back for alterations. The tailor didn't think he could possibly get them ready in time. Finally Jimmy insisted on having them regardless of their condition. Mrs. Ellison, an industrious soul, inserted a few pins here and a few pins there. The Ellisons were off to the party.

Being much too modest and too nice a fellow, Jimmy didn't realize how handsome a figure he cut when whirling his missus around the floor. But seated on the sidelines was someone watching, who did. Director George Stephens was about to start production on "Vivacious Lady." All that day he had been wondering who was to play a certain role. Now he smiled to himself, sat back and counted the moments until he could tell the casting director to get Jimmy Ellison for his first dressed-up part.

If the Maharajah of something or other hadn't visited Hollywood and if Francis Lederer hadn't needed a new white tie and tails, he might not be playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "Midnight" at the present time. Oh yes, there's one more important factor to our story. Fortunately for Francis he met Director Mitch Leissen at a cocktail party given for the famous poetess, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Just to make polite conversation Francis asked Mitch how his new mens' shop was working out. Mitch, who is an excellent business man, as well as an ace director, proceeded to tell Francis of the wonders his side-line business had to offer.

A few days later Francis went into Mitch's shop next to the Columbia Studios and ordered a full dress suit. The following week he went in for a final fitting. As he stood there looking as handsome as only Francis Lederer can, Mitch Leissen walked in. Mitch looked at Francis thoughtfully. Francis thought he was watching the suit. Mitch was concentrating on what was inside of it.

'I think you would be swell and it would be something entirely different for you," said Mitch with finality. Francis still thought he was referring to the suit. So he said nothing.

"Well, wouldn't you like to play the wealthy man-about-Paris, who is madly in love with Claudette?" Mitch wanted to know. It seems that Francis would. And he said so in no uncertain terms, when he had recovered his lost voice. It is a grand break for Francis Lederer, who, above every other star, has suffered so unfairly as the result of bad management and worse pictures. And now that he went to a party, met Mitch Leissen who broke the jinx, Francis Lederer is in demand by every producer in Hollywood.

Lee Bowman may never play Tarzan, but his virility in growing a moustache overnight, landed him right where he wanted to be. And that's in "Love Affair" and a very nice love affair it is-between Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Lee was

up for the role of the "other man." Director Leo McCarey asked to see his photo. Lee may look sophisticated enough in real life to lead Joy Hodges to the altar. But Leo McCarey didn't feel that the Bowman appearance was worldly enough to lead Irene on—and on—the way it said in the script.

Lee was pretty upset at not getting the part. It would have completed his happines, what with wedding bells, a cottage for two and all that sort of dreams-cometrue stuff. In the meantime negotiations were under way to get David Niven for the part. Dejectedly, Lee walked into the commissary and sat down at the table with Lois Hughes, secretary to McCarey. Lee poured out his heart. "Why don't you raise a moustache to show them you can look older?" said Lois. She was half-kidding at the time, trying to think of something amusing to say.

"That's just what I'll do," said Lee with such determination one almost expected his moustache to start sprouting right then and there. Be that as it may, Lee went home and started cultivating. Several nights later, Lee went to a party given by writer Delmar Daves. (He's the one who almost married Kay Francis). Even if Mr. Ripley might be inclined to scoff, Lee Bowman walked in sporting a real he-man, one hundred per cent weather proof moustache. And quicker than you can say "Mickey Rooney is a jitterburg," Leo McCarey, who was at the party, came up to Lee and said, "My boy—the part belongs to you—AND the moustache.

### Love Is On The Side Of The Artist!

[Continued from page 55]

acting ability seemed to be confined to nothing more dramatic than a song and dance and perhaps a few spoken lines of dialogue. But since then she has made such entertaining pictures for Paramount as "College Swing," "Give Me A Sailor," and "Campus Confessions." So, instead of Love hindering a career, it would certainly seem that, in reality, it brings about an emotional awakening that is vitally necessary to the work of any artist. Paramount feels . . . and rightly! . . . that Betty has hit her stride and they are planning bigger, more important roles for her. You can't argue against Box-Office!

As has been said many times before, physical beauty is a commodity, like a fur coat and a 12-cylinder car. Naturally, then, it is only to be expected that an unmarried girl in pictures, in the beauty Mecca of the world, will be showered with attention. Probably the most handsome men in the world are to be found right here in Hollywood too, so what could be more fitting than for these people to seek out each other's company? A single man is ever on the lookout for a beautiful girl, and if the man happens to be better looking than the average, it is only natural that he get the breaks over his less fortunate contemporaries when it comes to the matter of wife-choosing. Then, too, there is the undeniable advantage of money that a film player has when he goes 'a-courting the girl of his choice. If he calls for his fiancee in a seven thousand dollar limousine, if he takes

his fellow players and spends anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars on an evening's entertainment . . . if he presents her with little gifts that you or I would scrimp six months for . . . who is to say nay? It's all in the order of things and is just as it should be.

A man drawing a salary of from five hundred to several thousand dollars a week cannot be expected to entertain his affianced in the same manner as say, for instance, this reporter. But in spite of all the popularity and adulation bestowed by a romance-loving public, when a handsome star falls in love he does so with all the "umph" and whole-heartedness as the boy who sells insurance for a living—and the beauteous starlet suffers the self-same pangs and thrills, and sighs tremulously with all the shivery delight as the little salesgirl who sold you your last pair of stockings.

sold you your last pair of stockings.

That's love for you, and no one would have it one whit different. And it is capable of doing some wonderful things to a person. As witness the case of Miss Anne Shirley.

Anne is one of R.-K.-O.'s prized possessions and as far as acting goes she undoubtedly knows as much about it as anyone of her years, having been in pictures since the somewhat youthful age of fourteen months. Honest. Anne can't remember a single period of her life when she hasn't been working before the camera, beginning 'way back in the silent days when she appeared with such stars of yesterday as Tom Mix, Anita Stewart, Betty Compson and Lois Wilson. But Anne has this to say for herself: "Regardless of the fact that I've made so many pictures I can't remember the names of all of them, I feel sure that it's only been in the past year or so that I've been able to do my best work. Up until that time I was always too intent on giving a good performance; it was like a





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golfer who tries too hard, you know? 'Pressing' . . . that's what I used to do. In golf, when you try too hard you 'press' and often spoil your shot. Well, I would become so intent upon being outstanding in a role that I would over-act very often. And that's very, very bad."

But the thing is this . . . while Anne Shirley has always been a fine actress (whether she "pressed" or not) she has become a better one since falling in love with and marying John Howard Payne, the new Warner Brothers star. Did you see "M'Liss," "Stella Dallas," or "Mother Carey's Chickens?" They speak for themselves. Anne's marriage has, without doubt, given her a new emotional stability, a broader, deeper perspective and scope of understanding than any other single factor in her life. Happily too, it works both ways, as is evidenced by the tremendously fine performance given by her husband, John Payne, in "Garden Of The Moon."

Maureen O'Sullivan came to this country

Maureen O'Sullivan came to this country from Ireland in September of 1929 and early in 1930 she started her first picture assignment. Since that time she has made over forty pictures and in the majority of them she has appeared in leading or starring roles. That seems to add up to something like five films a year or better . . . the thoughts of which would send a great many of our more glamorous stars into fits of exhaustion.

Now, an actress, no matter how lovely, is not going to make that many consecutive pictures without having some very definite talent behind her. It is a by-word around the MGM lot that Maureen doesn't know how to turn in a poor performance, yet I wonder how come she never has done such excellent jobs as she enacted in "My Dear Miss Aldrich," "A Yank At Oxford," "Port Of Seven Seas" and "The Crowd Roars?" It couldn't possibly be that in 1936 she married writer-director John Farrow, could it? It's not only a possibility, it's a fact! Since Maureen's marriage, and even with a world of talent and experience to back her up, her work has jumped several rungs up the dramatic ladder. And little Daniel Cupid can take the bows for it. Maureen admits it herself.

The list could go on for pages . . . Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow. (Who is apt to forget "The Thin Man," "Second Honeymoon," etc.?)

True romance never dies, no matter what you may have read on the subject. Do you suppose that Fredric March would be as fine an actor today if Florence Eldredge hadn't stood by through the years with her love and help and understanding? . . . That Warner Baxter could have carried on to his permanent niche among the stars if Winifred Bryson had not stayed constantly by his side during every moment of despair and of triumph?

captured the hearts of home-lovers throughout the land if they were not aware of his marvelously happy home-life?

It's possible, of course. But somehow, I don't think any of us like to believe that. Love is something that lifts a person to the heights. And if it is the right kind, the kind that comes perhaps just once to all of us, it keeps that person up there!

A few months ago I was witness to a strangely beautiful occurrence, and as I write this it suddenly pops into my mind. It seems to have some bearing on this story so I'll pass it on to you.

I was a guest at an early morning wedding of two of our newest, most radiant film stars and as the nuptials were being solemnized I couldn't help but notice their faces. One of them young, slim and boyishly handsome. The other so beautifully blonde and childlike, she was like something out of one of Grimm's Fairy Tales. There they stood . . . just a boy and a girl in a church, with the wonder of their love in their eyes, and with all their lives and the whole world awaiting them.

Love is such a definite, volcanic, turbulent human force! But who shall say that it is an enemy? Surely, no one in Holly-

wood.

## The Heartbreaking Uncertainty Of Their Lives

[Continued from page 23]

a living for himself, wife and son Gary. Paramount was dangling a new contract. He shrugged, hesitated. Dixie told him that another little stranger was expected. Still he wavered. But when the doctor said "it" would probably be twins, Bing rushed to the studio and quickly signed on that dotted line!

Now Bing is paid ten thousand a week for his aerial appearances, and almost as much for his movie stardom, so he doesn't worry. Come option-time, he just relaxes at his ranch. But do those Crosbys get the heebie-jeebies! So many relatives are dependent upon him for their jobs, you know. It's a case of family fretting until he signs again.

Let's all tip our crazy chapeau to a game gal, Mary Carlisle. Though she insists her circumstances aren't at all tragic, and please don't anybody feel sorry for her, there's pathos in the fact that the day after Paramount dropped her she went to the hospital for an appendectomy.

Says Mary, with sturdy spirit: "I had known for some time that I should have the operation but had postponed it, for fear I might hold up the company on my last picture, then during the deliberation as to whether or not they would keep me and put me in another film. Learning that my services wouldn't be required any more, I thought: 'Well, this is a good time to have that thing taken out.'"

That fatal date can work out nicely, if a gal wears a Lombard brain. A daffy dame? Consider this: dissatisfied with the namby-pamby parts handed her, convinced that she could fling farce around like nobody's business, Carole talked Paramount into lending her to Columbia for "Twentieth Century." You know what that started!

She was so determined to give her comic strain a chance that she even worked in two pictures simultaneously, one of them another stupid thing on the home lot. Canny Carole also had a couple of other things on her mind. A salary raise. And for months she had begged them to do over her shabby dressing-room. The busy execs didn't consider her important enough to bother about catering to such fancies.

Fortunately, Mr. Option's date occurred right after the sensational success of "Twentieth Century." Paramount presented for her consideration a contract

specifying two points: she could play farce and at a swell salary increase. But one item was overlooked. Before signing, Carole wrote it in: the party of the second part must have "redecoration of dressingroom.

Katharine Hepburn was another smart gal, outwitting Mr. Option by other tactics. Angular, freckled Katie knew that she wasn't a "natural" for the movies. Obviously, interest must be aroused. Mystery intrigues. So, after the preview of her first film, she put on a disappearance act. With a friend, she toured England. Two months later RKO found her-and brought her back on her own terms.

Gail Patrick had been signed on the usual starting contract of seventy-five a week. Told that the company didn't think it worth while to keep her and raise her to one hundred, she was very gay about the whole thing. Why? Because the Hollywod press at a preview had liked her, thought she had something. A week later her agent arranged a new deal for her on that very lot, for one hundred and fifty, graduating up to the fifteen hundred that she now gets every week.

Clark Gable was the first star to be handed a straight ticket, not specifying the customary twelve weeks' annual layoff without salary. Pat O'Brien, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis and a few other topnotchers now hold such precious papers. But there was a time when Bette, discouraged by the drab, mousey roles given her, was all packed up, ready to leave Hollywood and call quits on the movie game.

Some contracts are just for one picture. John Garfield was brought out from New York for "Four Daughters." Convinced by the "rushes" that he was a failure on the screen, he returned east and had spent a week looking for a stage job when a wire came summoning him back to Holly-

If you think the men don't worry as much as the girls do, you should have seen Jeffrey Lynn, whose trial engagement was climaxed by a part in the same production. A veil of silence fell. For a few weeks all was quiet on the studio front. Not, however, around the actor's vicinity. He practically shook with nervous ten-

"I want to move from the Athletic Club to an apartment—or take a house. But if I'm to be an option orphan, I wouldn't dare risk the added expense," he moaned. "I'm sure they won't keep

When the good news came, his sigh of relief was eloquent and his face was wreathed in smiles.

Mr. Option isn't always an ogre. He, via Twentieth Century-Fox; tore up Jane Withers' contract and presented her voluntarily, with a new one calling for a big boost to twenty-five hundred a week.

Some stars want to get out of their contracts. Kay Francis offered to buy hers, realizing that poor parts were finishing her. But the studio insisted upon paying her five thousand a week, easing her out via B-budget pictures.

A star with assured standing-and plenty of beans in the bank—can afford

to "stand up" Mr. Option, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell refused to re-sign because they weren't satisfied with their

But usually an option "pick up" calls for a celebration. Parties are given-and there's a special splurge. The financial investment in a home is postponed until security for another six months is assured, the old car (last year's model) is turned in on a new one.

When Priscilla and Rosemary Lane clicked, they hurried out and bought a house. Margaret Lindsay celebrated in similar fashion, also bringing her mother out from Iowa. Jeffrey Lynn sent for his sister. Every option day Marie Wilson gives a present to a publicity girl.

One day Ellen Drew exclaimed breathlessly, "I just called my mother in Chicago long distance! I couldn't afford it, before. But Paramount is keeping me and raising me. Isn't it wonderful?"

It really isn't the end of the world, if a company doesn't exercise an option. Gary Cooper, Deanna Durbin, Sylvia Sidney, many others, were option orphans who found second chances with other producers. The compensation for Isa Miranda's heartache—taken out of "Zaza" because of accent trouble—is stardom now in "Hotel Imperial."

Oh, no, they shouldn't despair if they fail once or twice to please Mr. Option. He may call again later. Movie stars, however, are by nature highly dramatic, acutely sensitive.

So it's no wonder that they strive for this best boy friend's approval.



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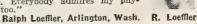


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Iona White, Pampa, Tex.

Iona White

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#### What's Wrong With Radio

[Continued from page 33]

ence feel that you are radio-wise enough to know that if you do not support a sponsor's product, he cannot keep a performer on the airwaves and you don't feel that you deserve to be slugged with that fact every few minutes.

But over-emphasis on commericals isn't radio's only fault. According to Kate Smith, who has developed many talented youngsters on her program, the radio powers-that-be aren't doing much about bringing to the mike new and able musical talent. She believes that they should go back to the practice that was the rule when she, Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, and other popular singers started out. In those days radio was still feeling its way and while feeling its way was anxious to find capable performers and was willing to spend the time to develop them, just as the movies do. After radio succeeded in building up a group of big names, it concentrated on selling them to commercial sponsors. Today there is such a mad scramble to raid the theatre and movies for established stars that practically nothing is done to provide replacements when those now in favor step out of the

When I called on genial Robert Montgomery for his views on the radio situation, I was quite unprepared for the bombshell he exploded. Yes sir-ee, for all of his amiability and likeableness, dat boy Bob sure has very definite convictions. For the first few minutes of the inter-

view Bob lolled in his chair, making polite small talk. But when I asked him to get down to cases and tell me what, in his opinion, was the matter with radio, all trace of indolence disappeared. He bounded out of his chair and broke all speed records in reaching for the morning paper. Pointing to the daily article of a nationally syndicated columnist, he practically shouted at me: "Read that. That will tell you what's wrong with radio!"
What I read was: "The radio sketch in

which X appeared last night represents a new low in stinko."

When I returned the paper to him, he resumed in a lower tone: "I listened to that program. The sketch was pretty awful, but X was doing the best he could with what he had to work with. But will folks realize that? We both know that X is a very capable performer if he has good material to back him up, but all that will

be remembered of him is that he was stinko last night.

"I've heard tell that Hollywood and picture people are extravagant but I think radio wastes a much greater amount of money and talent. Sponsors spend for-tunes hiring big names—and then give them nothing to do. The movies will spend a fortune for talent but it will also spend whatever is necessary to get the proper vehicle for this talent. Dialers may stick with a poorly produced musical show and try to salvage something for their pains by dancing to the music. But they won't stay tuned in to even big names if the big names fumble through weak material and incompetent staging.

"I know that the public appreciates good drama on the air because the good dramas have had long runs. I've been privileged to appear in some of these dramatic offerings and I justify my attitude by the fact that every program I've appeared in that was handled competently and professionally has been a show that the public liked as well. And I hope to be in more of them."

The next dish is served up by Ben Bernie. According to the Old Maestro, part of what's wrong with radio is very often the listener. Yowsah! He feels that the listener all too often takes programs quite casually, not realizing that he in turn has a responsibility toward the performer. He feels that the honest performer wants to know if he hasn't come across with a good show, but he's also entitled to applause-by-mail in the way of appreciation when he does deliver the goods. That's how he can tell if he's giving the listener what he wants to hear.

And Robert Young, whom I had to waylay on the way to a radio rehearsal, presents still another viewpoint on what ails radio. According to him, the mike is a never-hungry monster continually gob-bling up material. Now, then, it stands to reason that in the rush to satisfy that demand, not all of the material produced will be first rate.

"But," he asks, "who laid down the unwritten law that once broadcast, a program is forever dead? You and I re-read the books we are fond of and we make repeat visits to the theatre and the movies to see again the plays and pictures that thrilled or amused us before. Familiarity with the material doesn't spoil our enjoyment. If someone started the idea of repeating several of the exceptional radio shows, writers could catch up with themselves on output and actors wouldn't feel under such a strain from hurried rehearsals."

Well, listeners, there you have the honest-to-goodness opinions of a half dozen stars, whose names are household words, on what's wrong with radio. From conversations with several network executives who asked me to withhold their names, I learned that they feel that the biggest thing the matter with radio is the lack of good original material for broadcasting. The payoff that so little is being written directly for radio is the fact that so much of what is presented has been adapted from the movie or stage version of the vehicle.

Which is very welcome news indeed to would-be writers of radio material who haven't known how to go about selling



their material. Unlike the scenario departments of the movie studios which do not look at unsolicited offerings, the script departments of the National Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System, and all the large advertising agencies welcome such material. In fact, one advertising agency is so eager to cooperate with prospective authors of half-hour programs that it will send them on request an outline of its requirements. If you want the names and addresses of the various advertising agencies and the kinds of scripts they want, just send us a stamped addressed envelope along with your request and we'll forward you the

Of course don't think that they will accept any old thing. They won't. The material must measure up to standard and be playable. But if the dialogue and characters do sound convincing, it will find a ready market. Most in demand are scripts for quarter hour programs, which run about twelve minutes of playing time, the remainder being taken up with opening and closing announcements. On paper, this means about 12 pages of doublespaced, typewritten material. Half-hour dramas run about 25 pages of doublespaced typing. Once accepted, the production department takes care of the casting, assembling of music, and inserting of sound effects.

The reason radio has so few big-name writers is because the movies pay better. Not that radio pay is exactly hay.

Because radio is in such constant need of material, it is quick to recognize worth. A few years ago Arch Obeler and Milton Geiger were unknown free-lance writers of dramatic scripts. Today they are tops and many of their efforts, sold for fine fees, have had featured spots on the Don Ameche and Rudy Vallee hours. Similarly in comedy, Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow started out by selling jokes to comedians. Their wares were of such high quality

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men—better than most women
do. Men are helpless in the
hands of women who really
know how to handle them.
You have such powers. You can develop and use

them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 86-C, St. Louis, Mo.

that Jack Benny put the team under contract to provide him exclusively with material, for which chore it is said that they receive about \$1,000 a week.

But of course no serious discussion of what's wrong with radio would be complete without letting the comedians have their say. And though they give the situation a once-over-lightly, remember there is many a true word said in jest.

So, with Jell-o, again, first up to the brick-bat is Jack Benny, who wants to know: "Where have you been keeping yourself? I thought everyone knew that the trouble with radio was Fred Allen.

"And even with him out of the way, a fellow can't win. We lose if we play up to the studio audience and we lose if we don't. The boys who practically throw everything but custard pies around the stage get a swell hand from the studio mob, but the roar of unexplained and ununderstood laughter isn't going to panic the folks at home. On the other hand, suppose we ignore the studio audience and play entirely for the millions listening in—we hope. Three things happen: first, the sponsor worries when he sees the folks in the studio aren't dying laughing; second, even the homebodies wonder if we're as good as Joe Blotz when they hear only a few titters from our audience whereas Blotz seemed to have them swooning. And third, what happens then, shouldn't happen—I'm looking for another job."

"In my opinion," opines Fred Allen, "it's wrong for blues singers ever to be happy. How can they warble convincingly about their broken hearts if they are as gay as larks? The answer is they can't. To remedy that, I'd hire some small game hunters to bag those bees who are no longer busy because they've got melancholia from stinging bluebloods. We'd keep these doleful little winged fellows on hand to sic onto a blues singer who wasn't feeling blue enough.

According to Bob Benchley, hero of a dozen snorts at MGM shorts, the trouble with radio is that the comedy situation needs overhauling. "All big broadcasting buildings," he points out, "should be equipped with de luxe barber shops where comedians can trim the whiskers off their jokes and bring them up to date. Take that oldie about the neighborhood being so tough that when the goldfish get hungry they climb out of their bowls and chase the cats up an alley."

If you believe Frank Morgan-and you deserve what you get if you do-the thing that's the matter with radio is that nobody thinks of anybody else. He's all for a good neighbor movement on the airways. To start with, he'd find a friend for every lone cowboy in radio. This would immediately stop the lone cowboy from being lonesome and would automatically provide him with at least one steady reliable listener.

For last, when I asked that exasperating Baby Snooks if she knew what's wrong with radio, she first let out a lusty "Wahhhhh!—then she calmed down long enough to ask: "Daddee, what's radio?"

At that, maybe Snooks has got something there. Methinks that one big thing that's wrong with radio is that many of the folks who should, really don't know what it's all about!



### Brush Away AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

AT HOME, without risk;

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The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
386 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and
interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover,
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CityState
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Muddy Skin Blemishes Blackheads

#### UGLY SURFACE PIMPLES To the thousands of folks suffer-

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To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, muddy complexion, skin eruptions, etc., we will send FREE a new simple method of clearing the skin. A noted dermatologist's private method. No harmful medicine, skin peel, diet, etc. Something entirely different. Send a stamp to Dr. W. D. Tracy Co., 1637K, New Haven, Conn.

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Comic or any subject.
Don't delay—send us poem today for immediate consideration

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## The Final Fling A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Jeanette MacDonald

O MUCH is happening in the world of the movies that historic achievements whizz past like the milestones when we are zipping down the road in our '29 Jaloppy Special. (This doesn't seem a very good place to insert a remark, so we do it anyhow-who's writing this? The concrete highways on Route 22 are a great deal better than the asphalt on Fifth Avenue, New York. The Mayor better take a trip and find out how far from perfect his World's Fair City is.)

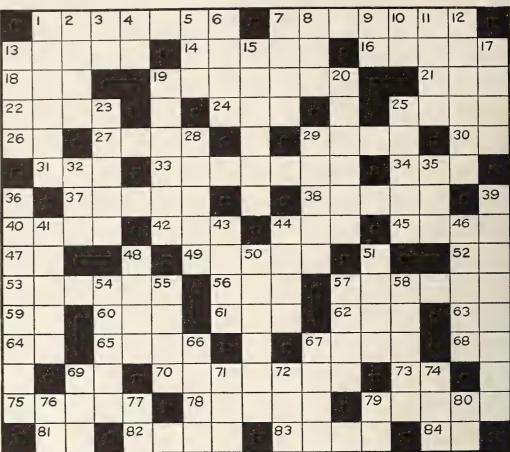
One movie milestone is the wonderful handling of the color in "Sweethearts." This picture made us realize that we have never seen our stars, really, until we have seen them in color. The sight of Jeanette MacDonald's lovely hair, her greenish gray eyes and her lovely teeth (which you can't make up) made us look and look in a rebirth of admiration for her. Nelson Eddy's hair is not as light as the black and white photographs make you think. The color made us more intimately acquainted with them both and we enjoyed their wonderful singing more because of the reality that the color gave us.

We once had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Victor Herbert and we can think of no finer compliment to "Sweethearts" than to wish that the great composer could have had the pleasure of seeing this production of his masterpiece.

Recently we have read hundreds of letters of opinion from our readers and they are agreed on the pleasure the Hardy Family gives them. And they ask for more stories of ordinary people and the simple incidents of living. There are, however, producers who believe that "sex stuff" is wanted. They should have stood in front of Radio City Music Hall recently and seen the people being turned away. The theatre was full, not even standing room left. The people had turned out to see "A Christmas Carol."

You fans are pretty nice folks.

Elm Teen



By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
The little pest in 'That Certain Age''
In 'Out West With the Hardys'
The 'Arkansas Traveller'
Masculine name
Dr. Manson in 'The Citadel'
Equip Dr. Manson in "The Citadel"
Equip
The widow's daughter in "Listen Darling" 21 Expire
22 In a new way
24 An immeasurable space of time
25 Slave Slave
Immense (abbr.)
The first man
Variety of agate
Type measure
Speak
Home of the pope in Rome
Vehicle
At a point farther in
These provide great pastime for boys
The rich Mr. Slattery in "Listen Darling"
Bind
Masculine pronoun Bind
Masculine pronoun
The husband in "Blondie"
Speech of hesitancy
Bewildered cadet in "Brother Rat"
A river in Livonia
"Andy Hardy"
Owed
Would be spicide in "Young Dr. K 56 Owed
57 Would-be-suicide in "Young Dr. Kildare
58 Exists
60 Heiress in "His Exciting Night"
61 Period of time (pl.)
62 Pair
63 Masculine name (abbr.)
64 Prefix
65 Actor's part
67 Actress with the expressive hands
68 Our continent (abbr.)
69 Morning (abbr.)
70 Poor boy in "Next Time We Marry"
73 Sour-face comedian (initials)
75 Owner of the showboat in "St. Louis Blues"
78 Commonplace
79 Nimble
81 Regarding
82 In "Cafe Society"
83 Cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
84 Correct (abbr.)

DOWN
1 The "Five of a Kind" (abbr.) Would-be-suicide in "Young Dr. Kildare"

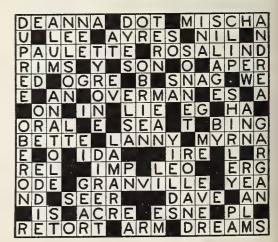
The "Five of a Kind" (abbr.)
Impel
Within
In "Ambush" (initials)
Period of time
Long ago

6 Long ago
7 Alienate the affections of
8 Sea Eagle
9 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
10 Behold

11 Terminates 12 Composer's wife in "The Great Waltz"

13 Boast
15 In "They Made Me A Criminal"
17 Abound
19 Composer in "The Great Waltz"
20 Saxophone player in "Vacation from Love"
23 Billy Randolph in "Brother Rat" 3 Billy Randolph in "Brother Rat"
25 Surpass
28 Waitress in "Boy Meets Girl"
29 One of the advertising men in "Thanks for Everything"
32 To be ill
35 Masculine name (Bib.)
36 Girl in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
39 Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
41 Stood up
43 Co-star of "Sweethearts"
44 Hastens
46 She is featured in "Kentucky"
48 Famous divorce city
50 Star of "That Certain Age"
51 Statutes
54 "Marie Antoinette" herself
55 One of our famous colleges
57 Film comedian
58 With Tyrone Power in "Suez"
66 River in Germany
67 One of Paul Muni's great pictures
69 Beverage Beverage Boy Droop Title of respect Either Former actor, now a director (init.) 79 Ever (poet.) 80 Army officer (abbr.)

#### Answer To Last Month's Puzzle







A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

"Love Is On The March Silver Screen Madeleine Carroll

A GREAT CLASSIC COMES TO LIFE IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

# SHIRLEY TEMPLE ... THE LITTLE PRINCESS



# Imagine...at 22 finding that warning tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with IPANA and MASSAGE

Ipana Tooth Paste

WELL—why not? What made you believe you might be immune? That warning tinge of "pink" can happen to anyone. Subway guard or debutante, factory hand or millionaire, schoolgirl or athlete-"pink tooth brush" is no respecter of persons.

True, it's usually only a warning of lazy, tender, ailing gums - but a warning no sensible woman should ignore. Try it, and you're likely to find yourself headed for trouble—serious trouble for that sparkling smile.

Be smart. See your dentist and see him today. Let him put you on the right track-let him explain the helpful benefits of Ipana and massage.

#### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Remember-"pink tooth brush" is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you yours is a case of lazy, tender gums -gums deprived of work by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums-and, often "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues - lazy gums awaken - tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at any druggist's today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one sensible way to firmer gums, brighter teetha more radiant smile.



A LETTER FROM LIZA

And now I know you are going to be perfectly furious and fire me at once. While you've been slushing around in the snow and sneezing your nose off I have been having a breakdown in the desert among the date palms. Yeah, I can hear you raging now, "On my time, do you have to have a breakdown?" Well, yes. After months and months of "love lifes" and "real truths" and Dorothy Lamour's sarongs you have no idea how a fan writer craves to get away from it all.

I always say what's good enough for Garbo is good enough for me, so I packed my bag with my slacks left over from my tennis lessons and my ski cap left over from Sun Valley, and dashed off for La Quinta (twenty miles from Palm Springs) and the smartest place in the desert, and you know me when it comes to smartness—smart about everything ex-

cept clothes and money.

I was just about to treat my face, which is beginning to resemble a fine old piece of Florentine leather after six years in California sunshine, to a dose of sun tan oil (I don't know why I bother, I only get freckles anyway) when I heard the sound of voices, very familiar voices, and I realized that I would not have my breakdown alone. And we might just as well face it—what a relief that was!

Getting away from it all, and enjoying beautiful breakdowns, were Bette Davis, the Spencer Tracys, Miriam Hopkins, the Ronnie Colmans, the Ralph Byrds (Dick Tracy to the fans) and Una Merkel and her handsome husband, Ronnie Burla.

Spencer and his wife played frantic tennis every day and drove around to all the local rodeos—Spence is quite a guy

for horseflesh you know.

Miriam has gone nuts on candid cameras and was all over the place grabbing action shots. Somewhere in between a bucking bronco and a steer roping she got a lovely action shot of me—lifting a glass from the table to my mouth. If it's any good I'll send you a dozen.

Una and Ronnie were celebrating their seventh wedding anniversary and poured champagne from five to seven. We lured Una out to the stables to see some calf roping by the local cowboys but she started crying and wouldn't look. (It doesn't hurt the calves really.) We found her later feeding fudge to a family of

desert ants.

Bette got hit by a tennis ball and had a huge swelling on her head (but don't say I said she had a swelled head) and hardly had that bump gone down than she fairly knocked herself out with the telephone. She and I spent hours working out a system where we wouldn't have to act or write more than one day out of the month. All in all, I may say it turned out to be my most enjoyable breakdown.

Lija

#### REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

APRIL, 1939

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VOLUME NINE NUMBER SIX

# Silver Screen

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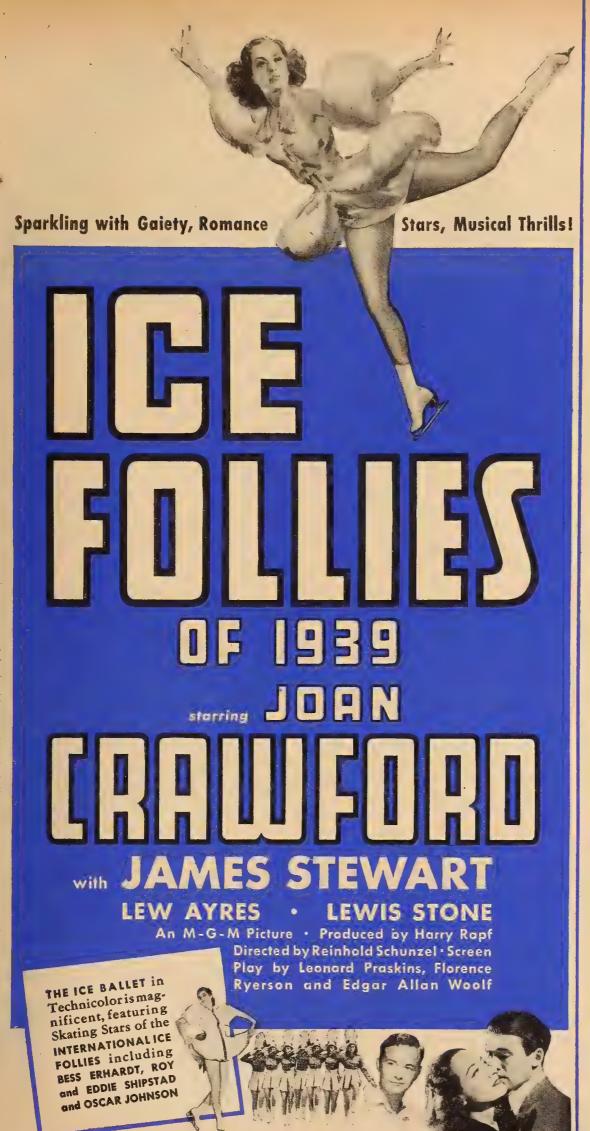
CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES	AGE
HEDY LAMARR AND THE ANGRY BLONDES!ELIZABETH WILSON	16
ZOOPING WITH ZERBE	18
Stars On Vacation In The Spotlight MAN, FIGUREHEAD AND ARTIST	20
Every Actor Leads Three Lives  LOVE MARCHES ON!	22
Romance Cannot Be Kept Waiting ANY EXCUSE FOR A PARTYS. R. Mook	24
They're Always In The Mood HOW IT GOT THAT WAY!	26
The Stars Explain Their Handwriting HOLLYWOOD ANSWERS THE CRITICSWHITNEY WILLIAMS	28
Defending The Art Of Screen Entertainment COUNTING THE RADIO CUSTOMERSRUTH ARELL	30
"TESTED" IN THE HOLLYWOOD CRUCIBLE JEANNE DE KOLTY	32
No One Fools A Camera  LANA	34
The Fascinating Future Of Lana Turner HAVING PLEASANT DREAMSJulia Gwin She Sings The Song Hits	51
MONTHLY FEATURES	
THE OPENING CHORUS  CONTEST TO TEST YOUR MOVIE KNOWLEDGE.	· 4
TIPS ON PICTURES	8
HEADFIRST IN BEAUTY	10
WINNING CONTEST LETTERS TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	12 15
PICTURES ON THE FIRE	52
REVIEWS	56 60
Mealless Meals Can Be Very Interesting A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE. CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING. ELIOT KEEN	82
ART SECTION	
WE POINT WITH PRIDE	95
BETTE DAVIS AND MARGARET LINDSAY	35
A Trick With Mirrors RICHARD GREENE AND ROBERT YOUNG. 3	
Patular Faroritos	
MARIS WRIXON AND ANN SHERIDAN	
MERLE OBERON AND LAURENCE OLIVIER.  In "Wuthering Heights"	42
SHIRLEY TEMPLE  In "The Little Princess"	43
THAT TAILORED LOOK 4	
DESIGNED FOR LEISURE4	
THE DANCE BEFORE JITTERBUGS	
JEAN ARTHUR Starring In "Plane No. 4"	50

COVER PORTRAIT OF MADELEINE CARROLL BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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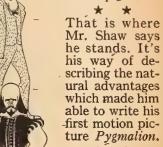


In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (advt.)

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw standing on the shoulders of Mr. William

of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.



Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

\* \* \*
We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, Salesman.

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action...

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring", plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us!

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word.
Keep this confidential.

#### GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box T, Culver City, Cal.

Yes...Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He



returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

-Lea

TEST YOUR STAR KNOWLEDGE AND

# Win A Prize!

Fill in the names of the stars referred to in the answer column at right.



"Which star? Who was it?"

- He went to Princeton. Has one of the largest assortment of hobbies of any actor in Hollywood. Although quiet and unassuming he is one of the most popular of the film city's
- Dublin is his birthplace. During the Irish revolution he enlisted as a dispatch carrier for Michael Collins, the patriot. He is an aviator and once owned his own plane.
- For the first time in her career this lovely actress will play in a picture with her three sisters. She has the leading role.
- He ran away from home when he was a boy. Has traveled all around the world and has been in burlesque, a circus side-show, vaudeville, movies and radio.
- Imagine! She planned to be a school teacher but turned out to be a movie siren—1938 vintage.
- Do you recognize him? He likes music and is especially fond of sketching and painting. He also enjoys working in his garden. But on the screen he is one of the most formidable
- A direct descendant of President Martin Van Buren, this well-known singer was once a telephone operator, reporter, copy reader and artist.
- Several years ago a studio needed a child who looked enough like Ann Harding to play her daughter. This adolescent, whose parents were both stage performers, got the job. She achieved film success with her first brat role. Who is she?
- As well as being a talented actor, he is a pianist of no mean ability and a composer of several popular hits. He is married to a famous star who looks gorgeous in Technicolor.
- He was born in London. Divides his time between the stage and the screen. He is also a talented writer and has had some of his pieces published in leading magazines. Has just been cast for a prominent role in a much talked of film.
- ١. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

#### Write A Letter To Accompany Your List Of Names, In Which You Explain: WHY I { LIKE DISLIKE } PICTURES MADE FROM BOOKS.

Below Is The Correct List Of Stars In Answer To The Questions In The First Contest In Our February Issue.

- 1. Claudette Colbert
- 2. Tyrone Power
- 3. Irene Dunne
- 4. Irene Castle
- 5. Lionel Barrymore

- 6. Grace Moore
- 7. Luise Rainer
- 8. Barbara Stanwyck
- 9. Errol Flynn
- 10. Lewis Stone

In addition to the correct list, Isabel M. Coleman of Stoystown, Pa., sent in the best letter, and the lady's watch has been forwarded to her.

#### TRY FOR THE PRIZE WATCH

THE prize is a Wittnauer watch which retails for \$25. The winner may select either a lady's or gentleman's watch. Be sure to specify which style you prefer. Do not neglect to write a letter on the subject given above, to accompany your list of stars. Write as briefly as possible.

#### CONDITIONS

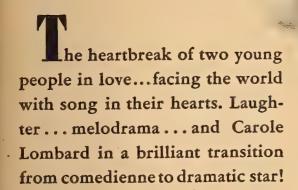
- 1. There is one prize—a lady's or a man's wrist watch. The best letter on "Why I Like (Or Dislike) Pictures Made From Books," accompanying the list of stars' names that is nearest to correct, will be awarded the prize watch. Specify your choice.

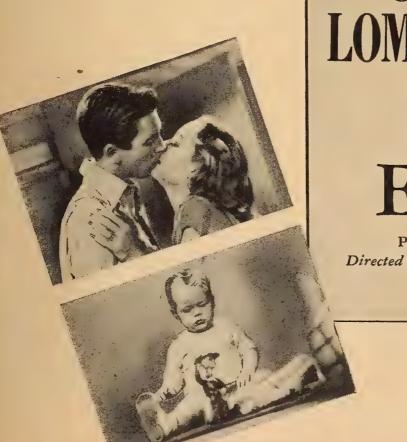
  2. Contest closes Mar. 29, 1939.

  3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be
- awarded to each tying contestant.

Address: STAR INFORMATION CONTEST, Silver Screen 45 W. 45h St., New York, N. Y.

# heartbreak..!





LOMBARD STEWART

Made for

Each Other

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by Jo Swerling

Presented by Selznick International

Released thru United Artists

#### MILLIONS

used by women everywhere ... this Modern Method of

Feminine Hygiene



#### Zonitors Are Greaseless Easy to Use ... Dainty Snow-White · Antiseptic

PERHAPS you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a unique GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

#### Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water—for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs—at contact!

And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3422, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New

ual glass vial.



# Tips On Picture

The scene from that delightful film, "The Mika-do," in which Nanki-Poo (Kenny Baker) decides to marry Yum-Yum (Jean Colin).



BOY SLAVES-Interesting. If you're out for sheer entertainment steer clear of this eloquent "prob-

lem" film which pictures for you the tragic fate that befalls some of America's wandering boys. In this instance big business men utilize their services, paying them in scrip only acceptable at their own company stores. (Anne Shir-

ley, Alan Baxter.)
BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—Interesting. Recommended to lovers of thrilling mystery stories. The background of this is auto-racing, and after three drivers are fatally injured in separate races it is time for some careful sleuthing to be done. (Dennis O'Keefe, Cecilia Parker, Charley Grapewin.)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE-Amusing. The Cinderella theme is used to advantage once again in this gay and breezy yarn about a charming man about town who poses as a chauffeur in the home of the girl he loves, only to find himself doing a right-about-turn in favor of the scullery maid. (Franchot Tone, Rita Johnson, Franciska Gaal, Walter Connolly.)

GRAND ILLUSION-Excellent. This French film is superb screen literature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English titles make it very understandable, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric von Stroheim.

HEART OF PARIS-Excellent. An unusual theme is presented in a touchingly naive fashion in this French language film, in which a soft-hearted middle-class gentleman, after serving on the jury at a famous murder trial, takes the acquitted murderess, a friendless girl of 18, into his own home while keeping her identity a secret from his wife and son. (Michele Morgan-Riamu.)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE-Fair. The Lone Wolf comes back very much subdued. In fact, he's on the side of law and order in this spy ring yarn, the action of which takes place in Washington. The insertion of screwball comedy

#### Films To See-One For Every Mood.

as an antidote for the highly dramatic incidents provides rather weak entertain-

ment. (Warren William-Ida Lupino.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—
Good. One of the better "Moto" mystery yarns, this boasts the inclusion of Ricardo Cortez, George Sanders and John Carradine in a cast headed, as usual, by the naive Peter Lorre. British politics are played here against a colorful Egyptian background, and the action is fast-paced

and fairly plausible. (Virginia Field).

MIKADO, THE—Excellent. No true lover of Gilbert & Sullivan's tuneful tales will want to miss this film version of their most delightful satire. Newcomers to the fold will find themselves going through a charming initiation. Done in technicolor, with almost all the principle roles culled straight from the famous D'Oyly Carte company, it is a treat to the eye and ear. However, the role of Nanki-Poo is played,

and well, too, by our own Kenny Baker.

MYSTERIOUS MISS X, THE—Good.

A screwball "whodonit" that will keep you amused throughout. Michael Whalen and Chick Chandler are a couple of down and out vaudevillians who get mistaken for a pair of Scotland Yard sleuths. To his own amazement Whalen solves the murder in question, with the hilarious assistance of Chick, Mabel Todd and Mary Hart.

PRIDE OF THE NAVY-Good. This should be satisfactory film fare on a dual program. James Dunn is at his best as a wise-cracking ex-Annapolis speedboat demon whose services are commandeered by the navy once again when they start building a new torpedo boat. Written for comedy, this should supply a few spon-

taneous laughs. (Rochelle Hudson.)

PROFESSOR MAMLOCK—Splendid.
From Russia comes this vital, courageous and sincere film which dares to tell in dramatic, and almost heart-breaking fashion the cancerous effect of the rise of the Nazi party in Germany in 1933. The acting is admirable, and the English titles make it simple for you to follow the

story.

SONG OF THE BUCKAROO—Fair. A western with a number of catchy songs put over by Tex Ritter, the singing cowboy. Tex plays a sort of modern Robin Hood who does right by little Mary Ruth, the orphan daughter of the man whose identity he assumes. And Mary Ruth, by the way, besides being pretty and quite charming, plays the piano with great skill. Children will love this.

STAND UP AND FIGHT—Fine. A robust tale of pre-Civil War days concerning the ousting of a famous stage-coach line in the South in favor of the new railroad, and starring, of all people, romantic Robert Taylor! Bob's chief foe is lusty Wally Beery and the fights between them are fast and furious. The love interest, what there is of it, is supplied

by Florence Rice.

WHISPERING ENEMIES—Interesting. Showing to what lengths whispering campaigns can go, and what harm they can do, whether in politics or when attacking commercial industry. Here we have Dolores Costello and Jack Holt as rival cosmetic manufacturers, and the story involving them both practically x-rays the unpleasant racket of the whispering campaigns.

WOMEN IN THE WIND—Good. This, as you no doubt have guessed, is a story of women in aviation, but it also contains a funny twist on the "Douglas Corrigan" flight. In fact, the entire yarn is a rib on transatlantic fliers, both male and female. Cast includes Wm. Gargan, Victor Jory and Maxie Rosenbloom.

ZAZA—Good. In which a very charming, vivacious French music hall artist of the Gay Nineties falls in love with a wealthy married aristocrat and, upon learning about his child, decides to do a noble fade-out. Old-fashioned stuff, of course, but Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall do much to give it the substance of life, in spite of the censors. The settings are really quite beautiful.



Wide World

Nelson Eddy and his bride. Just married and so happy that they are touring the country with song in their hearts—at so much per concert!

# GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT



### No dates for the girl with underarm odor Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

No one called her yesterday—surely some one will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring...tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor*. She forgets that *in spite of her bath*, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any

other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

mum is quick! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet this fragrant cream protects all day.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms daily care and be truly lovely, attractive.







1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retir-ing. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons-no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



2. YOU SLEEP through the night ... undisturbed! No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — without over-action.



3. THE NEXT morning Ex-Lax acts
... thoroughly and effectively. It works so gently that, except for the pleasant re-lief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family-the youngsters as well as the grownups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxarive.

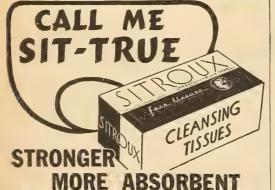




#### LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Veins, Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used white you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes. FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. D-34, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Solhered by Manual Manu By Marv Lee Lovely Arleen Whalen is a real red-head. Beautiful Hair Is A Matter Of Simple But Per-

> SWEEP of gold that looks like a splash of sunshine; the warm, burnished copper tone of auburn curls, or the satiny sheen of truly black hair. These you sometimes see, piled high, in a soft young bob or smartly coiffed into rolls and curls with that "just from the hairdresser" look. Such heads always create admiration and often remind us that we should do something to make our hair look this way. And we can, for of all our various good looks points, nothing seems to respond more quickly to corrective measures than hair.

> Recently, I talked with Arleen Whalen, young, lovely, and a real red-head. Perhaps you saw her in "Kidnapped" or "Thanks For Everything," and perhaps you had the impression of a brunette, for red hair usually photographs dark. But Arleen has every sign of the Titian; hair vibrant with sparkle and color; eyes of a deep hazel-gray, that seem blue, green, topaz or gray, according to background and costume color. Wonderful eyes, these, for they are changeable. Fair, milky skin with a sprinkling of light freckles, which Arleen says pop out alarmingly at the touch of warm sun. Long, lighter lashes and brows, which with a little accent become glamorous. Like so many of the younger players and stars, too, Arleen meets her own beauty problems and does for herself. Brown are the brows, dark brown or black the lashes, a deeper tone than brows. A faint brown eye shadow, no rouge, because her cheeks are naturally pink, and a real red or slightly orange lipstick. Finger and toe lacquer are of the same shade as her lipstick.

Arleen shampoos those shining tresses once a week, and once a month or so applies hot oil to her scalp. She also applies her hair brush with vigor, as that hair shows. She wears it parted in the middle, the end in a soft young bob. The ends are slightly permanently waved to give body, but the front hair she waves herself by separating the hair into strands, dampening, and twisting about her finger, as you've seen your hairdresser do. Arleen thinks this gives a softer, more manageable curl than rolling upward from the ends in sausage manner. When the flat curl is made, it is caught with an invisible hair pin, left until dry, then combed as you want it.

sistent Care.

One of Arleen's passions is perfume. She has so many bottles and they disappear so fast, she says her mother thinks she drinks it. Arleen's secret of success so far, she thinks, is niceness. By that she means pleasantness, understanding, helpfulness and the other graces that attract. A less modest person might admit that success in this case is undoubtedly due to dramatic ability, beauty, youth, good disposition and a fine sense of co-operative-

Take a lesson in hair beauty from Arleen. Arm yourself with a good shampoo, for cleanliness in hair, as elsewhere, is the first step toward beauty. A good hair brush is a necessity, too, for exercising, polishing and cleaning the hair. [Continued on page 64]





Out of the directorial genius of Leo McCarey, Academy Award Winner and producer of "The Awful Truth," now flames a dramatic romance to take its place among the screen's great attractions!... Irene Dunne, ravishingly gowned in fashion's most coveted creations, as kissable Terry McKay, girl of Park Avenue ... Charles Boyer, handsome, suave, as Michel Marnay, international heartbreaker—brought together by a love that stormed all defenses... Drama—rich, warm, human, yet gay as love can sometimes be!... SEE IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

#### LETTERS SUBMITTED

IN THE JANUARY

### "Letters of Criticism Contest"

The Following Have Been Awarded

#### HONORABLE MENTION

(\$5 Paid For Every Letter Printed)

Dear Contest Editor:

The play may be the thing, but after all it is the actor who makes the play successful.

I just saw a return showing of "Holi-ay" and in this film Lew Ayres proves this by stealing the picture with a "stooge role." He is one actor who creates living people on the screen. This role could so easily have been ludicrous in less capable hands. But Lew, as a wobbly, bleary eyed drunk gives a convincing, commanding portrayal, and he does this without benefit of script or dialogue.

Just as I shall never forget the sublime moment in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew reaches for that lovely butterfly, while on duty in the trenches, just so I shall never forget this "Gem" of acting in "Holiday."

Do the producers appreciate what a "Gem" they have in Lew Ayres? I wonder!

Sincerely, Mrs. June Hoffman Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Silver Screen:

In "Men With Wings," a cavalcade of aviation, the "bomber" that was used as the final effort of the Falconer Company to recoup its fortune is not and never has been classified as a bomber. It is a Boeing 247 Transport.

If the inventor supposedly designed a fast, modern bomber, why misrepresent it?

Errors similar to this occur in almost every epic of the air. One scene will show a tri-motor ship leaving the ground, yet close-ups will be of a two-motored job.

A few years ago the movies could pull stuff like this but today there are too many aviation enthusiasts, both young and old, who know the difference and they're hard to fool.

Hazel M. Cross Pueblo, Colo.



James Stewart, Joan Crawford and Lew Ayres are together in "Ice Follies" and rehearse their dialogue while eating lunch.

Gentlemen:

I saw a splendid picture that sent me into ecstasies never before experienced, with a beauty that thrilled my aesthetic soul, with music that was magnificenta picture that makes an unforgettable impression: The Great Waltz! Miliza Korjus touched my heart with her exquisite voice! Her beauty is remarkable! She enriched every act—embellished every scene with a sparkle that scintillated.

I became one of those street people— I sang The Blue Danube—I danced to Strauss' music—completely fascinated, I was entranced, returning five times to see the same picture. Only the last scene was superfluous—a realistic touch maybe —but it took away rather than added to this wonderful picture.

For me, the picture ended when Miliza gave Rainer back her husband. Only one mistake in an otherwise beautifully produced, superbly acted, magnificently costumed and artistically real picture—The Great Waltz!

Marie Weller, R.N. Ocean Park, Calif.

Gentlemen:

The tremendous success of Hedy Lamarr has proven again that fans like excitement, glamour and mystery in their screen stars.

In the old days (I am almost tempted to say Good old days) of Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Nita Naldi, et al., we had excitement, we had something to talk about. Temperament was a torch to set off millions of nerves tingling with expectation. Whether it was true or not, temperament, you must admit, was good

copy.

Today, with stars so anxious to be pictured like Mary Jones or Tom Smith, plain, simple people, the fans have lost some of that hushed reverence they had for stars, the kind of adulation that made and kept great names.

We like our stars to be different. We don't want them to be like us. They must have some outstanding characteristic that we would love to indulge in, but can't afford to, or don't dare to.

Oh, for the good old days (there, I've

said it and I mean it) when a star name meant more than just a picture personality.

Sincerely, Mrs. P. Josephs, Oakland, Calif.

It's how you feel and what you think after seeing a picture that is the real barometer of that particular film and after seeing "If I Were King" I felt depressed and glad to get away from the confusion. I wondered why so much superb acting had been wasted on such a gruesome story. It was advertised as a grand screen romance, so I expected just that-what did I get-very little romance, a lot of watchful apprehension, misleading historical facts, and what would have been adventurous glamour was lost in scenes of hideous violence.

Distress and starvation among our people today should be brought to our attention but why depress us with starving

people of long ago.

Please give us music, romance, and humor in stories of present every-day living. "If I Were King" was truly a man's picture and should have been advertised as such.

Sincerely, Mrs. Bertha Crozier Victoria, Ill.

I go to the silver screenings for entertainment. When I pay my 42 cents I want to be taken away from present day surroundings into a land of adventure and romance. That is why I liked "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

I also like to laugh and somehow I am happiest when I am laughing at something that would make me mad if it happened to me. That is the reason I enjoyed "Bringing Up Baby" and "True Confession."

I do not like scenes where the heroine is smacked on the jaw regardless of how badly she needed it. I want my actresses either humorous or glamorous, but always shapely.

Sincerely yours, Wesley S. Bird Columbus, Ohio



# my

Disterine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER-Little Neck, N.Y.

Posed by professional models



My teen age daughtes had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable.



I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it.



then in a magazine I pair an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.



I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved histerine kiels the dandruft germ.



I tried Listenine applying it daily to her peals with little bits of corton



In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. and she han't had a sign of dandruff since.

# Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic...Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that dandruff is a germ disease. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ—Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within two weeks, on the average, a substantial number had ob-

tained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have ridyourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

#### THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



#### LISTERINE



### Topics for Gossips

CLARK GABLE has about decided to wear a thin upper lip mustache with waxed ends for his role of Rhett Butler. His idea was to wear all black throughout the picture but he was talked out of it because the picture will be done in color—so he has compromised on grays and blues.

M ARY ASTOR and her husband, Manuel del Campo, are making arrangements for the arrival of the stork in July, "I'm announcing it early," says Mary, "because all the separation rumors about Mike and myself are cropping up again. There isn't another couple in this town happier than we are."

NCE a week Connie Bennett employs a French secretary to write letters to her fans and friends along the Riviera and St. Moritz. Over fifty percent of her fan mail comes from French speaking countries. Connie, by the way, has postponed her trip to France until summer but she and the Marquis de la Falaise have completed plans for their divorce via the long distance telephone. It's a safe bet that she will marry the very handsome Gilbert Roland when the divorce becomes effective.

HER romance with Tyrone Power has certainly given new life to Annabella's waning movie career. She has just been signed for two more films at Twentieth Century. Where Ty goes these days, whether it's to South America for a vacation or to San Francisco to address the Infantile Paralysis drive, along goes Annabella. But Annabella is the one topic that Ty won't talk about—closes up like a clam if you even mention her name. Will they marry? Your guess is as good as ours. Ty has been head over heels in love before—remember Sonja Henie and Janet Gaynor—and so, for that matter, has Annabella.

HERE hasn't been a *real* gentleman in Hollywood in so long that all the secretaries over at Sam Goldwyn's studio are quite fussed. It seems that Jimmy Roosevelt has a habit of rising when they enter his office and of seeing that they are comfortably seated. Executives were never like that before.

AND speaking of the popular Jimmy Roosevelt, Bob Riskin's remark upon meeting him for the first time is quite the best. Said Bob, "It's a great pleasure to meet a man coming

It is really a scene from the RKO-Radio picture, "The Pure in Mind." Roger Daniel, James McCallion, Arthur Hohl and Frank O'Connor. Pardon the liberties taken—we fear it never happened.

into the business with ulcers." Heaven only knows plenty of them leave the business with ulcers.

"DO COME to the set this afternoon." Bette Davis, looking perfectly marvelous in her Empress Carlotta black wig, said to us in the Warner Brothers restaurant the other day. "I am going completely mad."

Well, after all when a grand actress like Bette decides

Well, after all when a grand actress like Bette decides to go mad, we are sure that poor harassed Carlotta herself couldn't do a better job of it, so we could hardly wait to skip over to the "Juarez" set. We're telling you we have never heard or seen anything so thrillingly magnificent as the way Bette did the scene—when the picture is released it will be the most talked of thing in Hollywood for years. We were so thrilled our blood went cold.

We didn't think we would have the nerve ever again to speak to such a great artiste. But imagine our horror when, at the end of the "take," the Empress Carlotta in all her regality swooped across the set to her mother who was sitting there and demanded, "What are you having for dinner tonight?" "Lamb stew," said Mrs. Davis. "Lamb stew!" shrieked Carlotta. "You know I don't like lamb stew. Why did you invite me to dinner when you are having lamb stew? I won't eat lamb stew." "All right, all right," said Mrs. Davis affably, "I'll stop at the butcher's and get a steak." That's the trouble with great artistes—they're always getting mixed up with lamb stews and steaks.

RETURNING from his recent trip to New York the first thing Robert Taylor did, after reporting to his studio, was to dash over to Paramount to see Barbara Stanwyck on the "Union Pacific" set. Everything points to an early marriage between those two, though as yet they haven't said yes and they haven't said no. But Barbara has put her share of the Marwyck Ranch on sale and is willing to sell house, stables, and the tennis court that Bob gave her on her birthday, at a big sacrifice. Bob sold his twenty-eight acre estate in Northridge and is buying a hundred and sixty acre ranch near Cratsworth—so it looks like those two were fixing to merge, and soon too. But, of course, we don't know nothin'.

Hedy Lamarr and the Blandes!



Spencer Tracy and Three-Alarm-Hedy in "I Take This Woman." Spencer went up in smoke.

HE blondes, the redheads, and the slightly hennaed were certainly having a romp for themselves here in Hollywood until Hedy Lamarr came along. The girls just about had the allure market cor-

nered, and wherever you found million dollar productions, upper bracket directors, champagne cocktails, white ties, lights, laughter and Tyrone Power you found blondes. There's something about a blonde with an orchid and an ermine coat that's the last word in glamour, or so Hollywood thought. A brunette, poor dear, simply wasn't tapped for Phi Beta Glamour.

Of course the blondes had a pretty time of it vying among themselves as to exactly who was the Queen of Glamour—some said Joan Crawford, some said Marlene Dietrich, some said Carole Lombard, some said Madeleine Carroll, some said Bette Davis, some said Joan Bennett, some said Virginia Bruce, and some, but not many, had sense enough not to say anything at all.

Well, the vying came to an abrupt end one warm night in June when "Algiers" was previewed at the Fox Wilshire on Wilshire Boulevard, in the city of angels, with dirty faces, and that's not all. Hollywood went to the preview to see what Walter Wanger had done to the famous French film, "Pepe le Moko," but they came away drooling over Hedy Lamarr.

When Hedy, up there in the native quarter with Mr. Boyer, leaned back and a mysterious shadow played over her eyes, practically the entire audience swooned. There hadn't been so much beauty, mystery and allure around in ages. Well, that night she grabbed the title of Queen of Glamour, and there were none to say, except a few die-hards who wouldn't even give their own mothers an even break, that she didn't deserve it.

And now it's the brunettes who are on top! They're having everything their way, while the poor blondes burn. The best picture plum of the year—the long discussed Scarlet O'Hara—has just been given to a brunette, Vivien Leigh, who with careful photography will resemble very much a certain Miss Hedy Lamarr. (Don't tell me that the Selznick gang didn't think about that.)

Paramount very recently signed a promising young New York actress, Patricia Morrison, to a long term contract. It may be coincidence of course, but Miss Morrison is a brunette who parts her hair in the middle, and with careful photography . . .!

Joan Bennett donned a Lamarr wig for her part in "Trade Winds" and was so pleased when people told her that she looked like Hedy that now she is planning to dye her hair black. Joan Crawford wears a brunette wig in "Ice Follies" and ditto Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade." Bette Davis, as the mad Carlotta in "Juarez," has a perfect excuse for wearing a black wig, which, incidentally, makes her look like a million dollars.

Well, all I've got to say is that if you look like Hedy Lamarr, run, don't walk, to the nearest talent scout. Hedy hasn't yelled "copy cats" yet—but don't think she hasn't noticed!

What about this girl who has upset so completely the color scheme in Hollywood? Whose magic gift of beauty has given movie standards a good kicking around? Who has made gentlemen prefer brunettes? What about her? Well, gather around and I'll tell

you about Miss Hedy. Confidentially, it wasn't exactly a case of pretty is as pretty does. There were a couple of times there when our Hedy didn't do so pretty.

The Number One Glamour Girl of Hollywood (and it makes Hedy awfully mad to be called glamorous) was born in Vienna, which was busy fighting and not waltzing at the time, the ninth of November, 1915, under the sign of Scorpio—and that might have something to do with the fact that she is a pushover for astrology and numerology. (If the numbers don't add up right in the morning she simply stays in bed, which isn't a bad idea.)

She was the only child of Emil and Gertrude Keisler who were utterly convinced, and quite rightly, that their little Hedwig was the prettiest, sweetest baby [Continued on page 72]

Brunette Wigs Are At A Premium In Picture Studios, But Hedy Has Something The Wig Makers Do Not Sell.





Gracie Fields, who rolls them



in the British aisles, looks

over the relics of prohibition.

Sally Eilers and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy. As pretty as a picture in Technicolor!



What goes on here? Bruce Cabot tilting the flagon of java.

HE usual group of youthful autograph hounds were huddled outside the stage door of the Belasco Theatre where "The Gentle People" is playing. It was sharp and cold and the kids were slapping their hands to keep warm. A young woman, her fur collar up around her face, hurried by and into the theatre almost too fast to hear the plaintive appeal of one youngster, "Oh, please, Lady, won't you get Franchot Tone's autograph for me?" The young lady he hadn't recognized was Sylvia Sidney, who co-stars in the play.

Upstairs, in his dressing room, Franchot Tone was putting on his make-up completely oblivious of a large and much darned hole in the back of his shirt.

Tone likes playing the gangster part in the play, and it certainly is a new

departure for him.
At luncheon at "21" that same day my companion said: "Over there is the woman who makes the most money in the movie industry," and I turned expecting a Dietrich no less, only to find a friendly, pleasant face I'd never seen before. "But who in the name of Allah is she?" I queried. I was quickly told it was Gracie Fields, the English com-

At The Ritzy Rendezvous The Pets Of The Public Never Relax-Not While - Jerome Zerbe Is Flashshotting About.

edienne, who has the biggest following in the British Empire.

Later on I had the privilege of meeting her and liked her quiet, natural and unaffected manner. She looked around the room filled with beautifully dressed women in expensive furs and silly slaphappy hats and said: "These swank places aren't my type. Why, do you know, although I've lived in London al' my life I'd never been to the Savoy until two years ago—and then an American took me?" Bob Kriendler, the genial part owner of "21" took Miss Fields and showed her all the secret doors and sliding panels that make the restaurant an historical memento of prohibition days,

so happily past.
Sonja Henie, that diminutive phenomenon of the ice, must have unbounded energy, for three nights running I saw her out on the town after her exhausting show at Madison Square Garden. Where most stars never mingle with their company La Henie was always surrounded by them, and entertaining for them.







Philip Reed and Sonja Henie. She loves to dance even after two skating exhibitions at Madison Square Garden—where they were crowded to the rafters. Sonja makes so much money they'll probably build a new navy with her tax money.

Philip Reed is just back after making four pictures in England and has taken a charming apartment at 100 Riverside Drive. The afternoon I went over to see him I complained about his mustache being unbecoming and much to my amazement he went in and shaved it off.

Edward G. Robinson, who owns one of the most important collections of modern paintings in America, was in New York for pleasure as well as radio work. I saw him several times at El Morocco, once with Miriam Hopkins' husband, Anatole Litvak, and also at the "Big Town" rehearsal at the Columbia Studio, where I'd gone to see Claire Trevor.

I didn't recognize Dick Powell at first. I don't know why, perhaps because he looks so youthful in real life. He was having a grand time with his sister-in-law, Gloria Blondell, whom many people mistook for Joan. Dick Powell is one of the most regular guys in the business and certainly one of the most popular.

One somehow never associates the James Cagneys with night clubs, so I was rather surprised to catch them at El Morocco's bar one evening about nine. They were meeting friends there for dinner and apparently must have had a good time, because when I left the place at three-thirty A.M., they were still comfortably seated at a side table and surrounded by friends and admirers. Fond as the Cagneys are of Hollywood their real love is their summer home at Martha's Vineyard.



Rehearsing for an evening broadcast—Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor. (He's lost the point of the joke!)

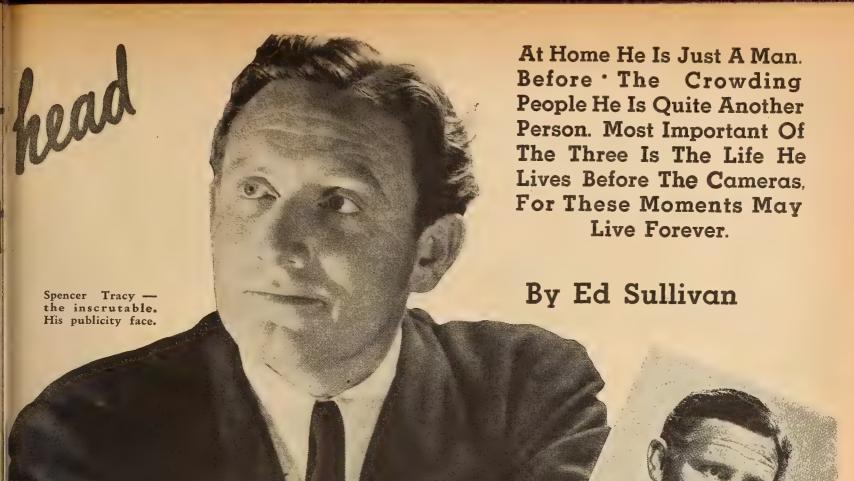


Gloria Blondell and her brother-in-law, Dick Powell.



Alas, the poor actor. Franchot Tone fixing his hair-do.





star now must "lay it on the line" with no outside help. Experience and training are his greatest assets at this moment, for the "know how" comes only from experience. Beyond and above that "savvy" however is another item, quite indescribable, which is the hallmark of a star. As the camera starts grinding, inside its blimp cover that prevents the noise of the machine from reaching the sound tracks, a performer who is marked with greatness will instinctively turn in his finest performance. The rehearsals may have been slipshod, but when the director says: "This is a take," the performer turns on all the faucets. Nobody ever has been able to define that ability of a performer to measure up to his best, when the best is imperative. The reason that it's difficult to explain is because it is something innate, a talent, a slice of genius. As well try to explain why Babe Ruth always was at his best in a World Series game, why Bobby Jones was at his superlative best when he had to drop a 40-foot putt, why Man O'War lost but one race in his entire career on every sort of track. It is something that an individual is born with. He either has it or lacks it. Those who have it, the ability to brew their greatest effort out of their own concentration, to relax when others become tense, become the celebrated specialists of the world, and their names go down in the record books or are emblazoned in SILVER SCREEN.

Spencer Tracy, off the set, and before the cameras roll, is a quiet chap and, to look at him, you would not suspect that within that stocky frame was a genius for make-believe. The cameras start rolling. In front of you no

longer is a boy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Now he is a Portuguese fisherman, again he is a priest, the next picture he is the innocent victim of a mob's fury. It is not that he wears the clothes of those different characters—he actually brings them alive. I watched him making "Boy's Town" and the priest that he created as the cameras started whirring was a priest that you might find if you rapped at the parish door of any small church. So completely did he etch this character of Father Flanagan that when the cameras halted, while the technicians arranged a new set-up, and Tracy came to where I was waiting for him, I addressed him as "Father." Not once, but repeatedly.

Tracy himself cannot explain what he

has within him that permits this fusion of self with an imaginary creature. If you'd ask him, his most probable answer would be: "Go 'way. Are you kidding?" He'd be downright embarrassed. But that spark is there. Perhaps make-believe of this sort is due to a performer's vivid memory of a priest he has met. Perhaps it is the highest form of reporting, and the most accurate, this ability to create a character out of your own imagination and using another person's lines. I think that it is based in the senses—the senses of sight, hearing, taste, touch. The more acute these senses, the better the portrait that will be fashioned. Welding all of this together is the actor's technique,

which covers delivery, poise, understanding of lines and how to read them—not the tricks of the trade, but the technique of the trade.

What is it? Technique is the ability of a player to read a line that he has rehearsed over and over again, and read it so freshly that the hearer believes it has just popped to the performer's lips. Technique is not only the performance but the manner of a performance. It is a complete knowledge of the details of acting. Tracy's technique, he says, was shaped most by George M. Cohan, and Cohan had a very solid background. Had Tracy slavishly imitated Cohan, then he would be only a blurred carbon copy of Cohan's technique. Because he used the technique of Cohan but adapted it to his own personality and added touches distinctly his own is the reason that Tracy is an artist.

I have said here that art is the ability of a performer to make you in the audience feel that his lines are either impromptu or reasoned out. Paul Muni and Charles Laugh- [Continued on page 63]

Spencer,



VERYWHERE I look, there's love," said Rosemary

Cupid preens his bright feathers . . . Eros stretches his bright body of Love . . . "Heigh, Ho, Hollywood!" says Eros. For of course there's love everywhere they look, these girls who are breaking the chrysalis of Glamour, these stillyearning Yearlings of Hollywood's Fame and Favour.

For Rosemary, there are Jimmy Cagney's arms by day and, when the day is done, the young, admiring eyes of Jeffrey Lynn

or Ronnie Reagan.

For Arleen Whelan there is Don Ameche's kiss, the strong embrace of Warner Baxter, the timid tumult in the heart of Jack Haley, on the set, and, the days' work done, there is

Richard Greene waiting, as the studio gates close behind her.
Even the "day's work" is the work of love and the warmth
of lovers, when you are young and beautiful in Hollywood.

For all of them, the young and the not-quite-so-young, Love is On The March from the moment they wake in the morning

until they go to sleep at night. Clark Gable makes love to Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight" and phones Carole Lombard from his dressing-room when he steps off the set. . . . Bob Taylor kisses the dark hair of Maureen O'Sullivan at high noon and rides the range with Barbara Stanwyck

In Hollywood, Where Girls Are So Charming, It Is Love That They Talk About And Love That Sets Their Hearts Aflutter.

when the sun is setting. And so it goes: Love marching, marching, in the studio gates, out the studio gates, under the palmtrees and acacias, at the Troc, at the Grove, at hamburger stands and the concessions at Venice Pier . . . Love fluttering his bright wings wherever they are, whatever they are doing,

But listen to the litany of love they make! Touch one Bright Angel with the lightest finger-tip and it is of love that

give me romantic parts to play in pictures," sighs Marie Wilson. "I know that real love is self-sacrifice; that infatuations are not to be taken seriously-I know that love scenes are not supposed to be real on the sound stages . . . but if I could play a love scene with Clark Gable, that would be real all right. I mean, would have been real had I been so fortunate as to have made a love scene with Clark before I met Nick Grinde. It's very confusing for a nice girl to know where love begins and where love leaves off . . . stepping from one pair of arms to another and all . . . and such arms, too!"

"I like real love scenes, not reel ones," quips Priscilla Lane,

"in real love scenes your hair gets all mussed up and no stills are taken, your lipstick comes off on His Coat, you don't know what he is going to say or even what you are going to say yourself . . . love scenes should be like that . . . I like 'em that way . . . startling and sensational, not studied from a script. . . !"

"I met Lee Bowman in pictures," says Joy Hodges of her

current Heart, the torch light in her eyes. "You can't stay 'unkissed' in Hollywood," confessed Olympe Bradna, not sorrowfully.

"It's a merry-go-round of Romance," says grave Andrea Leeds . . . we know what she means . . . dates with Edgar Bergen, Red Christy, Ken Murray.

"Every day of my life," laughs Ruth Hussey, "I see Bob Taylor or Bob Young or Bob Montgomery. Romance, you might say, bobs





drab and dingy hue. Success turns to gall and wormwood in the mouths of your favorites—and mine. Hollywood is a small place at best and, outside of the fights (prize fights, I mean), a few night clubs, an occasional symphony and a play once in a while there is nothing to do, so the slightest excuse is

seized upon as an excuse for a party.

For instance, the party-giving proclivities of the Basil Rathbones is well known to all and sundry. So when son Rodeon returned from England to be married, a party seemed in order. Rodeon knew few, if any, of the guests. Few, if any, of the guests knew Rodeon but the creme de la creme of Hollywood attended his wedding. "Noblesse oblige," as Mr. W. C. Fields so aptly puts it. It began in a mumbled undertone but gained in sound and fury until finally it shrieked in headlines and Hollywood's chosen broke out in their finest. No fights, no casualties marred the evening and young Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were inducted into Hollywood society as auspiciously as any Park Avenue deb ever made her bow before New York's Four Hundred.

They Have Parties!

By S. R. Mook

Their eleventh wedding anniversary served as another excuse for the party-loving Rathbones. This time the scene was the Victor Hugo restaurant. Guests made their entrance through a huge cathedral archway and walked (I keep thinking of "Walk, Don't Run") to their tables through roped off aisles which were banked by thousands of great, white Easter lilies. It was a "Bride and Groom" party and everyone had to come dressed as some famous bride or groom of history. The wardrobe departments of the studios put on extra shifts and costumes for productions had to wait until Ouida Rathbone's guests



banks, Sr., John Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan), Samuel

Goldwyn, James Gleason, Leslie Howard, Arthur Hornblow (Myrna Loy), Jean Hersholt, Ernst Lubitsch, Edmund Lowe, Adolphe Menjou, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, Fred Mac-Murray, Frank Morgan, Jack Oakie, Gregory Ratoff, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Ruggles; Misses Billie Burke, Virginia Bruce, Mary Boland, Constance Bennett, Madeleine Carroll, Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Paulette Goddard, Benita Hume, Miriam Hopkins, Olivia De Havilland, Carole Lombard, Anita Louise, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Florence Rice, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Gloria Swanson, Sophie Tucker, Bette Davis, Joan Bennett, Louise Rainer, Joan Crawford, Lupe, Velez; Messrs. Gene Markey, Fran-



Errol Flynn, at the mike, tries to think of something to say when unexpectedly called upon to broadcast at the Jinx party.

Margaret Lindsay breaks a mirror for the cameraman — see reflection. Frank Mc-Hugh in foreground

To enter the party the guests had to walk under a ladder. Bonita Granville climbs over.

chot Tone, Johnny Weissmuller, George Brent, Ronald Colman, Charlie Chaplin, Nelson Eddy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Edward Everett Horton, Ivan

Lebedeff, Herbert Marshall, David Niven, William Powell, Cesar Romero, Gene Ray-mond, Gilbert Roland, Randolph Scott, Robert Taylor and Raymond Massey.

If you can think of anyone in Hollywood who amounts to anything and wasn't mentioned, you may be sure they were there. I've only given you about half the names. Everything moved quietly and sedately—everybody kissed everybody else's bride and a good time was had by all. I'll say!

Mr. Darryl Zanuck is another inveterate party thrower and when Mr. Z. tosses a party he tosses discretion to the winds and shoots the works. The preview-premiere of "Kentucky" served as an excuse for his last party. He rented the Carthay Circle theatre and his guest list was chosen as carefully, if a little more [Continued on page 62]



The irresponsible Henry Fonda

gives his romantic secret away

every time he signs his name.

see all there is in a signature.

Take Clark Gable's, for instance. We were sitting on the "Idiot's Delight" set-a smart resort hotel supposedly in the Alps where he and Norma Shearer do some romantic reminiscing—and it seemed a pretty good place to find Clark's reaction to the analysis of his handwriting.

Clark said, "Hey, what is this?" and stared at his signature as if he'd never seen it before.

That curved underscore he gives it, for example, means a magnetic personality."
"Sure," he grinned. "Didn't

I ever tell you? Once when I was in the Oklahoma oil fields I broke magnetic needle. Carried a piece of it around in my pocket for days without knowing it until the darn' thing stuck me. It took

a doctor to get it out!" And those wide loops he makes everywhere are a sign of an emo-

tional, highly sensitive temperament. "Yep, that's right," he said with mock gravity. "I got that way from being valet to a herd of steers on a cattle boat. It was my first trip to Europe and I was so broke when we did dock at Holland that all I did was sit around the dykes for five days waiting for a ship home. You have no idea how sensitive an experience like that can make you .

Maybe that also accounts for the caution found in those small, tightly closed "b's" of his. And for the fact that he doesn't give a whoop about luxury. You can see that from the tendency of his downward loops, especially on the "le" in

Gable to run into the line below.

It's funny about Clark's writing. If you could glance over a line or two he's written you would notice this: Club-like dots over the "i's"—that shows aggressiveness, the fighter. Many of his letters are connected—indicating good judgment and foresight.

And the "n's" are angular—the mark of a quick thinker,

one who is always on the go either mentally or physically.
"That," mused Mr. Gable, "is the result of being call boy
in New York for nine months. I used to rap reverently on the dressing room door of Lionel and John Barrymore to call them for scenes for 'The Jest.' One evening Lionel asked me to bring him some coffee. I tripped and gave it to him—right The Stars Explain Their Handwriting.

By Virginia T. Lane

> Analysis by Donald Humphries, Graphologist

on the shirt of his costume. He never forgot me. Years later it was Lionel Barrymore who got me a contract with M-G-M.

Just then a beautiful pseudo-Russian countess came up, all done up in gray, and if you looked closely under the

blonde wig you recognized Norma herself. "Can anyone play this game?" asked the delectable Shearer.

We explained and she wrote her signature—with its small, well-made capitals and open, rounded letters all so uniform in size. That means her most outstanding trait is serenity.

edge doon





Clark's scrawl reveals to an expert his good judgment and caution.

He is not easily adaptable to circumstances—it's in Randy Scott's signature.

# Hollywood

HERE'S this about Hollywood, it always springs to the defense when any criticism is directed against it. even though that criticism in a sense may be justified in the minds of the fans. Everything done on the screen is there for a definite purpose, and now that the public has taken to wondering about the music question, why music should always be on the screen, rain or shine, in the big city or deep in the jungle, pacing the cowboy as he gallops across the range or the aviator in his flight through the night, those in the know are united in their stand on the subject.

The Master Picture Makers
Are Interviewed And Speak
In Defense Of The Art
Of Screen Entertainment.

### By Whitney Williams

Have you ever wondered—or probably scoffed—when music came while the hero struck up a song in the wilderness, miles even from the nearest radio, or

when the heroine on the sands of the sea caroled a neat little ditty? Why the midnight prowler gained access to the rich man's home, not in utter silence but with tuneful accompaniment? Or "how-come" music may be heard in the courtroom, the Eskimo's igloo, a continental limited, the kitchen where the poor little slavey (why, it's Shirley Temple!) has scarcely enough to eat and the wicked old woman who keeps her penned up

beats her regularly every evening, when no orchestra could possibly be present?

Of course, you have . .

BUT, and undoubtedly this never occurred to you—how could it, you aren't supposed to be up on all the technical wrinkles of a very technical business!—there's a very logical reason and DE-MAND for this insertion of melody, believe it or not.



record in defense of the Art of the Movies.





Mickey Rooney in the classic story by Mark Twain brings Huckleberry Finn to actuality. In the scene at left-Huck at the oars. Would you like Huck's personality more if you heard mood creating music while he was on the screen?

## PRIZE LETTERS

matic emphasis as the musical score backing up modern pictures," is the way Hunt Stromberg, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most famous and able producers,

explains it.
"A few bars of music can establish a mood more accurately and more effectively than several scenes of dialogue. Through the musical score the screen is able to capture a fleeting thought that otherwise would be lost. It places audiences at one with the characters on the screen before them, for its appeal is universal, and the mood it creates is the same for all, when coupled with the action."

First and foremost, then, the object of music on the screen is for dramatic effect, to heighten supense, the mood which the picture creates.

Robert Z. Leonard, who has been directing film masterpieces, lo these twenty years and more, answers the criticism embodied in SILVER SCREEN'S two prizewinning letters, in this way . .

"Music is equally as important to the success of a film as the settings against which the action unfolds," he says. "To prove this statement, let some film be released minus a musical score. Musical scores have become so much a part of a modern film that audiences, seldom conscious of them, would immediately miss them and feel that something serious were lacking if such a score did not accompany the action.

"That a melodious background is necessary for increased enjoyment of a film is nothing new. It dates back before sound when theatres, realizing the value of music

(The letters submitted in the January contest were very good. To Silver Screen the letters below seemed equal in merit and so Two First Prizes have been awarded. \$50 has been sent to each of the tying contestants.)

Sirs:
Why do the ones in power over the movies have to supply music throughout every picture, no matter what and where the scene takes place, on horse-back in deep forests, on a mountain top

or on main street?

This is a great big mistake and causes many a snicker, so why make pictures so unnatural?

Music, in its place, is beautiful but in an unnatural place is far from being so. Yours, Edna Morris

West Union, W. Va.

Send in your letter of Constructive Criticism. \$50 will be paid for the best letter received. Every letter printed will be paid for-\$5 each. (See page 12.)

Gentlemen:

It would be unfair to label any one picture unsatisfactory in the respect I have in mind, for it's an ailment common to many.

I'm thinking of pictures which pre-

I'm thinking of pictures which present singers in romantic stories featuring a number of vocal selections.

I'm led to some lovely, remote outdoor spot—a desert island a thousand nautical miles from anywhere, perhaps—or perhaps the north woods, where there's naught for living company but the heasts of the forest

there's naught for living company but the beasts of the forest.

Then the hero begins to sing, and what happens? Of all things, a full orchestral accompaniment—at a spot where no orchestra could possibly be!

Crash! goes the illusion of realism, and I'm left foolishly wondering whether the musicians are hidden under the rocks or behind the trees!

Granting the artistic value of orches-

Granting the artistic value of orchestral accompaniments for singers, I still think that, under these circumstances, leaving the singer unaccompanied would

be much the lesser evil.

Very truly,

(Mrs.) Vannie C. Shaw San Francisco, Calif.

as a mood-setter, hired orchestras to play the score while the film was in the process of unreeling. And prior to that, of course, was the piano-player to be found in every small theatre in the land.

"Those who feel that the screen has its music coming in at odd places and under strange circumstances, should go a little further into the matter. After all, cameras and lights are there, recording the scene you watch, [Continued on page 75]

#### CONDITIONS

- 1. Make your letter about 150
- 2. No letter will be returned.
  3. Contest closes March 29, 1939.
- 1939.
  4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
  5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



HEN you go to your local theatre and plunk down your money for a ticket of admission to see Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour, Frank Morgan, or any other film favorite in their latest opus, you may not know it but you are really saying that these stars have box-office appeal for you. In fact you proved it by paying to get in to see them.

But suppose you are spending the evening at home. You turn your radio on and tune in on Carole Lombard, Edward G. Robinson, Frances Langford, Charlie McCarthy, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith or Rudy Vallee and perhaps you say: "They sure put on a good show!" Or perhaps you don't say that at all. Maybe your comment is: "What an awful program! Why in the world do they keep that on the air?" Not that we're knocking any of these stars, but there are folks who are normal in every other way and yet don't like these performers while you may be such an avid fan you are ready to battle for your choice.

They have their opinion and you have yours—in the privacy of home. The problem is: how can these private criticisms, which are really registering listener interest and therefore radio's box-office appeal, be brought out for public view and accurately charted? That's the big question in ether entertainment.

For the men who run radio don't like to admit that, despite the millions invested in the industry, the best they can do is to carry on by an intensely specialized guess-

to carry on by an intensely specialized guesswork. That's really what it amounts to. In the movie or regular theatre the cashier counts up the receipts and knows to a penny how much business has been done, how many people have come to see the show. But radio, the biggest and most far-reaching entertainment medium of all, has no fool-proof way of checking up on the number of people who listen in, or what they like and why.

But if radio doesn't have an exact dollars-

But if radio doesn't have an exact dollarsand-cents way of checking up box-office returns, it does have indicators that tell which
way the wind is blowing even if it can't judge
the absolute full strength of that wind. Fan
mail used to be such an indicator, but that
was way back in the days when letter writing
was spontaneous. You listened to Burns and
Allen, say, and Gracie's silly sallies reminded
you so much of a dumb cluck you know that
you just had to write them a letter telling
them so. That was just ducky, everyone
thought, for if a person took the time to write
a letter and spent his own money for a stamp
just to tell an entertainer how entertaining he
is, that entertainer must be good.

Everything continued to be ducky until some smart boy hit upon the idea of encouraging fan mail by giving people inducements to write. Thus, for a letter enclosing a label or a box top you would get a special sample of the product advertised or maybe a G-Man badge for the kiddies. That spelled the downfall of the importance of fan mail, for when the spontaneous factor was removed you got letters from people who probably were interested in the reward and for all you knew never cared to hear the program again.

It is interesting to note, however, how fan mail influenced the life of the program *One Man's Family*. At one time it was sponsored by a cigarette company. Then, as now, the show was good but people complained that such a family program should not be used to advance the sale of tobacco. The sponsor became convinced of this and announced one day that the program was being withdrawn although it was excellent entertainment. So many people liked the program, however, even if they didn't care for the product that they sent thousands of letters of protest to the broadcasting company. As a result, the program was retained as a non-commercial, sustaining feature until a food sponsor came along whose product was acceptable to listeners.

Looking around for some yardstick by which to measure the radio audience on several of its programs, a large advertising agency engaged Crossley Business Research, Inc., a firm

specializing in business surveys, to make the research. The concensus of opinion was that it couldn't be done, that there was no way of compiling an anyway nearly accurate index of the listeners to a program. But Crossley tackled the job and did it successfully.

They worked like this. The residents of

They worked like this. The residents of each city they were surveying were mapped out in fields according to neighborhood, business and social standing, race and probable income. Each class was charted separately. Then investigators made thousands of phone calls to the residents of these various classes asking them if they had a radio,

what hours it had been turned on, and what stations and programs they had listened to.

The result gave such a satisfactory cross-section picture that the method got enor-

mous publicity and Crossley got requests to make other such surveys. Finally the Association of National Advertisers took up the matter. The result was that Cross-



Edward G. Robinson, a man who was raised by audiences, now talks to himself and the gadget.



ley organized a subsidiary called the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting, which was later incorporated. A committee from the Association of National Advertisers manages the C.A.B. while the Crossley organization does the actual field and statistical work. So much do advertisers believe in it, that 92 per cent of all sponsored programs on the air subscribe to the service which, in spite of all their best efforts to get everyone to call its results the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting Report, still goes under the name of Crossley rating.

Many refinements have gone into the survey methods since the first research was made into the nation's listening habits. Today, in some fifty odd cities scattered all over the country, trained investigators make thousands of phone calls a day. The time to make these calls—about 9 A.M., 12 noon, 5 P.M., and 9 P.M.—was determined by exhaustive experimentation which was least likely to annoy the

listener.

A young lady who has been one of the investigators since the survey started told this reporter that, contrary to general impression, people are most co-operative and eager to help. Very few regard the phone call as a [Continued on page 76]



for APRIL 1939

like it.



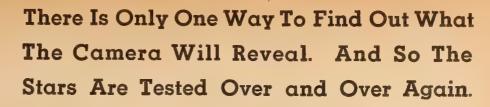
ing fame have at times been projected toward glory and riches in a few moments via the test route, and the young and beautiful have fallen by the wayside.

Remember Minnie Dupree? Years ago

she was a Broadway leading lady; later a character actress. A scout for David O. Selznick saw her in New York, sent her by plane to Hollywood and she took a test the night of her arrival. The following morning at 7:00 o'clock Selznick saw the results in the projection room, and by eight o'clock Minnie was under contract for "The Young in Heart" at a salary exceeding her fondest hopes. Long past the flush of youth when she could

expect to reach greater heights, she was catapulted to fame literally overnight.

Pretty Peg Ent-whistle made a test, believed it a failure and, heartbroken, trudged off into the dark hills of Hollywood one night. She climbed to the very top of





A scene from "Dark Victory," with George Brent and Bette Davis. George fell heir to the heroic role in this film coveted by Basil Rathbone.

yet they had to be tested for

these roles. It's just part of

the business.

her test a great success.

Often the tests that seem poorest to a novice may look best to those who un-

derstand them. In testing a beginner, the studios look not only for acting ability, but also for personality, photogenic qualities, a hundred things that the subject may know nothing about. As a rule, screen players are drilled for months before being given assignments. They are taught to walk, wear clothes, use their hands, speak. They become adept technically at the art of acting. But if they lack a certain God-given spark, they are doomed to failure. It is this inborn qual-

ity-a hidden fire, the ability to project themselves strongly onto the screen-for which producers look in a test. Never until after a test has been made can this quality be seen, and then it is usually rec-ognized only by experts.

There are so many varieties of tests that fans, like our Paducah correspondent, may be confused on the subject. The beginner's talent test is entirely different from other kinds. After such a test has been approved, the aspirant may have many others before given a role; voice tests, face tests (both quiet and talking, to determine how the lips photograph in motion), hand, eye, leg tests. It is this tearing apart process that makes tests an ordeal. So many things might be wrong!

Many top-ranking stars would be insulted if asked to prove acting ability. They look upon tests as mere necessary routine. As Anita Louise says: "Tests are always annoying, but we know they are important and suffer through them accordingly."

Tests of established players fall into two classes: those for definite roles, and character tests. In the first class, take a look at "Gone With the Wind"—unless they hurry and produce it this is as good a look as you'll get. Jimmy Ellison says everyone has been rumored cast for the picture except his pooch, Godfrey, and he's angling for a test for Godfrey now! As a matter of fact, very few tests have actually been made, despite rumors. Clark Gable was given the part of Rhett Butler without one; likewise Walter Connolly, who later relinquished his part. When Clark is actually on the "G.W.T.W." payroll, he will start making a dozen kinds of tests: costume tests to determine which garments are most becoming to him and which fabrics photograph best; head tests to decide which hair-do of the period is best suited to him. He may spend an entire day, or two or three, experimenting to perfect methods for handling his role as to lighting, camera angles and other details. All these experiments will be filmed exactly as though for the finished

To my personal knowledge, those who have actually [Continued on page 66]

the HOLLYWOODLAND sign that shines above the film city, poised herself for a last look at the sparkling panorama below, and leaped. Next morning she was found, a crushed and broken thing at the foot of the sign—victim of a screen test. The most poignant thing about this tragedy is that at the moment Peg was preparing for her final act, the studio was paging her for a contract. Producers considered



NXIETY filled the air. A deep, troubled sigh issued from Director Robert Sinclair. He had been working on the "Dramatic School" set with a group of young players for days. After a fashion their performances had been all right, and sometimes he had become so intrigued with the dream that he was seeking to portray before the ever grinding cameras that he had been loath to stop even for a part of the night. Though a few youngsters showed intelligent interpretations the touch of real artistry was lacking. Too many

of them had obvious difficulties in getting into their roles; they were more like mere puppets reacting to the tugs of a director's whims. Yet all were so eager in their work, so humbly responsive to his direction. Whether young or old, bit player, star or extra, success troubles them all. For few there are who possess that undefinable, intangible, mystic power that is required to succeed before the cameras.

Director Sinclair had been working one day, two days, three days. And now that he had [Continued on page 74]











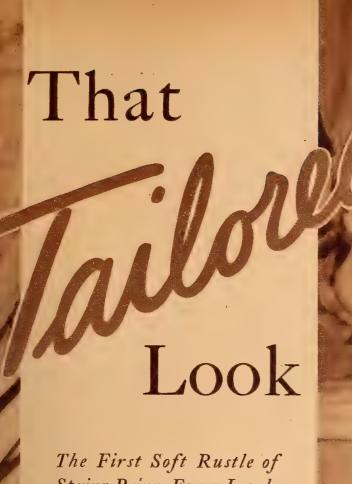












The First Soft Rustle of Spring Brings Every Lovely Young Girl Out Into The Open, And There's Nothing So "Right" For That Walk Down The Avenue Than a Smartly Tailored Suit. Eleanor Powell, The Vivacious Dancing Star, Agrees With Us On This Point.

A T LEFT Eleanor's smooth light olive green woolen suit is distinguished by self-toned silk braid scroll trim, and so is her square matching pocketbook. The trim little jacket is collarless and zipper fastened. A beautiful shade of forest green contrasts perfectly when used for the tucked-in scarf and suede hat with rolled brim. Her open-toed kid shoes and cuffed suede gloves are a lovely shade called saffron this year.

AT RIGHT Eleanor shows how effective a combination of misty woodland violet and palest grey can be when used for a sheer wool bolero-jacketed suit that will carry her right into the first uncertain days of summer. The circular skirt and simple contrasting blouse, slashed at the high neckline, are joined together with a wide, duo-toned draped belt. Matching violet suede shoes with intricate side braiding are worn with this cos-







(C) The Dance

BUS

Garage III and market Minit Innach III Carle Walt





## Having Pleasant Dreams



E WERE sitting around a table in Sardi's, just off New York's Times Square, talking about Hollywood, movie actors now on Broadway,

and clothes.
"Imagine," said Shirley Ross, one of
the now famous 'Two Sleepy People,'
"being in New York at a time when the
shops are full of such wonderful things,

when the windows alone are worth a walk up Fifth Avenue, with all the places to go and the things to see and do and having five shows a day

The dancing grey-blue eyes, which could turn serious with the suddenness of a blown candle, belied the wail in the low vibrant voice with its rich undertones of happiness. As I watched Shirley Ross I became aware of a vital expectancy in her manner, a sudden reaching out as each new arrival entered the restaurant. It was a kind of eager, silent waiting for something secretly precious and important.

Shirley was still in makeup. She had been singing, at the Paramount Theatre, the songs she had helped make famous. It is an important fact that every song which Shirley has introduced has

become a number one hit throughout the land. When she first sang most of those same songs, she had been little more than a very pretty girl with a laughing lilt in her voice which carried audiences from the theatre humming or whistling her melodies. Now, she was stopping every show. Not such a far call from her early ambitions at that.

Shirley Ross Was One Of The Famous "Two Sleepy People" And Now Her Career Is Really Getting Somewhere.

For Shirley, born Bernice Gaunt in Omaha, Nebraska, not so many years ago, had planned to be a concert pianist. She started studying piano when she was six years old and from then until she was well into maturity she spent five hours a day in practice for the career which she still thinks she may some day follow. But, perhaps, her movie fans may have something to say about that and Destiny, too, which has a way all her own of calling her sons and daughters to the careers she wants them to pursue.

Shirley's family moved to Hollywood when she was nine and she started her schooling there. She had a normal childhood with little thought that some day the town's famous first industry would claim her. Later, in Hollywood High School, she was rated among the best in its amateur theatrical activities. She was nearly always cast in the leading role in the school plays. She was not only lovely to look at, with her blonde hair high-lighted with red glints, but her piano playing and her nice voice gave her an advantage over her contemporaries. Even this did not instill in her thoughts of a movie career.

Her singing came about by accident rather than design. She loved her music but the endless hours of practicing became irksome just the same. To relieve the monotony, she began to sing scales, to improvise words, anything to make the work more attractive. Her mother, listening, soon became impressed with the beauty and quality of her daughter's singing voice. She would ask her friends in to hear Shirley sing, generally without the girl's knowledge. . . . From this small beginning grew her reputation as a singer.

When she graduated from high school, and before she entered the University of California, she gave ten public concerts, ten definite proofs that she would succeed on the concert stage. She felt quite satisfied with her progress and happily continued her piano, singing and dramatic work at the university. Her fame spread and during her second year, Destiny, in the person of the band leader, Gus Arnheim, stepped in, auditioned Shirley and then signed her to a nine months' contract to sing with his band.

I asked how she happened to choose the name of Shirley Ross.

"I was almost named Shirley," she replied, "and I always liked the name. I have an aunt [Continued on page 66]



with S. R. Mook

# PICTURES

Seeing The Busy Studios

ON THE

ELL, my little chickadees (as the one and only Bill Fields will remark later on in this story), the big excitement in our little village this month is a picture that Herbert Crooker (formerly one of the guiding lights of the Warner Brothers Publicity Department) is producing for the New York World's Fair. It is fittingly titled "I'll Tell The World" and is being directed by Lynn Shores and features Frank Albertson, Jed Prouty, the Mauch Twins, Patricia Murray and Betsy Ross Clark.

I've always been curious to know how independently produced pictures (with no studio connections) are made, so I jaunt over to the Ambassador Hotel where they are shooting scenes in and around the Lido Pool. As I come up I notice a big R.C.A. recording truck. Apparently you just lease equipment and go to it.



Scene from "Man About Town," with Jack Benny and Rochester.



Frank Albertson, Patricia Murray, Betsy Ross Clark and Jed Prouty in "I'll Tell The World."

Inside, although it's the middle of January, I find the cast (with the exception of Mr. Prouty) in bathing suits.
"Dick!" squeals Mr. A., catching sight of me.
"Hi, sugar," says Mr. Crooker in a more restrained

Then Mr. Shores calls the cast to go into their dance. The dance, in this instance, is a picnic at the beach. Miss Clark, who is Mrs. Prouty in the picture, is setting out the lunch. Miss Murray is his daughter, the Mauch Twins are his sons and Frank is Miss Murray's suitor. Pat and Miss Clark are gently trying to intimate to the old man that they need a new car and Frank (who is a young advertising man) is trying to sell him on the advantages of advertising. Suddenly a beach ball conks Mr. P. on the bean. He looks around angrily and Billy

Mauch runs in to grab the ball.

"Sorry, pop," he apologizes, "we'll throw it the other way next time."

"That's using your head, son—instead of mine," Mr. Prouty returns, somewhat mollified.



de Havilland Olivia and Errol Flynn in "Dodge City."

To those of you who get to the New York World's Fair, I heartily recommend this picture.

The next important thing that concerns us this month is-

#### Paramount

MR. CECIL B. DEMILLE has come out of the silences to work on "Union Pacific"—the story of the building of the first great transcontinental railroad. This is not only the first day of shooting on this picture but it is also the 37th anniversary of Mr. DeMille's marriage. Mrs. DeMille is on hand to break a figurative bottle of champagne over the camera. She is always there the first day of shooting on a new picture of her husband's.

The scene is a passenger coach of the middle 60's. It's before the days of sleeping cars and passengers have to sleep sitting up. Barbara Stanwyck is the postmistress for the men building the railroad. As she walks through the car with Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman she sees Ed Pawley, sitting on a bunk in one of the cars where the men who are working on the railroad live. He is about to drink one of the bottles of fire extinguisher hung on the wall.

"'Tis a great railroad that furnishes liquor free," opines

Mr. Pawley, preparing to take a swig.

Then Overman takes aim and shoots the bottom out of the

"Whoosh!" exclaims Mr. Pawley furiously. "Bad cess to ye-ye've ruint the finest whiskey this side of Ireland." With that he reaches for a second bottle.

Overman reaches for his gun again but Barbara rushes past him and grabs Pawley's hand. "No, Dinty!" she expostulates. "'Tis not to drink—it's for putting out fires. It's acid."
"Will it, now?" Pawley grumbles. "Well, I've drunk far

worse in Omaha for a quarter a slug.

Joel McCrea, who plays the lead opposite Barbara, is not working today and neither is Brian Donlevy, the villain. I chat with Barbara a few minutes but, as she isn't saying a word as to why she has put her ranch up for sale, I leave her and

proceed to the next set where-Bob Burns is working in "I'm From Missouri." The script on this one isn't finished but apparently Mr. Burns is a Missouri mule raiser and he and his neighbors are all set to sell a flock of mules to the British army. Then they learn the man who came over to buy the mules is in Kansas City and has decided to buy tanks instead. So the Missouri mule raisers in Mr. Burns' neck of the woods chip in, charter an airplane and send Bob and his trained mule to Kansas City to meet the Briton. There is a ball in progress when suddenly the drummer gives a roll and the band-leader raps for attention (that's Gene Morgan).

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he begins, "we have a celebrity with us this evening—one of the most picturesque persons



Patricia Morrison, Bob Burns, Gladys George and George P. Huntley in "I'm From Missouri."

who has come to Kansas City in recent years . . . a stockman who is a worthy successor to the Missouri pioneers—the first man to fly a mule to Kansas City—Mr. Sweeney Bliss!" (That's Bob).

Bob pretends to be slightly embarrassed but I know it's an act. "Well," he wells, "it's awfully nice of you city people to make a fuss over visitors this way. Actually there's nothin' very remarkable about me and my mule flyin' here in a flyin' machine. After all, we flew the right way and we never once thought we was goin' to Los Angeles.'

He talks a little more and then the music starts and Bob starts cutting up capers with Patricia Morrison, who is quite an eyeful.

"You haven't been out to see my new house," Bob begins

accusingly.

"I haven't been asked," I retort bluntly and am anxious to see what Bob's retort to this will be. But just then the



Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman, Ed Pawley and Barbara Stanwyck in "Union Pacific."



Hound of the Baskervilles."

crook, posing as a respectable doctor, and Richard

Carle is implicated in his machinations. Mr. Carle in days gone by (Days, I said, my dears, not YEARS) was one of my favorite musical comedy comedians and he's still funny. If you don't believe me, see him in this. And, as that's ALL you'll see at Paramount this month we'll proceed to-

R-K-O ONLY one picture shooting here, but what a picture. It's "The public showing of what was the dance craze of the era—The Castle Walk.

There being naught else to see at this studio, we proceed up the street to-

#### Columbia

NOW, here, my dears, we have TWO pictures going— "Plane No. 4" starring Richard Barthelmess (and it's high time he was being starred again), Cary Grant and Jean Arthur—and "Let Us Live" starring Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Taking them in the order named (Mr. Barthelmess isn't working today, drat it!) we find Cary seated at a piano in a honky tonk cafe in Barranca, Ecquador, with John Carroll leaning over the piano. They're getting ready for a take and the assistant says, Now, we go. All right, Harry, spray your fog around." So Harry sprays fog until the air looks as smoky as the American Legion Stadium on Friday night.

"Come on, Geoff," Carroll says to Cary,

"stop fooling and play something."
"What'll it be?" Cary comes back agreeably.
"'Some Of These Days,'" Carroll suggests. Cary starts playing some chords when Jean Arthur busts up. "Ugh, no, no," she protests. "There's no B flat. It goes like this," striking a chord.

"What do you want?" Cary demands, none too pleased.



Bette Davis as Carlotta and Walter Kingsford as Prince Metternich in "Juarez."

Castles" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in what may very likely be their last picture together. Of course, you young sprouts who go to the cinema nowadays never saw Irene Castle in her prime but take it from an old warhorse there has NEVER been anyone with more chic, more grace or who wore clothes more attractively than she. That baby had class and Ginger has a large order to fill. This is one of the best scripts I have ever read. What endears it to me is that no liberties have been taken, except for the cause of the crash that killed Vernon Castle. And I will say, if anyone could impersonate the Castles it couldn't be anyone but Astaire and Rogers.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Fonda in "Let Us Live."

This scene I see, is where they are in Paris on their climb to fame—broke—Edna May Oliver, an agent, has promised to get them an engagement at the Cafe de Paris and there they are, at a table with the prospect of a free dinner, when

up comes Max Darwyn, the manager. "Can you dance now?" he inquires. "Now?" says Fred. "Tonight?"

"I've got a Grand Duke over there," Miss Oliver sniffsniffs. "If he likes you—you're made."
"But the orchestra—" Ginger protests.

"They can play anything you want," Edna May assures her. "But our dinner—" Fred protests.

The waiter is about to set a very succulent looking dish on the table but Darwyn waves him away. "Dance first!

"If he doesn't like us do we still get our dinner?" Ginger inquires cautiously.

"If you feel like it," Darwyn replies indifferently.

"We've nothing to lose, Vernon," she suggests to Fred and then turns to Darwyn, "Tell them to play, 'You're Here and I'm Here.' "

He nods and goes over to the orchestra. The lights dim and they rise.

"Oh, Vernon," Ginger-whispers, "I don't know what to do. This is our big chance and I've forgotten everything."

"Dance with me," he says tenderly, and thus begins the first

"I came back to get that drink you offered me awhile ago," she smiles.

"Grown up yet?" he hedges.
"Hope so," she grins.
"Big girl now, eh?" he continues and turns to a waiter, signalling for three drinks, and goes on playing chords.

'That's awful," Jean grimaces. "Can't you hear it? No B flat." "Please go away and sit some place," Cary invites her. "We'll work it out all right."

"Want to hear how it really goes?" Jean inquires pleasantly.

"Sure," Cary acquiesces.
"Move over," she orders and Cary slips down to the other end of the piano bench.

'This better be good," he admonishes her.

"It won't sound as corny as you do," she retorts and turns to the orchestra to give them instruc- [Continued on page 68]

# 

GUNGA DIN

KIPLING'S FAMOUS YARN HAS ACTION—DRAMA— COMEDY—THRILLS—RKO

W HAT a wow of a picture this is! Boyoboy, it's just what moving pictures should be. Inspired by Kipling's well known poem, "Gunga Din," the picture relates the adventures of three musketeers, in the Queen's service in India, whose lives are eventually saved, not to mention the lives of the whole British regiment, by a water boy, Gunga Din, whose ambition it is to be a soldier.

The three pals who are sergeant buddies in the same regiment are Cary Grant (with a marvelous Cockney accent), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. Gunga Din is played right up to the hilt by Sam Jaffee.

Douglas wants to marry Joan Fontaine at the end of his stay in the army and go into the tea business, but his two pals see to it that he changes his mind and they trick him into re-signing.

There's plenty of lusty fighting with the natives, and a particularly spectacular fight with the fanatic and murderous wor-



Fans have welcomed "The Great Man Votes" and there is credit enough for all—John Barrymore, Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler.



shippers of the goddess Kali, who demands all the English blood in India. There's suspense galore, and believe me, there's many a scene where your hair will stand right on end. The photography is breath-taking.

Standing out in the cast are Edward Ciannelli, as the mad leader of the fanatics, Robert Coote, as a smartie pants sergeant, and Montagu Love as the Colonel. The kids will go crazy about this, not to mention every adult with a drop of adventure in his blood.

#### IDIOT'S DELIGHT

A PERFECTLY GRAND PICTURE FOR GROWN-UPS!—MGM

ADAPTED from the Robert Sherwood success, which starred Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, by Robert Sherwood himself, the picture contains all the hearty gusto and magnificent punch of the play, except where the censors stepped in—and you know what censors are these days!

Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are teamed in the picture and deliver a couple of performances that are knock-outs. Even better than the Lunts a lot of people are saying, including myself.

Clark plays a small time hoofer back from the war who finds it tough going in the three-a-day with his song and dance routine, so he joins up with a mind-reading act. In Omaha he meets a pretty acrobat, played by Norma, with strong teeth and a vivid imagination, who falls for him and wants to join his act. They part at the railroad station the next day.

The action then changes to the present and to an undefined place high in the mountains of Europe, a focal point of impending war. Here at a smart winter resort hotel we meet a German scientist (Charles Coburn), an ardent young pacifist (Burgess Meredith), an English honeymooning couple (Pat Paterson and Peter Willes), a munitions magnate (Edward Arnold), and an army captain (Joseph Schildkraut). And, also, Clark who has gone back to hoofing with a troupe of girls and is on a Russian tour. And, also, Norma who has become a Russian countess with a superb accent and a blonde wig, and who is traveling with the munitions manufacturer.

Naturally Clark, quite intrigued, faces her with Omaha, she dodges, and there's a lot of funny business until—comes the war. Clark has never been better than he is as Harry Van the hoofer, and his dance routines will have you screaming with laughter.

## Turn Your BEST Face Toward

Spring





April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."



Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! Jean Stark (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

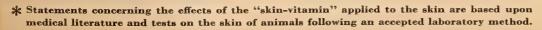




Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so make-up looks glamorous!"





Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before makeup. Same jars, labels, prices.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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## THE GREAT MAN VOTES A FINE FILM THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT—RKO

JOHN BARRYMORE, who has a perfect field day for himself, plays a scholarly educator who, after his wife's death, turned to drink and has now become a night watchman who spouts the classics. He is adored by his two small children who never lose confidence in him and consider him a "great man."

and consider him a "great man."

During a political shake-up in the city he actually attains greatness. It seems that there is an old tradition that as the 13th district goes so goes the election—and the night watchman's shack is the only remaining residence in the 13th district. Before John will consent to vote a shrewd bargain is driven, and his two kids get a chance to crow it over their schoolmates who have bullied them in

Little Peter Holden (brought here from the New York production of "On Borrowed Time") and Virginia Weidler play the two children and give superb performances. Benny Bartlett is sufficiently unpleasant as the brat who bullies them. Donald McBride plays the wardheeler, Granville Bates a politician, and Katharine Alexander a school teacher. It's a picture you don't want to miss.

#### **AMBUSH**

IN WHICH A FAMOUS OPERA STAR DITCHES ART FOR THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—Par.

THIS is cops and robbers melodrama, but it stands out as one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. Gladys Swarthout, without benefit of song, proves herself quite a capable actress. She plays a secretary in a bank who is the only person to recognize a clue that will lead to the capture of a bunch of bank robbers—but it's a clue that involves her weak, ne'er-do-well brother, William Henry. She tries to make him surrender, but is trapped by the "gang" and forced to commandeer a truck for them in which they escape.

The truck driver is our stalwart Mr.



Ernest Truex, Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. A scene in "Ambush," the picture that has stirred so much talk in Hollywood because the grand opera star has no solos.

Lloyd Nolan, and of course a romance ensues, but not until you've seen some pretty fast action.

Ernest Truex gives a brilliant performance as the leader of the gang, who keeps order among his followers armed with nothing more than an umbrella. Broderick Crawford and John Hartley are his killers. Swell bits are contributed by Polly Moran, Rufe Davis, and Raymond Hatton.

This is the picture in which Paramount put the singing Gladys expecting her to break her contract. But she didn't. And maybe she's having the last laugh.

#### FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE

A VERY ENTERTAINING "HOSPITAL" PICTURE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT—MGM

THERE couldn't be a month of pictures without one hospital picture,

could there? No there couldn't, and this is it. It's about a smarty sort of girl who takes up nursing because she thinks it will present her with the opportunity of marrying either a rich doctor or a rich patient.

The chief surgeon falls in love with her right away but he refuses to give up his medical research and go into private practice just to please her, so she throws him over and tries for a wealthy playboy. Just when she has the playboy almost hooked she loses him to her younger sister, and so she comes back to the hospital and makes right all the wrongs she has done—and turns into an A-1 nurse.

Florence Rice is excellent as the girl, and so are Alan Marshall as the surgeon and Kent Taylor as the playboy. The other three girls in white who train at the hospital with Florence are Una Merkel,

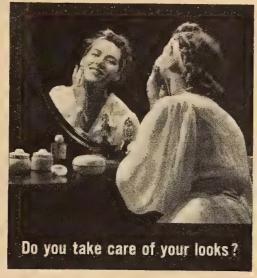


The reason so many patients get well is that the nurses look so pretty in those caps, but that has nothing to do with the entertaining "Four Girls in White."

# A Test for "Model Wives"

## Beware of the ONE NEGLECT\* that sometimes kills Romance!











# Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene? \* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

## "Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

AGIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There are women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects herself is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene ... with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

I—Non-Caustic... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.



4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

**6—Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Wh	at Every Woman Should Know
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	me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" tells the many uses of "Lysol".
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# Stomach teels upset

# Turn it RIGHT SIDE UP with Alka-Seltzer

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## SONG POEMS WANTED

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NOW, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



pleasure in arranging the flowers on her dinner table.

(All recipes kitchen-tested)

OST of us are inclined to regard Lent as a season of fast. Actually, it can be one of feast . . . a feast of all the grand dishes which at other seasons slip into the background because of juicy roasts, turkey, fried chicken, and other similar foods. The following recipes will prove that Lenten meals can be as colorful, as gay, as taste-provoking and satisfying as those of any other season.

First, of course, let us consider new ways to prepare fish. Next, remember that canned salmon is a lenten favorite and lends itself to greater variety of preparation than almost any other item of food... from salad to a casserole main dish. Dairy products and spaghetti come in for their share of attention in these recipes. I hope you like them.

### PLANKED FISH SAVANNAH

To a pound of any desired fish add one-half a cup of Borden's evaporated milk in top of double boiler. Add 2 table-spoons chopped onion, 1 bay leaf and heat. Blend 3 tablespoons butter and 4 table-spoons flour and add to hot liquid, stirring until smooth. Cook 10 minutes, stir in 2 beaten egg yolks, ½ teaspoon butter, dash pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped pickle, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Cool and combine with 1 pound cooked, flaked fish.

Interesting Meals Can Be Planned Without The Use Of Meat.

## By Ruth Corbin

Shape into 6 cutlets, roll in flour, then in slightly beaten whites of 2 eggs, then in 2 cups fine bread crumbs. Place cutlets in center of greased plank or heatproof platter; dot with butter. Border with mashed potatoes and continue outer border around plank to make 2 pockets. Brown in hot oven (450° F.). Remove from fire, fill one pocket with cooked spinach and the other with small whole beets in drawn butter. Plank may be further decorated around cutlets with chopped hard-cooked eggs if desired. With this plank dinner serve—

#### TWO-WAY SALAD

Soften 1 tablespoon Knox gelatine in ½ cup cold water. When thoroughly dissolved add 2 cups cottage cheese which has been seasoned with ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and mixed with ½ cup thick salad dressing and ½ cup cream or evaporated milk. Turn into wet ring, mold and chill until firm. Unmold on serving plate covered with crisp lettuce or cress. Fill center with either of the following mixtures:

#### VEGETABLE FILLING

1 cup shredded raw cabbage 1/3 cup chopped peanuts

1/2 cup drained, diced pineapple

1/2 cup grated raw carrot 1/2 cup finely chopped celery

This may be moistened with any thick salad dressing.

#### FRUIT FILLING

2 cups fresh strawberries

½ cup roughly chopped brazil or pecan nuts

1 cup drained, diced pineapple

½ cup drained, diced orange ½ cup drained, diced grapefruit

Mix this with either a thick salad dressing or a whipped cream dressing made by blending mayonnaise and whipped cream with combined juices of fruits used. This makes a complete meal for any occasion when served with an appetizer of tomato juice and a luscious-

#### PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

1/2 box Knox gelatine

1/2 cup cold water

1 tablespoon lemon juice

1 can Dole's grated pineapple

√2 cup sugar

Whip firm 3 cups cream

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat pineapple; add sugar, lemon juice, and soaked gelatine. Chill in pan of ice water, stirring constantly. When it begins to thicken fold in whipped cream. Mold and chill.

In New England codfish cakes for breakfast are a great favorite. Try them for variety. You can buy them in cans ready to put in the pan or make them yourself by boiling 2 cups salted codfish 20 minutes, drain dry and flake. Combine with 2 cups diced potatoes boiled only until done then riced. Beat in 2 egg yolks last. Cool. Make into cakes, drop into bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Nice also for breakfast or for a hot sandwich is scrambled eggs and salmon. Heat salmon well before breaking desired number of eggs into pan.

#### HOT CROSS BUNS

Dissolve 1 cake Fleishmann's yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water. Add 1 cup scalded milk to 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup sugar and ½ cup Crisco. Cool to lukewarm and combine with yeast. Add 2 cups sifted Heckers flour, beat well and let rise until light. Add 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten, and 2½ cups flour mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add 1/2 cup currants, knead and put into a large greased bowl. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Shape into small round buns and place close together in a greased pan. Raise until double in bulk. With sharp knife cut a cross through top surface of bun. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, brush with melted butter and continue baking 5 minutes. Cool on rack. If desired, brush each bun with a frosting of confectioners' sugar moistened with water. Total time of preparation about

#### RING OF PLENTY

Combine 2 cups cooked spaghetti, cut or in lengths, 2 cups diced cheese, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 3 tablespoons minced pimentoes, 2 tablespoons melted Crisco, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 well beaten egg, salt and pepper. Put in ring mold well greased with Crisco. Place in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until firm—about 35 minutes. Unmold. Serve hot. This makes an appetizing one dish meal when filled with buttered peas and creamed tuna fish, or any left over meat or fish. Garnish platter with slices of Dole's pineapple and wedges of tomatoes.

#### CURRIED EGGS AND PEAS

1/3 cup minced onion

4 tablespoons flour

3/4 teaspoon salt

1½ cups milk

1 can peas

4 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons curry powder

1/2 teaspoon sugar

1 cup bouillon or consomme

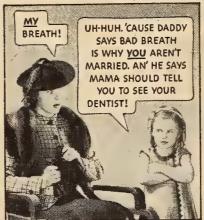
6 hard-boiled eggs

Cook onion in butter 3 minutes. Blend in flour and seasoning. Add milk grad-ually. Add stock; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add drained peas and eggs cut in halves. Heat thoroughly; do not boil. Just before serving add few drops lemon juice. Arrange border of hot boiled rice on hot platter, pour curried eggs in center.

## **AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH** CATCHING?









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## Any Excuse for a Party [Continued from page 25]

democratically, as the Rathbone's. Following the unfolding of the picture everyone repaired to the Trocadero which he had also rented for the evening. Champagne, sparkling Burgundy, Scotch, Rye, Bourbon, Gin, and Brandy flowed like water. In fact, I'll venture to say that a lot of those present hadn't drunk as much water in a year as they drank liquor that night.

For the occasion, the prodigal Mr. Zanuck imported Governor Happy Chandler from Kentucky, along with his wife, two daughters, lieutenant general and his wife and, in fact, his entire staff. The Honorable Happy stole the show and proved that because a man is a politician doesn't mean that he cannot also be a prince of a fellow. He even sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and while his singing may not have caused any Metropolitan Opera stars any worry, his ease of delivery and the happy contagion of his delivery may well have given them—and some of our Hollywood actors, too—food for thought

for thought. When the Hon. Mr. Chandler was finally permitted to resume his seat (and dinner) Gracie Fields was led to the mike and knocked the guests for a row of clothespins, not only with her songs (which were applauded to the echo) but with her costume which was more startling than striking. The affair was as formal as Watson & Son, Eddie Schmidt, Irene, Bess Schlank and all the other tailors and modistes of Hollywood could make it. Miss Fields (reputedly the highest paid actress in the world), appeared in a lavender sweater with short sleeves and a gray wool crepe skirt with a train. A slightly risqué line in one of her songs brought down the roof. "Ah," smiled Miss Fields, "I see what you want, but I always start by being refeened." To the disappointment of the guests she kept right on being refeened, and the fact that she was kept singing for a good threequarters of an hour was a tribute to her artistry rather than her song writers.

No less a factor than that a picture finished shooting on Friday, the 13th, served as an excuse for Warner Brothers to toss a party. It was a "Jinx" party, and was held on one of the stages at noontime. The only entrances were under ladders. Wherever you looked there were open umbrellas and black cats. There were beds for people who are superstitious about throwing hats on beds. Bruce Cabot always (so his publicity agent says) spends Friday, the 13th, in bed. He was wheeled in on a hospital stretcher and put into one of the beds . . . for safe keeping. A jinx-defying gent sailed a hat towards the bed and the brim cut Bruce across the eye.

Some people are superstitious about whistling in dressing rooms. Glenn Tryon (the director) is one, although he wasn't there. For such as those, however, there was a small dressing room with a skeleton, wearing naught else but a derby, suspended from the ceiling. Every time you opened the door there was a loud whistle. Matches exploded when you struck them, cigars and cigarettes ex-

ploded when you lit them. The pretzels were rubber and the beer was awful. There was a shooting gallery and the targets were mirrors, but none of the guests had a chance to buck fate because John Payne didn't give anyone else a chance, and don't believe any pictures you see of Bonita Granville with a gun in her hands shooting at them. The only thing lacking to make the Jinx party an overwhelming success was Bing Crosby's racehorses.

The week-end is all the excuse Glenda Farrell needs for tossing a get-together. Glenda and her boy friend of the moment, Mary Brian and hers form the nucleus. These little Sunday catch-ascatch-cans are called "Jam Sessions" and are ostensibly given for Glenda's son Tommy. There is an electrical kitchen in the rumpus room and Glenda prepares all the food herself. The inner man attended to, Tommy and his schoolmates demonstrate the latest collegiate steps and Glenda and Mary stay young with youth. Some of the young 'uns to be found around there are Anne Nagel, Marsha Hunt, Jerry Hopper and Judy Garland.

Jeanette MacDonald never goes any-

Jeanette MacDonald never goes anywhere while she's working on a picture and, as her pictures usually take months to make, by the time one is finished Jeanette is practically in a dither for a little excitement. Her parties run more to intimate gatherings than large affairs. The food is excellent and after dinner there are games, games—and more games. Among those usually found at her parties are Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin (when he's in town), Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Nelson Eddy, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown, Lily Pons, when she's in town, and Grace Moore, ditto, with Valentine Parera (her husband).

Most Hollywood celebs seize on some pretext for giving a party. Just to be different, Eddie Norris, Dick Purcell and Robert Wilcox gave a "No Reason Party." And likewise, although only a scant 250 were invited, for "No Reason" 400 came. The young bloods and many (not invited) "in but not of" Hollywood cut up capers to the tunes of the Rhumba Band at La Conga. In fact, although the party was from three to six, many of them cut up such capers they couldn't leave and when the party was over they went right on cutting up capers at their own expense and, if you ask me, that's what constitutes throwing a successful party.

There are no more hospitable and party-loving souls in our fair capital than the Pat O'Briens. When they first arrived in Hollywood Eloise always had to see that there was a ten gallon pot of pork and beans on the stove every Sunday because she never knew how many people would show up (whom Pat had invited) before the day was over. Of course there were many and varied other viands but when you don't know how many to prepare for, a ten gallon pot of anything gives you a reassuring feeling. One of their most successful parties was occasioned by nothing more than Mr. Bing Crosby's entrance into the sport of kings. I mean racing. He called Mr. O'Brien on the phone one bright Sunday morn. "Pat," said Bing, "I gotta coupla jockeys and their girl friends coming out this P.M. They won't get any kick out of seeing the little woman (that's Mrs. Dixie Lee Crosby) and me because they already know us. D'ya mind if I bring 'um down?"

"Why, hell, no," said Pat. "Come right ahead."

"He must mean I should give a party," Pat soliloquized when he hung up the phone, "because we're not celebrities." So, first he called a barbecue artist and ordered him to bring out steaks and trimmings for an 'unknown quantity' of people. Then he started calling friends and when dusk fell and the Crosbys arrived with the jockeys and their girl friends, the O'Brien lawn was more star-studded than the heavens.

It was at this gala function I ran into people I hadn't seen in years and haven't seen since. And it was at this party that a film comic, now well known to picture audiences but totally unknown to them at the time, met his Waterloo. He had just finished his first picture in which Wally Ford also appeared. We'll call the comic Mr. X. so as not to confuse him with the previously mentioned Mr. Z. in this article (because I have a high regard for Mr. Zanuck).

for Mr. Zanuck).

Mr. X. was determined to be a hit in pictures and he stepped on everybody's lines, backed up on everyone and made himself a general nuisance. Late in the afternoon Martha (Wally's wife) introduced their little daughter Patsy to him. "Dear," she cooed, with icicles in her voice, "this is Mr. X."

"Oh, I know you," Patsy piped up shrilly. "You're the man who stands between my daddy and the camera!"

And it was at this same party that Frank McHugh, looking at a queue of about 125 people standing in line waiting to be served with barbecued steaks, remarked confidentially to Pat, "You don't have to worry, pal. This place is catching on."

Yea, verily, brethren and sistern, any-

Yea, verily, brethren and sistern, anything serves as an excuse for a party in Hollywood or, for that matter, for breaking one up.

Nothing more than the approaching opening of the Santa Anita racing season served as an excuse for a party by Mrs. Liz Whitney. Cocktails were to be served at her stables because it was a "Stable Party." The cocktails were duly served. But shortly afterwards—ah, woe is me!—Mr. Errol Flynn knocked Mr. Adrian Roark (the Polo Player) into a cocked hat. Although I was not present (nor even invited, mind you) I am told that the party broke up then and there and the dinner that had been ordered at Victor Hugo's went begging. There were no takers.

## Every Actor Leads Three Lives

[Continued from page 21]

ton and are excellent illustrations of that ability. Muni, like Laughton, rehearses his lines over and over and over again. Then Muni reads them into a machine that records his voice, and plays it back so that he can evaluate each inflection of voice, each interpretation of a word.





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Now if you and I did this, the process would become so monotonous that words and lines would lose all their meaning. When the cameras started rolling, we'd sound like poll-parrots mouthing words that had lost all identity because we had said them over and over so many times. Yet Muni on the screen is all fire and finesse. Each speech he reads is a gem of perfect understanding. His speech to the jury in "Zola" was so thrilling that you sat up erect in your seat. You'd never believe, hearing that magnificent speech and the others that he made, that Muni had worked to perfect them for months—and when the cameras started rolling clothed the framework of words with the blood and flesh that made them significant. That is technique. It is also high art. Laughton studies and rehearses in much the same fashion.

much the same fashion.

When "Mutiny on the Bounty" was being filmed, the boats often put in at Catalina island overnight. Director Frank Lloyd tells me that far into the night he could hear Laughton walking slowly back and forth, and the drone of his voice through the ceiling indicated his laborious and conscientious preparation. Like Muni, Laughton reads his lines into a machine that makes a record of them and then plays it back for his super-critical analysis of values. Perhaps that is why Muni and Laughton are the stylists of the profession, each performance emerging as finely balanced as the workings of a watch. Like the expert watchmaker, who conceals the things that make a watch go 'round, Muni and Laughton disguise their technique and show only the polished result.

You are not startled when stage products like Tracy, Muni, Laughton, Gable, Margaret Sullavan, Alice Brady and Lewis Stone, to mention but a few, exhibit technique. It is more amazing when such screen products as Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Alice Faye, and Ginger Rogers, who had no theatre training, prove that it can be acquired, without a backlog of legitimate theatre experience for fuel. It is startling, too, when a Don Ameche, product of radio, bobs up with performances that are keyed to a nicety. Again you can save your wonder at these instances, because here again you have the answer in the individual's inborn sense of dramatic values.

Charles Boyer has still another expla-

Charles Boyer has still another explanation: "The idea is to think a line before you say it and as you say it," says the French star. If, for instance, you say "I am sick," and think of what you are saying, the tone of your voice, the timing of the line and the expression on your face will mirror the thought. Your voice will expess the way you feel, the slowness of the line will accent the impression of sickness and the expression in your eyes will be that of a sick person.

Basil Rathbone has an answer that is less flattering, but perhaps equally truthful: "All actors are born exhibitionists," he tells you, with conviction. "We like to show off in front of other people. That is why we are at our best when we are in the spotlight, and unhappiest when it is not on us."

Somewhere in all of this, there is the true explanation of the third phase of an actor's life, his professional side.

## Headfirst in Beauty

[Continued from page 10]

Then add the helpful aids I suggest later on. Follow the simple plan of a weekly shampoo, or at least every ten days, a hundred strokes or more from that brush daily, resetting or curling as you need it, and watch a revelation of new beauty in hair.

There are many good shampoos in varying forms, but if you want to save personal experimentation, you will make a note now to buy a bottle of Drene. Drene comes in two types, Regular Drene for normal or oily hair and Special Drene for Dry Hair. It is a liquid that you apply to hair wet in cold or warm water, work up a lather, rub vigorously, rinse well from the hair and that is all. No extra rinse is necessary. Dry as usual, and see a richness of color, a sheen and satiny texture that will delight you. Drene is very economical both in price and by the fact that only from a half to a tablespoon of the shampoo is required. The lather is full and profuse to give that wonderful sense of cleanliness.

I have asked a great number of women with lovely hair what they use, and the number who answer, "Drene," is surprising. If you are the type with dry, lusterless, hard to manage hair, you will find Special Drene for Dry Hair a blessing. It leaves hair soft, silky, shining and so easy to manage. How many of us with this type of hair postpone the shampoo, meanwhile feeling unhappy about our dull, dusty curls, hoping the Big Date won't come just then, simply because we dread those first three or four days when our hair, though clean, is wiry and unkempt looking. You needn't fear this with Drene.

The small forward hats we've been wearing and apparently will continue to wear, now in straw or fabric, with flowers, birds, fruit or bows, expose the greater part of the head. Imagine, from experience with your face and neck at the end of the day, how much dust this exposed hair picks up! The brush is really more important now than ever. For in addition to stimulating circulation, giving your hair lustre, it will also remove much of that dust, especially if you will wipe your brush now and then as you use it.

If you want a fluffy, fine look to that hair, separate it into strands and brush up, away from your scalp in long, sweeping strokes. This carries excess oil off each strand. If you wish to encourage a little more oil, then after brushing as above, finish with strokes on the scalp as your hair naturally lies. As a suggestion, all brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have splendid brushing facility, are beautifully made to withstand long, hard use and many washings. This is a fine brush to buy. They range from fairly inexpensive to luxurious ones, but whenever you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic brush, you may count upon very long wear, as I know from personal experience.

Suppose you're shampooed and brushed, what now? Why not try making some soft fluffy curls or setting some nice waves? You need to dampen the hair, and about the nicest thing I know for this is Nestle Curling Lotion, to use with home curlers. It's a light lotion, almost like water, but



The lady with her head turned from us is Frieda Inescourt. You can't blame her for wanting to show off her smart coiffure, with the almost invisible hairnet keeping it just so.

what soft sheen and lovely, springy curls it makes. There is no residue left on the hair or gummy feeling. The bottle mouth is wide, so you may conveniently dip your comb into it. It is not drying, so you needn't fear harsh hair ends from its use. These, it helps correct.

These, it helps correct.

For curls, you'll find the Hollywood Comb Curler a great help. All in one, the comb and curler, this is easy to use, parts can't get lost, is easy to keep clean and makes the type of curl you can easily adjust as to size and arrangement. Inexpensive and for sale in chain stores.

With the curls of today, high, wide and handsome, casual bob or suave, sculptured close to the head, an old friend has come back—the Venida hair net. A net that is practically invisible to the eye, yet keeps every whirl and curl perfectly in place. Frieda Inescort is wearing a net over her smart coiffure, but you'd never guess it. The "AdjuStyle" is as right for the upswept hair as for the bob or bun, though there is also the cap model, if you prefer that. Until you've tried a net, you don't know how long the perfect arrangement of your hair can last. There are sixteen shades in these nets, each with easy instructions for adjusting. Use the single mesh for general wear, but the double mesh is a boon at bedtime. Under these protective meshes, your coiffure goes to bed and sleeps in perfect order throughout the night. Many find the cap more suited to sleeping than the "AdjuStyle."

As to styles, an upward feeling remains. Many who have accustomed themselves to high hair, undoubtedly will continue if it has proved becoming. The prominent hairdressers say shorter bobs with upward swirls at front and clusters of tight curls at the back. Remember this, though, that your coiffure can be only as lovely as your hair, itself.

Errol Flynn rode the President's horse at the Fort Meyer, Va., Horse Show. Few people know that that horse had a rider, a real rider. You will never see a double on Errol's horses—for a double can't ride well enough to represent him.



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We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The complete formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

## Tested in the Hollywood Crucible

[Continued from page 33]

been tested for this picture include (Tony Hamilton), Murphy Paulette Goddard, Elizabeth Whitney, Vivian Leigh and Carole Lombard. The purpose of these tests was to determine which players were most perfectly adapted to the roles.

The character test seems to puzzle fans. They ask: "Why should Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert or William Powell make tests? Don't producers know they can act?"

But indubitably, my dears! Producers may seem to have strange ideas, but most of them are pretty wise men, you know. The fact that an actor is a ripping comedian does not indicate that he can do Hamlet. There was nothing in the highly dramatic "Stella Dallas" of Barbara Stanwyck to show that she could be amazingly funny as "The Mad Miss Manton.

Basil Rathbone, tired of being used as a threat to naughty children, yearns for sweetness and light-a chance to prove that beneath the famous sneer lies a heart of gold. When "Dark Victory" was being cast he asked to make a test for the male lead. He won the test—perhaps he fright-ened Warner Brothers into it—and although George Brent got the part, Basil proved his point. He is quite competent to do straight leads. Don't be surprised if you see Bad Bold Basil blossoming forth as a gentle lover any day now!

Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford, both song and dance girls, almost begged on their knees before they were given tests which proved their ability as dramatic actresses.

Perhaps the only nice thing about screen tests is the manner in which crews and players co-operate to bolster up the morale of jittery newcomers. Often an established star will make a test, simply to help some lesser player.

I brought up this subject the other night at the Jimmy Ellisons' house-quite a party the Ellisons had-Anita Louise was there with Buddy Adler, Paula Stone with Peter Willes, (you know, the young Englishman with the nice eyes in "Dawn Patrol"), Betty Grable with her Jackie, Joy Hodges, Lee Bowman, Anne Shirley, Johnny Payne and lots of others. They had a regular contest telling their test experiences while we sat around the playroom fire and toasted marshmallows.

Jimmy, popping a dripping confection into the mouth of his wife, Gertie, told how Ginger Rogers bucked him up during a test. It was a warm day, Jimmy wore a felt hat and winter overcoat for the scene, and with all that and a swell case of stage-fright, perspiration was rolling off him in rivers while his knees crashed together like cymbals. In the midst of a clinch, Ginger broke away from him and giggled: "Why the heck don't you take off your coat, you lug?' Everyone on the set howled. Jimmy completely forgot his nerves in the merriment, and the test was so successful that it contributed definitely to his career.

Love scenes seem to be favorite selections for tests. Paula Stone tells how she stood in the middle of a set one day and perfectly strange man rushed up, grabbed her and planted a hearty smack on her lips. Paula, backing away, hauled off and planted an equally hearty smack of another sort on his cheek. She didn't learn until later that the cameras were grinding, the kiss was part of the test, and the director had merely overlooked the little formality of introducing to her the man who was to kiss her!

I asked the crowd if they felt shy or embarrassed when making osculatory scenes with stars. "We don't have time," Peter Willes said. "We're too busy to bother about shyness. Merle Oberon and I played a passionate love scene for a recent test and I was so nervous that I didn't realize until afterward that a life-long ambition—to hold Merle in my arms-had come true and I hadn't even been conscious enough to enjoy it!

There is one famous case of test kisses turning into real ones—that of Garbo and John Gilbert at the beginning of their careers. That was a long time ago, but it still seems worthy of recording that, when making a kiss test, they become so engrossed in their job that long after the shot was finished, the director had yelled cut and the lights been turned off, Garbo and Gilbert were still entwined in each other's arms completely oblivious to what was going on around them.

Paula Stone proved with the following story that tests can become pretty tiring. "In 'Idiot's Delight' I'm one of the girls who dance with Clark Gable, then pick him up and carry him off-stage. We had been rehearsing all day and were practically dead on our feet. Finally, not caring what happened any longer, we went through our paces, danced off with Gable and, the moment we got out of camera range, all gave up with one accord and let go of our burden. He landed with a plop! Being Gable, he laughed so hard that he couldn't get up for a full minute. Director Clarence Brown thought it funny, insisted on using it in the picture, and we spent the next two days carrying Gable around and dropping him. Gee, I'd hate to be that man and have to sit down right now! Just to add insult to injury, Mr. Brown cracked that we might be the Gable Glamour Girls in the morning, but we were certainly the Dead End kids after five o'clock!"

## Having Pleasant Dreams

[Continued from page 51]

named Ross. During that pre-university period when I was giving my concerts, I applied for a job at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and I had to choose a name quickly. A fortune teller had once told me that s's and r's in a name were lucky so the Ross jumped out all of a sudden. Naturally, Shirley was the name I'd pick to go with it. Besides, I had my future planned and I wanted to keep the name Bernice Gaunt for the concert work I intended doing."

A tall man dressed in gray approached our table. Shirley's eyes lit up and she smiled.

"This is my husband, Mr. Dolan," she said, her eyes never leaving his face . . . and her voice when she said it sounded like bells. Instantly I captured the meaning of the vital expectancy which had intrigued me all afternoon.

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Three months. Tell me," she said, with a tongue-in-cheek sort of smile, "why do interviewers never write about my twinkling eyes or my golden hair?"

"Probably," I replied, "because they sense that you are really a very practical person. You are, aren't you?" I pressed when she didn't answer.

"Oh, am I! Inside, outside, underneath and all around."

"Well, there you are. What do you expect?"

"I'd like to hear it just once anyway. I'd get a kick out of having Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer adjectives used on me even if they aren't true."

"What can you do with a woman like that? spoke up Ken Dolan. "She is always herself. That's one of the things I like about her. She never acts when out of the studio."

This conversation naturally led to a discussion of marriage. Shirley's views were interesting and worth passing on both as an individual and as a future star, because some day Shirley's name will rank alongside of Lombard, Colbert, Crawford and others of similar magnitude.

She didn't gush and drip honey because

she was a very new bride. There was at no time any sentimental goo between her and Ken Dolan. They behaved as thoroughly sensible adults should. Only Shirley's eyes when they met his told what was in her heart. Except that she called him "darling," like a whispered caress, they might have been married three years instead of three months.

"I'm not making any statements for publication about my marriage," she said. "I think that Hollywood is afraid of normal marriages. They are so used to everything they do being heralded by a blast of publicity they neither understand nor trust normal things. But I think they have mostly had this situation wished on them. Everyone who marries must make adjustments. All couples, if they are human have differences."

This was the practical Shirley Ross talking; this was the girl whose sister-in-law had said of her "she is easy to live with because she hasn't an ounce of temperament in her body"; the girl who, away from the make-up kit, forgets to act. The strange combination of a practical girl with glamour. In fact, she is one of the few glamour girls who do not need to be fixed up for the Hollywood trade. She has in looks what it takes for success, an edge on ability and the level-headedness to put it across.

Shirley was discovered at the swank Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives and signed to a contract. She made her screen debut in "What Price Jazz." But that studio overlooked her possibilities and she never seemed to get anywhere though she

was seen in several pictures.

Later, she broke into prominence in Bing Crosby's "Waikiki Wedding," singing, with Bing, two of the picture's hit numbers. But the picture which definitely established Shirley was "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

Shirley told me how the director, Mitchell Leison, was stuck on how to bring Bob Hope and Shirley, his ex-wife in the picture, back together naturally. He called in the song writers and told them to write a song to turn the trick.

a song to turn the trick.
"But," said the composers, "the score is all finished.

"That's all right," said the director, "I don't want you to write another song. I just want you to set a scene to music."

From that came the song "Thanks For the Memory" and Shirley and Bob sang it so delightfully Paramount decided to co-star them in a picture of that name.

Shirley is currently to be seen in "Paris Honeymoon" with Bing Crosby. She is one of the few leading women to play repeat engagements with Crosby. I believe only Mary Carlisle has ever done so. After that comes "Cafe Society." Shirley hopes, (some day), to draw a part like the Ethel Merman one in "Anything Goes" which she had the good fortune to play on the road.

"It is just the type of thing I can go to town in," she told me.

Well, perhaps. But if you ask me Shirley Ross has done a pretty good job of "going to town" in all the pictures she has helped to glorify. And it is fairly certain that this is "only the beginning . . . only the beginning . . . "



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## Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 55]

tions. Then what I mean to say is she and the orchestra really tear into that old number until I, who practically introduced it when it was first written (a little offkey, I will admit) stand there agog and amazed.

When the scene is finished Cary shows an inclination to chat—an inclination which I share but which time will not permit me to indulge. So I trek on to the next set.

Miss Maureen O'Sullivan spots me as I put in an appearance. Quite a snappy appearance, I thought it was, too, in my new suit purchased at the January clearance sales. But Miss O'S. apparently

doesn't view me as I view myself.
"Why, Dick!" she exclaims. "How

awful you look. Have you been ill?"
"Well, not exactly," I stutter, "You see, since you quit writing my column for me I've been driven to drink."

"It would be news," Miss O'S. an-

nounces tartly, "if something drove you

from drink."

Mr. Henry Fonda stands there blinking and saying nothing. He hasn't remembered me since Andy Devine introduced us on the set of "Way Down East" five years ago, as follows: "Hank, I want you to meet Dick Mook. Dick is one of the sweetest guys on earth when he likes you and one of the worst heels in history when he doesn't." Mr. Fonda is taking no chances, not one way or the other.

The scene I watch is unimportant so

there's no use taking up your time with it but it's a good picture and it's Maureen's last before her baby comes. And, in passing, let me add that this persiflage between Maureen and me is all in the spirit of good, clean fun because a sweeter person than Maureen never faced the camera-when she likes you.

From here, let's see. Oh, yes!

#### 20th Century-Fox

TWO pictures shooting here—"The Life of Alexander Graham Bell" starring Loretta Young and Henry Fonda, and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" with Richard Greene and Anita Louise.

The former, of course, chronicles the life of the inventor of the telephone, (Mr. Fonda, who hasn't started working yet because he is still at Columbia). Bell has talked Mr. Hubbard (Charles Coburn) into backing his invention and one of Hubbard's daughters (Loretta) has fallen in love with him. She and her sister (Sally Blane) are in their bedroom discussing Mr. Fonda at some length.

"Oh, darling!" Sally exclaims, "of course he's wonderful! He's marvelous!

"Then I'm going to marry him!" Loretta announces determinedly.

"What???" Sally shrieks.

"Oh, the moment I saw him I made up my mind," Loretta smiles. "Just like

"But papa!" Sally wonders aghast.
"What will Papa say?"

"I don't care," Loretta says stubbornly. "I'll shut my eyes so I can't hear (she lip-reads). Besides, Papa mustn't know

yet. No one must know yet-only you." Suddenly there is a sharp rap at the door and Coburn's voice is heard. "Gertrude! You and Mabel stop that foolish chatter. Don't you know it's now exactly —(a little pause as he apparently consults his watch)—eleven minutes past ten! Put out the light and go to bed!"

"Yes, Papa," Sally agrees meekly. But she hugs Loretta again and whispers, "You know, if you hadn't married him,

I would."

It's a pleasure to watch Loretta and Sally work together. I have seldom seen sisters as devoted as these girls and each tries to throw the scene to the other. Polly Ann Young (a third sister) is also in this film and the fourth sister (Georgianne) makes her cinematic debut here.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a real blood curdler—one of the Sherlock Holmes series. Sherlock and his pipe are played by Basil Rathbone and his pipe, Dr. Watson is played by Nigel Bruce, Dr. Mortimer is Lionel Atwill and Sir Henry Baskerville is Richard Greene.

Sir Charles Baskerville has been murdered shortly before and Atwill (his friend as well as physician) lays the case before Sherlock Holmes. When Dick Greene (who succeeds to the title and estate of Baskerville Hall) arrives in London from Canada, where he has spent his life, Rathbone sends Nigel Bruce back to Dartmoor with Atwill and Dick. In the ghostly moonlight the three men are strolling along the yew alley and Atwill is telling Dick how his uncle died. They came to some gates at the end of the alley and Atwill points. "Just about there he lay, poor fellow, face downward, his fingers dug into the ground. When I turned him over his features were so distorted with fright I could scarcely recognize him."

"You reported that, of course, at the

inquest?" Bruce queries.
"Oh, yes," Atwill assures him, "but the coroner held there was nothing unusual in that—in cases of heart failure the features are often distorted."

"Yes," Atwill nods solemnly, "but in this instance, he'd been standing by this, facing out upon the moor. When he turned back, judging from the marks of his boots on the sod, he apparently moved

on tiptoe—"
"What's your conclusions?" Bruce interrupts.

"He was running—desperately, running for his life, running until his heart gave out and he fell dead upon his face.

Dick and Bruce exchange glances of skepticism. "Where were the footprints of the hound?" Dick asks.

"Out there," Atwill gestures, "about twenty yards from the gate. The next morning they were gone—obliterated by the rain but," with all the conviction in the world, "I saw them-as clearly as I see you.'

I don't often care for murder mysteries but this is one I wouldn't miss.

When the scene is finished I stand chatting with the three men awhile. Dick tells me how much his mother is enjoying her visit to Hollywood and Atwill and I talk over the old days when he was a star in New York in "Deburau" and "The Outsider" but, alas for me, there are other studios still to be covered. One of them is-

#### M-G-M

HERE we have "Song of the West" starring Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce. It is a beautiful set—a railroad camp built on the side of a mountain with huge spruce and fir trees growing all around and lights glimmering through the tents in the background. There isn't much action to this scene because Mr. Eddy is singing. The song is "Where Else But Here?" and all the railroad workers are standing around listening and waving beer mugs until it's time for them to join in the chorus.

The other picture is "Broadway Serenade" starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Lew Ayres, Frank Morgan, Rita Johnson, William Gargan, Franklyn Pangborn and the beautiful Virginia Grey.

Only the Misses MacDonald and Johnson are working today. Jeanette is evidently a musical comedy star. The scene is her dressing room. She comes in, a trifle wearily, from the stage, slings her hat on to a costumer and sits down at her dressing table. She is wearing tights and I will say for Jeanette there are few girls in the business who wear tights as gracefully and becomingly. Rita comes in, bubbling with the news that Frank Morgan is giving a party that night but Jeanette's heart is not in it. She has just had a wire that she has won an uncontested divorce. Lew (her husband) hadn't even made an effort to see her. Ah, woe is me . . . for four more reels, anyhow,

and then Love Conquers All once more. So now we come to—

#### Universal

HERE the one and only W. C. Fields is emoting in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Also in the picture are John Arledge, Edgar Bergen, Charlie Mc-Carthy, Constance Moore, Princess Baba and James Bush.

Today only Mr. Fields and Mr. Arledge are working. Mr. Fields is the manager of a circus. His son and daughter (Arledge and Miss Moore, respectively) have been brought up in the way they should go and we find ourselves in the Bel-Goodie home where Connie's engagement to the son of the socially elect Bel-Goodies (James Bush) is being announced.

Mr. Fields arrives, resplendent in a silk top hat, an Inverness cape with a white satin lining, gray striped trousers, fawn colored westkot, orange Ascot and other colorful accessories that cause me to murmer (to myself, of course) "Crosby, in all his glory, was not arrayed like this.

When he arrives, the butler holds out a tray for his card and big-hearted Bill, having no card, drops a quarter on it instead.

The startled hireling takes the Inverness and topper and prepares to hang them in the coat closet but Mr. Fields will have none of that. "Here! Whereya going?" he snarls, snatching the Inverness and draping it tastefully over the back of a chair in the hall so the white lining shows. On the white is modestly embroidered, in black letters half a foot high, "WHIPSNADE'S CIRCUS."

"Where's the bar?" he demands of the butler but before the latter can answer, John Arledge appears.

"Dad!" John ejaculates.

"Phineas, my boy!" Bill beams, "This is the proudest day of my life!" He gazes around the hall which is almost as large and much more impressive, than the rotunda in the Grand Central Station. "What a lean-to!" he murmurs. "Where's

the mob?"
"Sssh!" Johnny pleads. Not so loud.
In there," jerking his head over his shoulder.

"A lot of necks have been washed here tonight," Mr. F. philosophizes gazing around. "Here, don't do that!" in alarm, as Johnny is hurriedly folding up the Inverness so the lettering doesn't show. "You don't understand. I arranged that myself. Little advertising."

But Johny is leading him into a small ante-room. "Listen, dad," Johnny begins, as you know, the Bel-Goodies are so-

ciety people—

"Sure, sure," Bill agrees soothingly. "The creme de la creme. Noblesse oblige

as we circus people say."
"But that's just it," Johnny protests
"These people in an agonized whisper. "These people don't know you're in the circus. I told them you deal in wild animals. They think you're a big game hunter."

"Oh, leave it to me," Bill glows. "Left

alone, I can explain anything.

"Please," Johnny pleads, "please, dad. Put on your Sunday manners for our sakes.'

"I've got a button on my lip," Fields promises.



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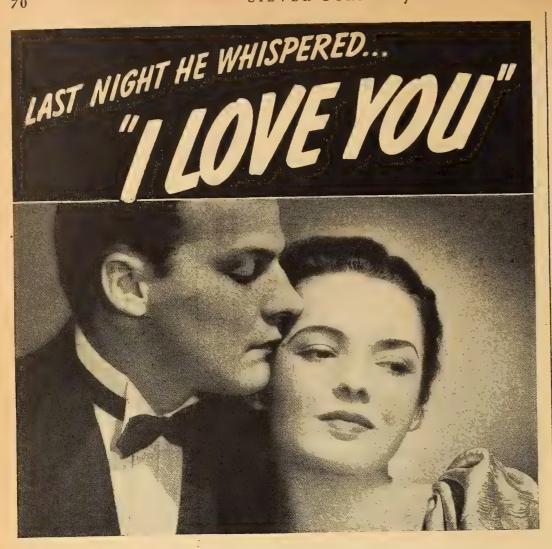
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## I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

WAS A LONELY GIRL ... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me-they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET ... She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd dramatize yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes.

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a thing for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl instantly. You need a brighter, more alluring shade . . . and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly one shade - one lucky, bewitching color-brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in towna beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside ... I want to talk to you ... alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms...he kissed me...and he whispered, "Sweetheart...I love you..."

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Mr. Fields, as you may have gathered, is my favorite comedian. We have split several quarts together in days gone by and over the teacups Bill and I are what you might call "sympatica." But when I approach Mr. Fields on a set he stares vacantly at me and we always have to be introduced.

And so, at long last, we come to-

#### Warner Brothers

D ISHEARTENING as it may be to you (and it is even more so to me) there are four pictures shooting here but one of them, "Sweepstakes Winner" featuring Marie Wilson, Johnny Davis and Allen Jenkins, is on location.

The most important production out

here is "Juarez" who delivered Mexico. This is really an all-star cast—Bette Davis, Paul Muni, John Garfield, Brian Aherne, Gilbert Roland, Claude Rains, Montague Love, Joseph Calleia, John Miljan, Pedro de Cordoba (who used to be a big star years ago), Charles Middleton, Robert Warwick, Henry O'Neill, Harry Davenport, and others too numerous to mention.

It is a strange tale, for many of the principals never work in a scene together. Today we find only Bette (as the Empress Carlotta) and Walter Kingsford (an Austrian ambassador to the court of France and a personal friend of Bette's) working. Bette realizes the empire is slipping away from her and Brian Aherne (as Maximilian). Alone, except for her retinue, she sails for France and Napoleon III. But she is met with rebuffs. She sends for Kingsford.

She is standing at the window, gowned in gray, watching the rain, as he enters. As he is announced, she turns and comes swiftly towards him. "How good of you to come so quickly," she whispers.

"It is the privilege of a Metternich to serve your Majesty's house," he replies gallantly.

Bette freezes anew in resentment. "Can you explain the reason for the intolerable humiliation to which I have been subjected?" she demands. "Although I notified the Emperor Napoleon of my arrival from the port of St. Nazaire, upon reaching Paris there was no one to receive me—not an equerry—not so much as a carriage waiting! And I was compelled to proceed with my suite (gesturing in contempt) to a public hostelry!

"And you have heard nothing from the palace since your arrival!" he exclaims

incredulously.
"Nothing!" she declares. "What does it mean? I am Empress of Mexico. Why was I not received in State? Why was I not provided with a sovereign's escort of the Imperial Guard? Why was a palace not placed at my disposal?"

Aeneas MacKenzie, who did about two years research work on this picture before it went into production, is on the set. I have never met Mr. MacKenzie but he turns to me impulsively when the scene is finished. "God!" he whispers, "It's worth all the time and effort and sweat you put into a thing when you hear your lines read like that! Isn't she marvelous!"

And she is! There is no actress on the the screen who will alter her appearance as radically as Bette, merely to achieve an effect. She wears a black wig in this

picture. Her hair-dress is different. She isn't the *Mildred* of "Of Human Bondage," she isn't any of the girls you have ever-seen her play before. She isn't even

Bette Davis. She's Carlotta!

As an instance of the thought she has given this characterization: she is always gowned in gray. In the beginning when she is young and lovely, it is a light, frothy gray. But as the cares of empire settle upon her the grays are deeper and deeper until, at the end, when she loses her mind, she is gowned in almost a black.

There is another big and important picture here this month. It is "Dodge City" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland. Some of you may remember "Cimarron." This is the same type of picture and it's the only one I have seen that approaches it.

This has to do with the settling of Texas—Dodge City, to be specific. In 1872 it was said, and truthfully, "West of Chicago, there is no law; west of Dodge City, no God."

After numerous adventures, Errol is made Sheriff. Olivia blames him for the death of her rapscallion brother (William Lundigan). The editor of the local newspaper (Frank McHugh) is murdered when he attempts to help Flynn solve the murder. Olivia takes his place. Her hatred for Errol has given place to grudging admiration for the work he is doing, when he saunters into her office.

"Did you want something?" she asks

Errol looks around as though just seeing her. "Only this chair," he smiles "—if you don't mind."

"This is a newspaper office, Mr. Hatton —not a social centre," she retorts, glaring

"There've been some complaints around town about you, Miss Irving," he announces slowly.

"What? Who?" she demands quickly. "Well," he says hesitantly, "people are inclined to feel a newspaper office isn't a proper place for a sweet, charming girl like you."
"What's wrong with my working here?"

she puts it up to him.

"It's not dignified," he kids her. "It'sit's unladylike. Girls ought to stay home and do—do needlework—and things."
"Needlework!" she sniffs contemptu-

ously. "Sewing buttons for some man, I

suppose?"
"Well—buttons do come off. Some-body has to sew 'em on," he counters.

"That's a fine career for an intelligent woman," she scoffs.

Unfortunately, this isn't one of the best —or rather, most important—scenes in the picture. But this picture, too, fea-tures an all-star cast: Alan Hale, Victor Jory, Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan, Henry Travers, Henry O'Neill and a host of others. Please don't miss it.

The last picture of the month is "On Trial," featuring Margaret Lindsay and John Litel. It's a good picture, too, but, somehow, the first two on this lot are so breath-taking they have drained all the emotion out of me and I haven't much heart left for inconsequential things, however pleasant they may be. So I chat with Margaret for a few minutes and then I say goodnight to her—and to you.



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## WOMEN YOUR 4

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t For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 827 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass. Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## Hedy Lamarr and the Angry Blondes!

[Continued from page 16]

in Vienna. Her father was a director of the Bank of Vienna and Hedy was brought up in an atmosphere of wealth and gentility which probably accounts for the fact that she has been able to take the richness of Hollywood right in her stride, without letting it turn her head one iota. As a child she was always dressed in spotless white and wore little Dutch caps, and was taken for a walk in the Park every afternoon. Naturally everyone wanted to pet her, but her nurse would gruffly tell them to stand back, much to Hedy's annoyance as she was a friendly little soul and liked people then, just as she does now.

When she became a little older Hedy found that having a nurse constantly holding your hand was a great inconvenience. She used to make the poor woman walk ten feet behind her, and if she so much as dared to speak to her when they were walking on crowded streets, Hedy would turn up her little nose and pretend not to know her. But days that she could go shopping with her nurse were red-letter days. Employing the nod system the nurse would indicate with her head what color of ribbon or spool of thread she wanted and Hedy, very importantly, would purchase it and ask the salesgirl to wrap it. She wanted so awfully to be grown up and allowed to go places alone. And that's how her father tricked her into going to the dentist. He told her she could go alone, without the nurse, and Hedy, the dope, simply couldn't wait to go to the dentist

every week. The gruff nurse was succeeded by a French nurse who was a source of great interest to Hedy. She had the weird habit of sneaking a clove from the kitchen, and burning it over a candle, and when she thought Hedy wasn't looking she would cork her eyelashes and eyebrows with it.

Hedy became a practical joker. Thank heavens, she got it out of her system before coming to Hollywood. Another practical joker is something we don't need.

Hedy was Daddy's girl when she was small and one of her earliest recollections is sitting on his knee while he read fairy tales to her. In his study her father had a huge old hand carved desk. It was deep and wide, with great drawers in which a little girl could hide. She appropriated the desk as her own little theatre and there she did her first acting. With an audience of dolls (she was a great one for dolls) she would act "Hansel and Gretel," "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and other fairy stories by the hour.

When her father died while she was still quite young she turned to her mother for love and sympathy and the closest companionship grew up between mother and daughter, both of whom are inclined to be a bit on the sentimental side. In Hedy's living room in her new Beverly Hills house there is only one picture—a miniature of her mother, which proves beyond a doubt where the Lamarr beauty came from.

When Hedy was a child she adored

mushrooms and pork, so recently Mrs. Keisler had little diamond and platinum charms made of a mushroom and a pig and sent them to Hedy for her charm bracelet. Also, she sent Hedy her favorite doll from the collection of dolls which Mrs. Keisler has cherished all these years. Whenever little Hedwig was a credit to the family, acted like a little lady in a crisis, or got good marks in school (that wasn't too often as Hedy hated school) her mother would give her an old-fashioned bouquet with a little paper doily around it, and Hedy was as pleased as punch. An hour before she was to leave her home to attend the preview of "Algiers," while she was pacing up and down like a mad young thing (I saw her that night, and boyoboy, was she nervous!) the faithful Erica, her companion and secretary, presented her with a small box in which she found an oldfashioned nosegay, just like the ones she used to get when she had done something noteworthy as a child. Mrs. Keisler had cabled Erica to get it for her. Hedy's mother is expected in the next few weeks. It was a little matter of quota, or she would have been here long ago.

Hedy wasn't particularly crazy about going to school, though it was a relief to get away from the nurse and governess. She loved music and dancing but she developed a great undying hatred for arithmetic-which rather surprises agents and salesmen in Hollywood who claim that Hedy is a pretty smart girl when it comes to juggling figures. She was puttering around in a chemistry lab one semester having herself a time with the pretty colors in a bottle when suddenly she discovered that chemistry and mathematics are closely related. She dropped chemistry

like a hot cake.

"It was those equations," she says sadly. Her notebooks were always full of designs instead of interesting bits of information regarding Napoleon, Browning, and the metaphor. She was, and is, a great one for scribbling, and the minute she gets a pencil in her hand you are going to see a flock of flowers appear on whatever's handy. She remembers with horror the day her history teacher caught her doing a garland of roses around her inkwell, when she should have been listening to something dreary about the Roman Empire, and held her up to the class as a Public Example.

When she was fifteen years old she had some sketches accepted for advertising the Hungarian Red Cross—so I guess her scribbling wasn't so bad after all. Her ability to sketch something rapidly comes in very handy in Hollywood. When she can't think of a word she wants to use

she will draw it for you.

Hedy had a grand time during vacations, skiing in the wintertime and swimming in the summer, but school she found to be just as annoying as those nurses who would never let her out of their sight. Se Hedy fell into evil ways-she discovered how she could play hooky, and neither her mother nor her teachers would ever know! "It was very naughty of me," says Hedy, but she doesn't think so really.

They had a custom in the private school she attended of signing cards which recorded the absence from school of the pupils. The parents signed the cards for

each hour of absence. Mrs. Keisler would put down a 1 and sign the card, but guess what our little Hedwig did?—that's right she put a zero after the numeral, and thus gave herself ten hours away from classes, ample tome to buy a box of chocolates

and go to a movie.

The first movie Hedy ever saw was
Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and she remembers slipping away from her nurse to see it as movies were forbidden when she was a child. But America's Sweetheart's curls must have done something to Hedy, for from that day on she became an ardent movie fan, and more than once, alas, slipped an O in back of that 1.

One day she heard that the Sascha studios were in need of a script girl so by rigging up that report card she got an absence from school and went to work. But she didn't remain a script girl very long, not with that face, and so when the director wanted an actress for a secre-tarial part in "Storm in a Water Glass"

Hedy grabbed it quick as a flash.

Then came "Ecstasy." Hedy claims that she knew nothing about the nude scenes when she signed the contract for the picture, and that when they sprung them on her she objected. But the big bullies threatened to sue her, and Hedy didn't want a lawsuit just then. She played the scenes. "Too much has been made of it," says Hedy. "It is a lot of chichi. Chichi in French," she adds, "is non-sense."

Anyway, she was fed up with movies for the time being and went on the stage and was doing a very good job of "Queen Elizabeth" when the millionaire munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl, began sending flowers to the stage door. Well, you've read by now all about Mr. Mandl's courtship, Hedy's marriage, her castle, her boredom, and her escape to England. Through the phinagling of agent Robert Ritchie, Hedy caught the boat bound for New York on which Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer were returning to the United States-and Hollywood. Mr. Mayer knows a pretty face when he sees one so he immediately gave her a contract. Mrs. Mayer gave her a name. "A beautiful name for a beautiful girl," she said. "How about Lamarr? There has never been anyone as beautiful in Hollywood as Barbara La Marr." And so, she who was born

Lamarr in Hollywood. When the blondes got a gander at her dancing at the Trocadero, looking like something out of another world, they went as limp as water, but they bucked themselves up by saying, "She'll never learn English." But Hedy fooled them. With one year of it in school as a starter Hedy began to go to movies, which wasn't exactly a hardship as she adored them anyway. "With a good ear and a quick eye you can see what the actors are saying as you hear it," Hedy explains. "Even now I often speak a word of English and suddenly realize I have never said it before. Words come that way. The pictures give an excellent course."

Hedwig Keisler in Vienna became Hedy

Well, my poor smoldering blondes, there's nothing can be done about it now -unless, of course, you want to dye your blonde tresses brunette. Or just let them grow natural for a change.

LEARN FROM A BARBARIAN BEAU



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WHITE ... MOUTH HEALTHY

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin afflictions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D.
PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast.
Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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Comic or any subject.
Don't delay—send us
RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, III.

WONT SLIP
So-hair-do stays
charming



## Lana—A New Name for the Lights

[Continued from page 34]

almost reached the point of distraction it finally happened.

Lana Turner appeared on the set. Quietly, almost unobtrusively, she walked over and sat down near him.

"I'll mark an X where I want you to stop," he said, scarcely glancing at her as he marked the floor with chalk.

Lana then climbed the stairs and took her place with the others before the cameras. As she did so all eyes followed her. Somehow she reflected a resurgent personality that made her stand out from the others like a shining star.

The red lights flashed; all the harsh and brittle atmosphere was suddenly muted; everything was set to go. Yet Lana held back. Had something gone wrong? Or was she waiting to drop into her lines and action like a bomb at the crucial moment? No one spoke. Electricians and cameramen tensed, helpers stared, Sinclair bent forward—intent.

A current of drama electrified the air. In some manner Lana was calling forth all the magical radiance of her effervescent talent and personality to perform the miracle that can happen when a personality pulsing with the fibre and flame of youth and a soft and warm feminine beauty goes into a characterization.

Perhaps this day might see HER name and fame set up there, a bright and shining star—brighter than all others. The light shone from her hair, her eyes held Wonder in their depths and Time tiptoed softly to her side, whispering gently in her ear: "This is the Day." Lana was now in her role, the role of a young lady struggling with the problem of whether or not to be an actress. She turned toward the camera and it seemed to fade away dimly into the mist of her mental perceptions. Then, in that curious isolated moment of startling self-assurance and emotion, a magic like invisible steel lifted her and everyone on the set to the contemplation of Hamlet's immortal lines as she and two girls, one on either side, came down the stairs uttering in unison:

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Lana's portrayal left me stunned. How many actresses could transform a stage like that? How many could elicit sincere plaudits from those calloused and stage weary helpers and hands? Here was only a young girl, a school girl, playing her part up to the peak. I realized, then and there, that I had witnessed a portrayal by a personality that is destined to portray many powerful and gripping roles in the future.

Esconsed in her lovely home (where the picture on this page of her and the writer was taken), Lana lies resting from a brief illness. Yet she accepts it as part of the attendant harshness of her existence. She realizes that as an actress she must perform miracles all day and half of the night and then go home to eat, bathe, massage and sleep so that she can repeat the next day. And in between pictures she must carry on a furious campaign for publicity, make personal appearances at theatres, women's clubs, department stores, civic clubs, luncheons, sports events and generally be seen at the cinema hangouts, to say nothing of her school work. She has little time to herself and life sometimes becomes confused. Yet always when she sinks into the darkness of a cold world a burst of illumination comes upon her, and she hears that little voice whisper in her ear: "This is the day." The day when drama of great significance will come to pass—drama so intense and compelling that Hollywood scripts, by comparison, pale into insignificance.

To go back a bit, on a certain February 8th, in the early nineteen twenties a tiny baby girl, daughter of a professional dancer by the name of Virgil Turner, was christened Lana, in Wallace, Idaho. Came the day when the Turners moved to San Francisco, and later to Hollywood. But THE hour came on a dark, cloudy February afternoon in 1937.

"Drat that bell," said petite Lana to her school chum as the two sat sipping malted milks in a small cafe across the street from Hollywood high school. "It's not our fault if we can't get our lunch served in time."

"I hate typewriting anyway," said the friend. "Let's take our time for once. The teacher's a good scout; she'll excuse us for being late.

So the girls took their time, slowly sipping their drinks as they sat opposite each other, viewing other students hastening toward the inevitable classes and boredom.

"I wish I could go to a school where they teach nothing but Art," said Lana, catching the eye of a stranger watching her from the main counter. Nonchalantly she toyed with the straw in her glass, and appeared not to notice him, although definitely she could feel his piercing eyes appraising her. Then she squared her shoulders and squirmed in her seat. "Honest," she continued, "someday I'm going to be an A-1 costume designer."

As the man continued to gaze, Lana looked into her glass. At first indignation swept over her; not corroding, bitter indignation, but a gentle, pathetic feeling for the "poor sap" as she termed him. Then she tried to ignore him while she raised her glass with a shaking hand and gulped its remaining contents. But she could feel his gaze growing stronger and stronger, now a look of admiration, praise, scrutiny, appraisal and helpfulness-all rolled into one.

"Let's get out of here," she said, but she was too late for the man was now coming up to them with the proprietor, who introduced the stranger as William Wilkerson, Hollywood trade-paper pub-

"I believe I can place you in the movies," Wilkerson addressed Lana. "That is, if you are interested."

Her heart pounded furiously; she was trembling. She wanted so much to cry out, but she was afraid. She didn't quite know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. Now a look of gratification came to her eyes and all of a sudden she was on her feet, her trembling hand clasping the man's in a symphony of gratitude.

"You'll be a great actress, in time," said Director Mervyn LeRoy a few days later when Lana had received a test. And he not only cast her as the unforgettable and tragic young lady in "They Won't Forget" but also rewarded her with a long term contract—a document upon which Lana tenderly meditated for some time. She read it and reread it, then folded it, reading the large printing on the front of

the blue cover.
"Lana" she visioned in a marquee sign. Mr. LeRoy had said it was a good name; she must work hard to live up to it. She looked at the contract again. To her the most sacred possession in the world. And how near she had come to missing it. Had she rushed madly to her typing class when the gong had sounded there might

never have been a contract.

Lana has a voice which is soft and sweet, with nothing artificial or pretentious about it, and it fits perfectly with her captivating and vivacious personality, and physically delicate make-up. She has plenty on the ball. Her timing, her mannerisms, her camera angles, her attitudeeverything shows that. She always plays her part up to the crest even though it takes a terrific toll.

Yet she is capable of a wide range of characterizations, and who knows but what her version might be the very best. Now that she is on the positive side of what to millions seems a bridgeless chasm her talents and charm, instead of growing harsh and stereotyped as in the case with many actresses, are ripening and deepening into a lovely and poignant thing. That is why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has extensive plans for her future and why Lana will in all probability continue to conjure Turner magic on the screen.

## Hollywood Answers the Critics

[Continued from page 29]

and no singer, regardless of how great, could stand there and 'make up' the glorious melody he sings. These things are just as incongruous as the music, to those with no imagination."

There you have a frank discussion of the topic by one who is tops in his profession, who knows all the answers even before they're asked.

Very direct and to the point is Bette

Davis' reply . . .
"It is easy to understand that some people would feel a distinct shock at suddenly hearing a symphony orchestra in a desert. I would probably feel the same way, except that I happen to know why an orchestra is there. The producer simply has a choice of giving the audience a fine musical number, in the event it is the accompaniment to a song, or a rather skimpy entertainment. His pride in his film, as well as good business and knowledge of what best pleases the public, suggest a good, full number."

Certainly no one is better equipped to touch upon the question at hand than Nelson Eddy. We may believe him when

he says . . . "Full orchestral accompaniment is justified on the screen, as well as on the stage, in spite of situations. No song is really complete without an instrumental background, whether that song is sung on the concert stage or in the livingroom of a home.

"I have yet to hear criticism concerning the use of full orchestra as an accompaniment in musical comedy, where certainly many situations could well inspire the question of 'where did they find an orchestra in that forsaken spot?' Why, then, should the screen be criticized for doing the same thing? After all, every singer in the world likes background for his song, if it is only the splash of water in the shower.'

Even more searching is Allan Jones in

"It would be as ridiculous for a singer to attempt a solo number without musical background as it would be to present a scene in a picture without its proper scenery," he points out. "Of course, there are capella numbers, or numbers written specifically for raconture where a singer can hold an audience in a concert, but rarely if ever would this be practical on

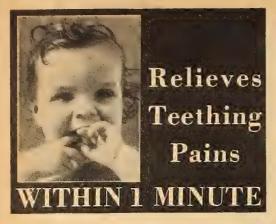
the screen.
"Choirs may sing in a great many cases without orchestration—because the blending of voices supply their own background, they are singing orchestras actually—but an individual should have the very best accompaniment possible. Of course, though, the music should be so arranged that it will not overshadow the voice of the singer, else the effect will be lost and audiences rightfully may wonder at the intrusion."

Look into your own experience, you people out there who hold the same thought as that of our two letter-winners. Don't you, seriously, now, prefer a song



<sup>\*</sup> Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C. Copyright, 1989, Pond's Extract Company



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most efficient gray hair preparations you can use. From your druggist get one-fourth ounce glycerine, one ounce bay rum, one box BARBO Compound. Mix them in half pint of water, or your druggist will mix for you at small cost.

Comb this colorless liquid as directed into gray, faded or streaked hair and see how easily it is transformed in appearance into a lustrous, natural-lookshade that will not wash out or rub off. BARBO does not not stain the scalp or affect permanents or waves. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Used with satisfaction over 25 years by blonds and brunettes. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your sto.nach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

with musical accompaniment, to the one where only the voice is heard?

'Music has progressed from a strictly supporting factor to a truly independent force," Boris Morros, musical director at Paramount, asserts. "It has come to take the place of words, anticipates situations which develop in succeeding scenes."

Haven't you often been thrilled by the music accompanying certain action, particularly in moments of deep suspense? Haven't you sat on the edge of your seat in expectation of something momentous that you knew was about to happen? That feeling inside you, that made you tremble with anticipation, was a direct result of music, music so pitched and so arranged that you could not help but respond.

Dramatic license, you might call the addition of music to a scene. "Musical license," Director Irving Cummings terms it, more appropriately.

'Audiences expect music with their pictures, whether they realize it or not," he says. "Without music—and I say this because we have experimented—there would be a dull, a deadly monotone, scenes would fall flat. Music helps lift audiences to the mood of a picture.

Along the same line, another director,

Lloyd Bacon, speaks up .

"In the name of make-believe, many things are permissible on the stage and screen. A spectator either falls into the mood and spirit of a play or he does not. In the latter case, no amount of logic will help or explain. To prefer sitting entirely outside instead of coming in and joining the party costs lots of people the whole-hearted enjoyment that makebelieve offers its real devotees."

The use of music, then, in a picture, whether it be the accompaniment of a song, or the bearing out of the spirit of the action, is a practical, necessary thing. Douglas Shearer, best-known of all sound engineers in Hollywood, declares that in every human being, regardless of his station in life, there is the desire for expression in music. It is an integral part of international life. Because of this desire, unconscious, perhaps, in the minds of many, possibly the great majority, musical scores have been added to almost all pictures.

"Music in pictures knits the visual and auditory emotions into a whole to produce a greater and keener enjoyment," he explains in conclusion. In that one thought is caught the real reason for music on the screen, and Hollywood's answer to the

challenge.

## Counting the Radio Customers

[Continued from page 31]

nuisance for they realize that by giving their opinions on programs they will be thus more likely to get the kind of entertainment they want.

She recalled that one man told her that he had missed the Jack Benny session on a particular Sunday because his radio was out of order, but he did want to register a vote for Jack Benny because

he appreciated his artistry.

In practically every case the person called first expressed surprise and then pleasure that anyone was interested in whether or not they like what was coming over the air. Most of them thought they had to take what was there and be satisfied with it.

From the replies thus given in thousands of communities across the country, Crossley statisticians compile the ratings that show the comparative standing of the various programs. In their findings is the answer to the question as to why some of the favorites of past seasons aren't on the airwaves now. It seems that listeners could stand just so much of them, and then it got to the point, especially with comedians, where they were no longer funny because the listener could anticipate the patter. Those who could change their pace and vary their routine survived, among such lucky ones being Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Walter O'Keefe and Bop Hope. These findings turned up a very important piece of information of vital interest to the buyer of radio time and that is, the time of day and the particular days when the radios of most of the persons interviewed were turned on. With this information, the sponsor naturally tries to put on his show as close as possible to such hours, for then he is assured of the largest audience for his offering.

Now about the much discussed but seldom understood Crossley rating. If our own Ed Sulliyan should say in his column that Rudy Vallee's Crossley rating was 24 in a most recent survey—and I'm just making up this figure for the purpose of showing how the survey works it means that if 100 listeners were called, 24 said they were listening to Vallee so the Vallee program is rated 24. The actual basis of rating, of course, is on several thousand calls rather on just a hundred, but the principle is the same.

Edgar Bergen and W. C. Fields and the world's most loved bit of wood. A scene from "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."



On the face of it, it would seem that this telephone system of surveying listener interest is the answer to the question of how to get the opinion of the arm-chair audience. The dialers give their answers and the experts chart 'em. Isn't that fair enough, you might ask? Well, the answer to that is—it is and it isn't.

Because, what about the opinions of the people who don't get called up? Suppose Mrs. Jones, who adores Rudy's singing, gets called up, while Jimmy Fields who is a devotee of Kay Kyser's swing, and Pop Smith, who "goes for" Frank Morgan's antics don't get phoned at all. The figures on Vallee are gotten honestly enough, but the rating on Morgan and Kyser is certainly affected because two of their most ardent fans weren't reached.

To show you how these figures, though generally regarded as gospel, may yet reflect different points of view, take the Charlie McCarthy hour. That Sunday night at 8 period has for so long been regarded as Charlie's own that no sponsor has been willing to put on a show over a rival network at the same time because everyone felt that the nation's ears were reserved for Bergen's little wooden dummy. Last winter the rating on this show was just a bit under 50, the highest rating ever received by a commercial show, and exceeded only by such special events as championship prize fights. Since the competitive network couldn't sell the time, they put on Orson Welles in a sustaining series of dramas. Came the eventful broadcast of the arrival of the Martians and you recall the hysteria that swept the country. The network was completely swamped with the avalanche of letters, telephone calls and telegrams that came in about the program. Which just went to prove that in spite of the Crossley report—which as we said before, most advertisers use as their measuring stick of a program's popularity—there were plenty of people who listened to Charlie's competitor.

As to what happened to Orson Welles ... well, that's radio for you. Having proven that he could get listeners away from the little wooden man and the publicity that resulted was sure to gain for him an even wider audience, a sponsor grabbed Welles and put him on his old Friday night spot which was losing ground.

But to get back to the business of surveying listeners, what about the folks who have radios but no telephones? Obviously they can't participate in a phone survey. To get around this, the C.A.B. and other research organizations hired by the networks make a door-to-door canvass in certain non-phone localities to find out their listening preferences.

Perhaps the best insight into radio boxoffice is the statement of an executive of
a large advertising agency, both of whom
shall be nameless here. According to him:
"It's most amazing how many indications
there are of a star's popularity that have
nothing to do with radio. With very few
exceptions, the big programs are manned
by performers who have established reputations in the theatre and the movies like
Edward G. Robinson, Al Jolson, Fanny
Brice, Martha Raye, Eddie Can'or and
Irene Rich, to name a few. We know that
these people have a big following because

hundreds of thousands of people pay money to see their performances and magazines are continually running stories on them, which shows that the public is interested in their doings.

"Now then, while we like to give the listeners a good show, we are primarily interested in selling the sponsor's product. In radio the test is the number of purchasers he can lead to his sponsor's product. The American people are radio-wise to the fact that only by supporting the sponsor's product can they expect a radio star to be retained on the air.

"In the last analysis we know that a star has definite radio box-office appeal when the listener-in identifies him with his sponsor's product. When the housewife asks for Jack Benny's dessert in any of the six delicious flavors or orders Charlie McCarthy's coffee, we know that these performers have sold the public and the public is sold on their sponsor's product, which makes it a bull's eye all around—100 percent radio box-office appeal."

When you come to think of it, radio sure is a funny business. Millions of people buy receiving sets, millions of dollars are spent on programs to be tuned in on these sets, yet nobody knows with any degree of accuracy whether the whole thing is a good idea or just a waste of time. About the only thing you do know with any measure of certainty is that when you answer your phone or the ring at the front door and someone asks you: "What program were you listening to last night? Your opinion counts as an admission stub in the far-flung ramifications of gauging radio-box office.





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## MAKE HIM

Glover's dog medicines and specialties will do it. A kind for most conditions. Popular for over half a century. For FREE Dog Book write Glover's, 468 4th Ave., N.Y.



GLOVER'S MEDICINES

## How It Got That Way!

[Continued from page 27]

And when you see clear-cut letters like that, it indicates quiet, modest tastes. For instance, did you know that Miss Norma Shearer dotes on hamburgers-withonions, chute-de-chutes, dining at home off a tray, subdued colors, and street cars? Amazing woman.

Over at Warner Brothers there's an equally amazing man, James Cagney by name. We sat at lunch in the Green Room and he said, "Okay, shoot. What do you see in my calligraphy?" I saw plenty . . .

First of all, his writing is forceful. His final stroke tends to be downward. This combination means Jimmy is a Grade A fighter, slightly opinionated, and

pretty much set in his ways.
"Um-hmm," hemmed Jimmy. "When I was eighteen I stopped going with a girl because she wanted to learn to dance and I didn't. I thought it was nuts. A year later I was earning my living at it. Guess that's where I started being set in my ways all right!"

His writing further indicates a shrewd common sense and the ability to think his way through any problem. Jimmy grinned widely. "I picked up that little trick the time a leopard chased me around a barn five times. The family had taken me to an upstate farm for the summer and somehow this spotted fellow got loose from a circus. Any problem I've had since has been a cinch to that! I finally solved it by jumping into the haymow and pitching hay on him until help came."

You can't beat Jimmy. You'd know that even if his pen didn't show it. Those large lower loops reveal lively, earthy spirits—which are never allowed to run away with him, for the slant of his line, which is backward, is the mark of one ruled by the head. Of a fundamentally

cold nature.

"Now I remember," he declared face-tiously. "I got that slant after I'd been locked in the icehouse one afternoon while we were doing an early gangster picture!"

Maybe you've noticed how his "a's" and that "g" are open at the top. It's the same with his "o's" in his ordinary writing. Friendliness, a quick, generous friendliness, are shown there. Also a frank sincerity. His large graceful capitals signify an unwavering self-respect which, combined with a clear vision, make his success easy to understand.

Over on Stage 10 we found George Brent between scenes of "Dark Victory." He winked, and said, "Let's have it. I've always wondered what lay behind those peculiar things that pass for letters.'

Behind George's letters you'll find one of the most interesting and involved personalities in Hollywood.

Just the way he crosses his "t" tells you that he has enough energy and ambition to charge the Niagara. But that capital "B," so wide at the base, says he easily becomes the prey of unscrupulous people if he's not careful.

"Truer words were never spoken," stated George. "On the boat coming back to America one time I got in a game with one of the officers . . . when I landed I had twenty-six cents left."

When you first look at George Brent's

signature, the thing that catches your eye is the strength with which he bears down in writing. No doubt about it, Mr. Brent loves a good honest fight! And the courage of the man is evident in the ascent of the final "e" to the right.

It reminds one of the story his sister tells of how George, as a youngster, licked a boy twice his size, near their home in Ireland, for teasing her. Years later it was this same boy who turned informer when George was carrying dispatch papers for De Valera during the Irish rebellion. George, with his life in danger, stayed in the country long enough to lick the fellow again!

By nature he's charmingly volatile, subject to quick change, and generous to the point of madness when any need arises -as those big open capitals indicate. But the irregularity in his line denotes a certain carelessness in small things.

"I distinctly remember," said George, nodding "that irregularity came after I'd been extremely careless in a high school basket ball game. I didn't duck in time to prevent the guard from landing on my head—and I woke up in the hospital with a concussion. It just doesn't pay to be careless!'

Now, on the other hand, you'll observe that Irene Dunne writes a smooth, straight line. That, and the shape of her "n's" are

a sign of great animation.

In fact, when we finally caught up with her in her Brentwood home, she was busily engaged in a rocking horse race with her small daughter, Missy. "It's a photograph finish," she informed Missy as she slipped off. "Or do they call it photograph-ic? And now please tell me what's in a name!"

Those small letters of Irene's—they tell two important things. The size of them says she's apt to jump at conclu-

sions!

"Like I did this morning," Irene agreed. "I thought the truck was turning right. It wasn't. And now I have to get a new fender on my car. . . ." The smoothness of the letters represents a good deal of common sense and good taste.

Like George Brent's, her large capitals indicate generosity approaching extravagance—but the tops are closed. She has tremendous initiative—but she's tem-

peramentally secretive.

"My goodness, yes," she giggled. "I kept the news from the family for two whole hours once when I won a contest making doughnuts! The family happened to be away . . . "

She's gifted with a quick imagination and the energy to use it. Her Greek "e's" signify the desire for cultural advance-

ment.

"Oh," said Irene, "those funny letters must have developed after the week I sang with the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera when I was eighteen . . . "

There's more than one story in signatures! With Henry Fonda's, for example—wouldn't you know his friends would call him "Hank?" Just from the unassuming lines of his writing, the modest capitals. His "n's" show him to

be adaptable to any environment.
"Well," grinned Hank, "Jim Stewart, some other fellows and myself once lived in a flat on Sixty-Third street in New York surrounded by gunmen and we did manage to keep healthy. Of course we didn't know the sweet location we were in until a man was shot under us and Legs Diamond was killed in the hotel across the street. We kind of decided it

was time to move then ...

In the upward curve of that "d" which projects to the right, there's a gay, flirtatious nature, not readily confined. And the open "o" reveals a disarming frankness. But the general absence of angles or decision in his strokes—particularly towards the end where it develops into something of a scrawl-says that Mr. Fonda believes in letting tomorrow take care of itself! But Mrs. Fonda needn't worry. Not with his basic line as even as it is and his small letters so uniform in size. That says Hank is a pretty straightforward, dependable person.

Randolph Scott has all the characteristics of a sane, normal personality. On the set of "Jesse James" where he was twirling six-shooters as the sheriff, he smiled largely at that one. "I have to

be. I live with Cary Grant!"

The down stroke on his "p" shows a natural love of sports and outdoor life. "Let's see," said Randy facetiously, "I guess that letter must have grown that way after I ran away when I was a kid to live in a cave and be a Buffalo Bill. Only there was a skunk in the cave so I didn't stay long .

Although he's inclined to be opinionated, with his "t" cross slanting downward—and not easily adaptable to circumstances—his "n" is unlike the usual "u" of most other stars—Randy's well-spaced writing shows him to be a sound thinker. His energy often takes the



Richard Greene, Nigel Bruce, Jimmy Thomson, Sidney Lanfield, Harry Cooper, Ed Dudley, Basil Rathbone and Horton Smith on the "Hounds of Baskerville" set. Lanfield is M. F. H.

form of impulsiveness.

"You never learn," he confessed. "When I was playing football at Georgia Tech I got a little too impulsive with an opposing fullback. Result: A great Scott crack-up! That's why I'm in pictures. Probably if I'd finished college I would be an engineer on the Ganges this minute.'

And there's a distinct feeling for economy in the angularity of his writing, in the fact that there is no general spread-

"Yes," he told me, "I began pinching words when I began pinching penniesin Europe. In Budapest, to be exact. A foreign gentleman stole my wallet and for six days I lived on the change in my pocket-forty-nine cents-until I could get some money cabled to me from home."

Oh, yes, a signature is an amazing key! There's an entire personality hidden in every one. And, after all, studying personalities is a grand game. Why not join in—you'll have the stars for company.

## **HOW DO YOU LOOK IN** YOUR BATHING SUIT



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Why it builds up so quick

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Irvin Echard

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## Love Marches On

[Continued from page 23]

ing. When she goes to work in the morning, she walks into the arms of Jimmy Cagney, John Garfield, Tyrone Power or Don Ameche. It is Love she dances with at the Troc, dines with at the La Conga, the Beachcombers, the Hawaiian Paradise or wherever the glowworm glimmers when night has come. Love in make-up, perhaps; Love showing his fervent features through No. 3 greasepaint. Or Love, True Love, waiting at the gates, a plain gold ring in his hand.

We have watched Rosemary Lane (in "Oklahoma Kid") held in the hard, demanding arms of Jimmy Cagney . . . and in the evening of that day we have seen Rosemary dining with Jeffrey Lynn at the Beachcombers, or with Ronnie Reagan at the Grace Hayes Lodge in the Valley . . . and there was a light in her eyes when she was in Cagney's arms . . . and there was a light in her eyes when she danced with tall, young Jeffrey Lynn . . . and one light was by day and one was by night and who among us could tell which was the True Light.

We have watched Priscilla storm-swept by the sultry, suicidal passion of John Garfield, in "Four Daughters," passion so tumultuous and real that Love himself seemed to turn away, confused . . . and then we have watched Priscilla and Oren Haglund at the Beachcombers, having a Chinese dinner there, or at the Hawaiian Paradise, dancing, locked in each other's arms, under a riding moon at Carpenters or the Colonial Drive-In, having hamburgers in heaven. Now, when was Love laughing behind his mask?

Or, again, we have watched Don Ameche's dark, adoring eyes follow Arleen Whelan on the set while she wove a pattern with her dancing feet . . . and on that evening have come upon Arleen and Richard Greene at the La Conga, at the Clover Club, their "favourite places," or we have seen them riding on the bridle path or playing tennis, love-sets to the most imperceptive eye-and in the maze which Love creates with his forever marching feet, one finds one's self, bewildered, asking: Is THIS Love, or is this . . .?

There is Nancy Kelly, her heart in tears because of young Tyrone Power, in "Jesse James" . . . and there is Nancy, at the Troc of a Saturday night, with young Edward Norris, her mother and father, light hearts keeping step to light love strains . . . and one is reminded how Sonja Henie is said to have wept for young Tyrone Power and how this seems to indicate, if not to prove, that sometimes love under the kliegs and love under the moonlight becomes confused, woven of the same strands, illusion and reality, inseparable.

Yes, where does make-believe love endand where does True Love begin? That is the question. Wherever it begins, wherever it ends, it is as endless as a chain . . . whether in make-up and read from a script, or with bright hair in disarray and only the moon to tell, certainly it is of love they speak, these girls, always and only of love and its ways and its snares and its delusions and its delights. But let the girls speak for themselves,

Priscilla speaking: "Making love on the screen is, to me, just part of the day's work. . . ." (ah, Priscilla, have you so soon forgotten when it was not 'just part of the day's work' . . . have you forgotten how the lines you spoke from the script and the lines you spoke from your heart once ran to the same rhythm, ran, one into the other, were one and the same? but of course you have forgotten, for you are very young and Love Marches On: And now Wayne Morris is speaking the Language of Love to Bubbles Schinasi and you are speaking the Language of

love to Oren Haglund. "If I have to act heartbroken in a picture," Priscilla told me, "I don't have to be heartbroken, in order to do it effectively, do I? Oh, I may have to know what heartbreak is, how it feels, how it hurts ... but I don't have to be heartbroken on that set, at that moment. Memory can conjure up reality, can't it? I don't have to feel romantic about a boy I'm playing a love scene with. Screen kisses are, well, when you kiss a boy on the screen you are thinking that you must 'time it', that you must break away in the nick of time so that, if it is his close-up, you won't throw a shadow on his face; if it is your close-up he won't throw a shadow on your face. In real love-scenes, you want shadows on your face . . . because your heart is too naked in your eyes. In reel love scenes the lines are written for you. I say 'I love you' to Wayne Morris; 'I adore you' to John Garfield; 'I want to kiss you' to Dick Powell or whoever it may be, and the lines have been written for me and I try to say them effectively . . . and do you know how I try to say them effectively? By thinking of the boy I am really in love with.

Said Rosemary: "it's real and yet it isn't—a love scene on the screen, I mean. You could fall in love with your leading man or with the star you are playing with. Of course you could—why not? It is, sometimes, more personal than just 'business'. For instance, I go out with Jeffrey Lynn and Ronnie Reagan, boys I have 'worked with' in pictures. Which means that it isn't all impersonal.

"And making love on the screen makes a girl very particular about love, I think. You see, we meet so many charming men. We say, so often, 'Oh, he is wonderful!' So that, in real life, a boy must be very wonderful to appeal to us.

"Jimmy Cagney says to me, 'I like your hair the way it is today—why don't you always wear it this way?' Well, that makes me realize that my hair done the way it is today is pleasing to Jimmy and so, may well be pleasing to other men. And I take the tip and wear my hair that way. Or Jimmy says to me, 'you never blink your eyes, do you? I don't know what he means and say 'I guess not —why?' 'Oh, nothing,' says Jimmy, in that diffident way of his, 'it's just that it's kind of cute to have your eyelashes shadow your cheeks now and then.

"In 'Varsity Show' Dick Powell told me 'you're too skinny, Rosemary' . so men, I thought, do not like a too-slim slimness? So I put on five pounds and knew that he was right. When we were

making 'Four Daughters', John Garfield liked to hear me sing 'A Tisket, A Tasket. He told me that a man loves to hear a woman sing 'around the house,' 'at home,' 'at twilight' . . . I had thought it might be silly for girls to play and sing for boys at home, that they cared only for records, nowadays, for the radio. John Garfield taught me otherwise . . . and so we learn, from men who are "knowing" about women, just what are the little things that make women—and love—lovelier."

"I think that we are well versed in the ways of love, we girls who are on the screen' says Andrea Leeds, "making love on the screen makes a girl clever with love . . . we learn to handle so many romantic situations in the parts we play
... we have to handle them expertly, delicately and dramatically and, we hope, delightfully . . . even if it is only make-believe. We have to learn finesse as well as fervour. We know a lot more about love and love's subtle and intriguing ways than we could ever know if we were girls working in offices, meeting only the Boss or the associates of the Boss who probably run more to rotundity than to Romance."

Rosemary told me: I know that if my career should ever interfere with my marriage, I would say 'to heck with my career!'",

And so said Priscilla. And Jane Bryan. And Andrea Leeds. And Joy Hodges. And Olympe Bradna. And only Arleen, tilting her round and stubborn little chin said, "no, I would not give up my career for love, for marriage. I am thinking too much of my career. I am putting everything I have into it. I love it . . ." So that, even Arleen, in postponing love, spoke of love, used the talisman word . . .

They are so very young, these Year-lings of Hollywood's Fame and Favour and Fortune. They have not yet become bored with money, with autograph seekers, with fur coats and sporty cars, with press notices, flattery, gifts of gods and men . . . they are so young and so beautiful that the world is their Composite Lover, telling them so . . . the parts they play keep them forever thinking of love, or romance . . . they spend their days in the arms of make-believe lovers, but lovers, just the same, they are thrilling to the wonders of this new life . . . it is their business to be glamorous, and it must be their delight . . . their eyes must say 'come hither' in fun, in fancy and in fact. Does the love of make-believing satisfy them? Or isn't it only make-believe? Does the Amorous Archer sometimes penetrate the greasepaint with his hot mouth, sometimes investing the lines from a script with his living tongue?
"... it is real, and it isn't," says Rose-

.. when I make love scenes I am thinking of the boy I really love . . .'

says Priscilla . . . ". . . if I could have played a love scene with Clark Gable, that would have been real," says Marie Wilson . . . and . . . "everywhere I look, there's

love," said Rosemary.

That is the answer . . . Youth's answer can hold fast its hand . . . LOVE MARCHES ON!



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# The Final Fling



Virginia Weidler

N "The Great Man Votes," little Virginia Weidler surprised us all, and now we know that Virginia will in a few years be a big star, glamour girl and box-office hit-pretty enough for a magazine cover, too.

To CHANGE the subject:—Movies teach the world. Charles Chaplin, a long time ago as a waiter, heated the soup spoon for the man who said the soup was cold. In a restaurant the other day the waiter told us how he got even with a crabby customer. "He kicked about the cold coffee so I gave him the 'hot cup.' There is always a cup waiting on the stove."

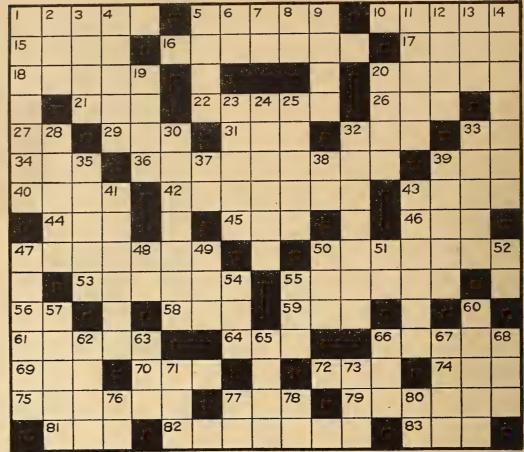
AN ENGLISH girl arrived to play "Scarlett" and hardly had she gone through the preliminaries of studio routine before the press and radio began a campaign to hurt her. She played in "A Yank at Oxford" and is neither an amateur nor a glamour girl. Just a nice girl trying to get along.

And now, how do you like the knockers in your country? The Land of Opportunity, where one gets ridiculed, criticized and condemned unheard. If Selznick sticks to Miss Leigh in spite of the malicious attacks he will deserve our support. Let us hope the little actress does not try to put into the character the opinion she must have of Americans.

Elw Ceen

## A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1 Director of ''The Citadel''
5 Doctor in ''The Citadel''
10 Impersonator of ''Jesse James''
15 Melody
16 Janet Gaynor's devoted admirer in ''The Young in Heart'
17 Actress with very expressive hands
18 Slender parts of bottles
20 Bottom surface of the foot (pl.)
21 Untanned skin of a calf
20 One of the maids in ''The Cowboy and the Lady''
26 A high explosive
27 Biblical pronoun
29 Organ of hearing
31 Masculine name (abbr.)
32 So (Scot.)

Masculine name (abbr.)
So (Scot.)
Protestant Episcopal (abbr.)
Of the same family
"Blondie" herself
First name of a Hollywood producer
Prepare for publication
Her latest film is "Zaza"
Newspaper publisher in "Men With Wings"
The first woman
Lemanuschla period of time

Immeasurable period of time

Immeasurable period of time
Beverage
Aging, grumpy uncle in "Kentucky"
Pretty fugitive in "Trade Winds"
Approached
Burlesque composition imitating some serious work
Degree (abbr.)
Mrs. Joel McCrea
Cagney's sweetheart in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Attire
Aged
Country doctor in "A Man to Remember"
Hard-shelled fruit
Cereal grain

Cereal grain
Priest in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Entire

74 Entire
75 Fruit of the oak (pl.)
77 Piece out laboriously
79 A Warner Brothers star
81 Finish
82 Church turret

- 83 Rowing implement
  - DOWN
- DOWN
  1 Director of "Sweethearts"
  2 Anger
  3 Gallant trooper in "Hear"
  4 The stooge in "Thanks for Moist Oriector of Sweetnearts
  Anger
  Gallant trooper in "Heart of the North"
  The stooge in "Thanks for Everything"
  Moist
  Either
  North Latitude (abbr.)

Because
He sings in "Thanks for Everything"
Form of oxygen
Producer of animated cartoons
Point of compass (abbr.)
Doctor's wife in "The Citadel"
Watering places

- 20 Man's name
  23 Fishing-tackle
  24 Bloodhound
  25 A Dutch painter of tavern scenes
  28 Large sea duck
  30 In "Kentucky"
  32 Secretary in "Trade Winds"
  33 A tablet upon which artists mix their colors.
  35 Happy-go-lucky pilot in "Dawn Patrol"
  37 Denial
  38 Trustee (abbr.)
  39 Mr. Smith in "Thanks for Everything"
  41 Doctrines
  43 German-English composer
  47 Charming maid in "Say It in French"
  48 Our continent (abbr.)
  49 By birth
  50 To prohibit
  51 A negative reply
  52 Thursday (abbr.)
  54 God (Latin)
  55 Cushion
  57 Co-star of "There's That Woman Again"
  60 One who lays tiles
  62 A short jacket
  63 Offspring
  65 Dagwood in "Blondie"
  66 Letter of the Greek alphabet
  67 An M-G-M starlet
  68 Crafty
  71 Dull, stupid fellow
  73 Single unit
  76 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
  76 Star of "Honolulu" (initials)
  80 Proceed

#### Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



# What does a Woman want most?





